

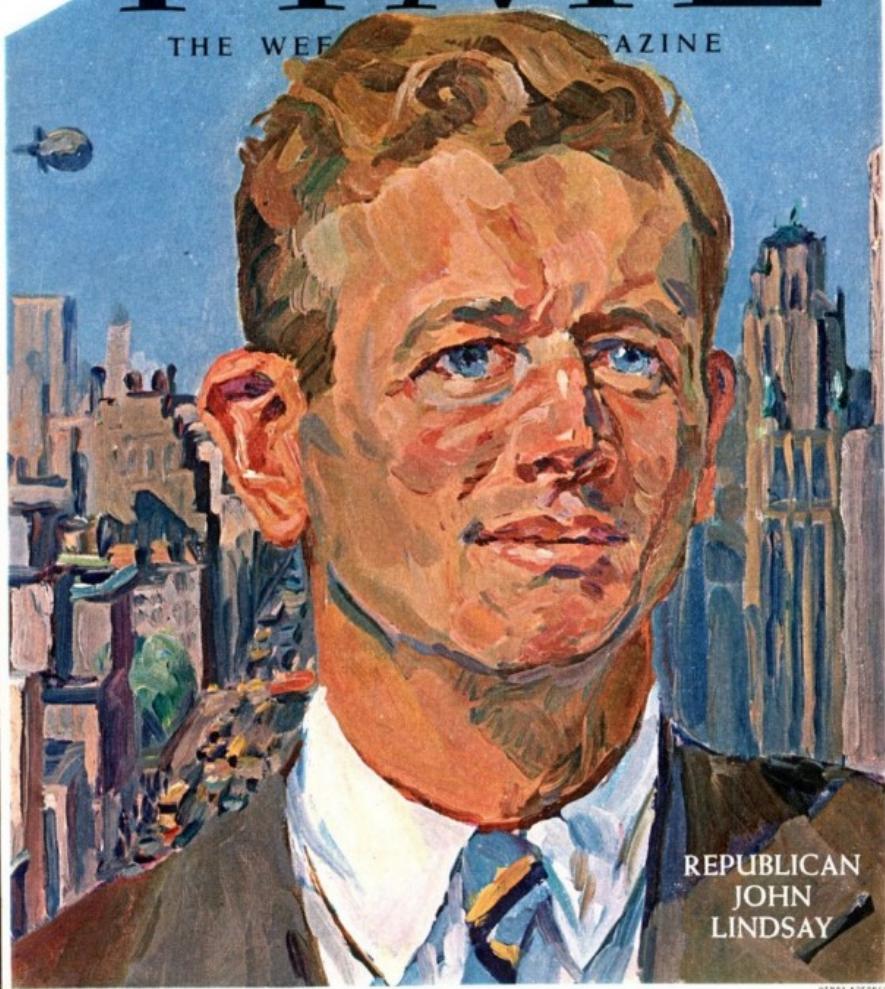
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

NOVEMBER 12, 1965

THE NEW MAYOR OF NEW YORK:
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the empire city of the world."

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



REPUBLICAN
JOHN
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VOL. 86 NO. 20
1965 U.S. \$1.25

HENRY KOZAKOVA



Inspiration: Land of the Midnight Sun. Floor: Montina Vinyl Corlon



MORE IDEAS FROM
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Rustic simplicity, clean lines, and a natural look are features of Finnish decorating—and of this new floor from Armstrong: Montina Vinyl Corlon. Montina is made of stone-like chips of vinyl veined with color. They are set in deep, translucent vinyl to create intriguing, pebbly texture.

This textured surface helps hide scuffs and heel marks. Because Montina comes in wide rolls, there's scarcely a seam, wall to wall. And Montina can be used anywhere in the home—even in most downstairs playrooms, directly over the concrete.

IDEA BOOKLET "The Armstrong® World of Interior Design"—24 color pages of internationally inspired rooms full of decorating ideas you can use to make your home more attractive and inviting. Send 25¢ to Armstrong, 6311 Fulton St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Floor shown: style 86703. Montina® and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

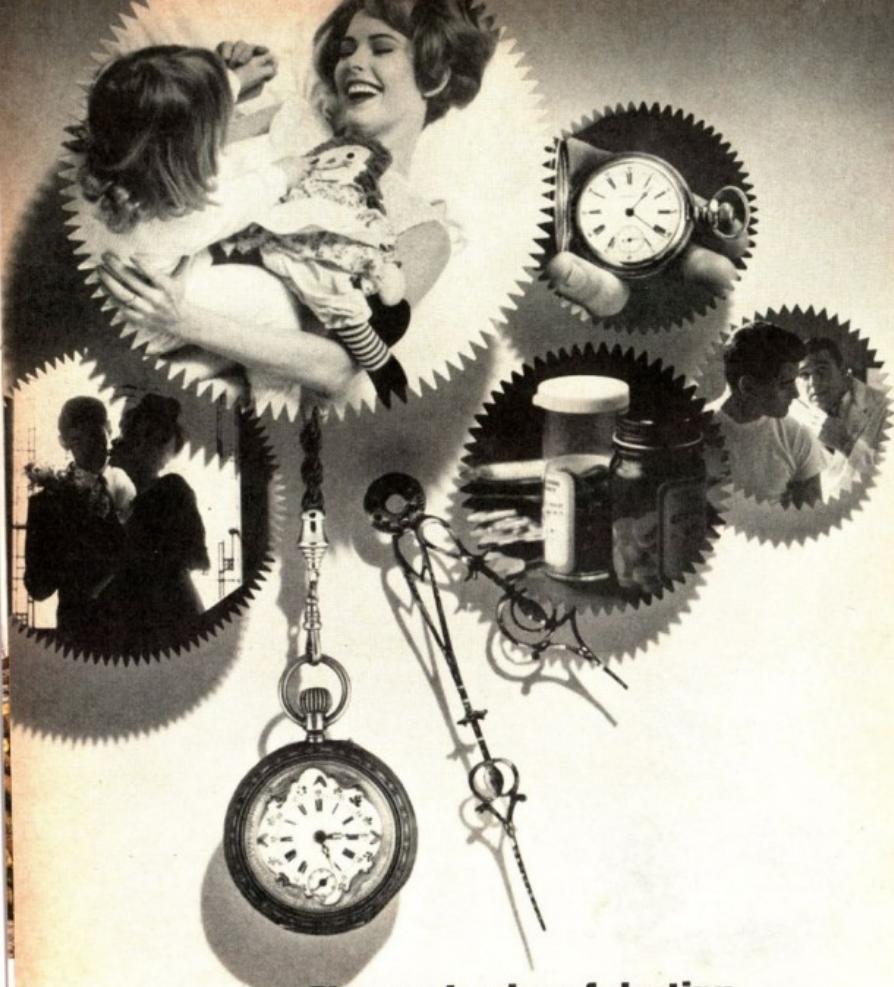
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Cadillac's Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel offers you complete customizing of the distance between you and the steering wheel. Two simple controls allow you to adjust the wheel up or down, in or out to most any combination of positions to make your driving more comfortable. A simple turn of the steering wheel hub allows you to position the steering wheel in or out through a full three inch range. ■ Raise the small lever

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Four years as a Second Officer. Three as a First Officer. Four years as a Captain on United propeller planes.

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He knows the skies like you

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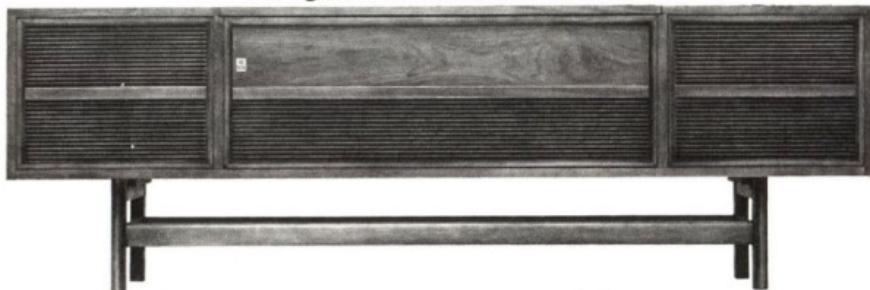
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See Liza Minnelli, Cyril Ritchard, Vic Damone, and The Animals in *The Dangerous Christmas of Red Riding Hood* on ABC Sunday, Nov. 28, 7 P.M., 6 P.M. Central Time.



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Model shown: TC 5741 BWD

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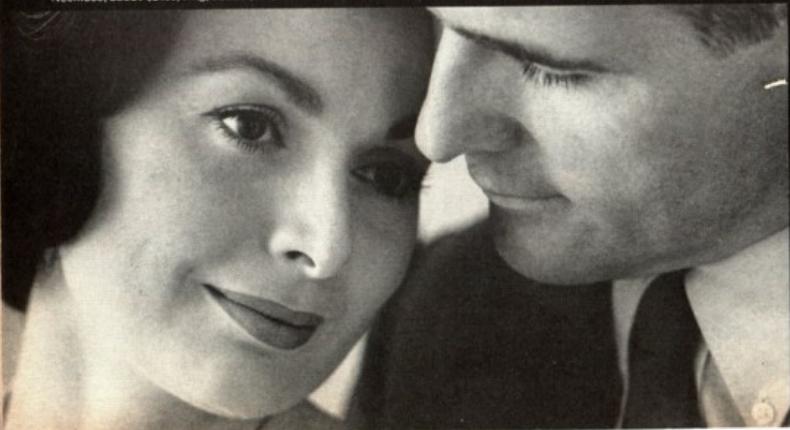


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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 10

I SPY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) In "No Exchange on Damaged Merchandise," Agents Scott and Robinson search Hong Kong for an elusive double agent whom they plan to trade to the Communists for an American pilot. Color.

Thursday, November 11

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Jack Lemmon in *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*, Color.

Friday, November 12

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Napoleon and Illya help a madcap actress who is trying to keep her brilliant 14-year-old nephew from being kidnapped by THRUSH agents. Color.

Saturday, November 13

GET SMART! (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). In "Satan Place," Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86, rescues his boss from the clutches of KAOS. Color.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:30 p.m.). James Stewart and Kim Novak in Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo*.

TRIALS OF O'BRIEN (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Attorney O'Brien (Peter Falk) defends a heist artist who is accused of killing a violin dealer.

Sunday, November 14

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9 p.m.-midnight). Ingrid Bergman, Carl Jungens and Robert Donat in *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*.

Tuesday, November 16

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *The Mountain*, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner and Claire Trevor, is based on an actual plane crash in the French Alps in 1950. Color.

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "Sinatra: An American Original," a profile of the king of the pack.

THEATER On Broadway

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN, by Peter Shaffer, is an eye-filling theatrical spectacle set in 16th century Peru, and it ranges from the pantomime of weary conquistadors making their nail-clawing ascent of the Andes to the incandescent white and gold robes of the Inca sun god. When it gets down to dramatic brass tacks, however, the play is full of such tacky fugues as war is hell, God is dead, and life lacks meaning.

GENERATION, William Goodhart converts a Greenwich Village loft into a sparring ground for the Establishment and the hippie, the parent and the child. Henry Fonda, as a visiting father-in-law, fights the battle of the ages with his usual bemused charm.

HALF A SIXPENCE glints with bright song and dance, and Tommy Steele glows with the grin of an English leprechaun in an exuberant musical.

THE ODD COUPLE. The comic insight of Playwright Neil Simon gives hilarity credibility to a household of two husbands

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who find out—by living together—why their wives couldn't stand to live with them.

UVV. Murray Schisgal's satire of psychic snobs and pseudo-Freudian fools is sharpened by the inventive direction of Mike Nichols.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT are more kitten (Diana Sands) and mouse (Alan Alda) in Bill Manhoff's amusing yarn about the eternal circular pursuit of male and female.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. The earthy humor of Sholem Aleichem's tales is given a Broadway gloss in a musical that combines compassion and commercial appeal.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. The limited agonies and ecstasies of a Brooklyn longshoreman and his family are the fabric for Arthur Miller's tapestry of domestic tragedy.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED makes a not-so-gay era seem not-so-grim. The Porter wit is the guide on a tuneful journey through the past 40 years.

RECORDS

Comedy

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS (Mono). Still seeking his doctorate and moonlighting as a comic at 37 ("It's a sobering thought that when Mozart was my age he had been dead for two years"), Harvard Graduate Student Tom Lehrer plinks away at targets ranging from air pollution to nuclear proliferation. Among his bull's-eyes: those guitar-plunking protestniks (*The Folk Song Army*) whose St. Joan is Baez as they "strum their frustrations away."

A WET BIRD NEVER FLIES AT NIGHT (Jubilee). His grandfather, he reports, "broke the Code of the West—he said a discouraging word," but for fast-rising Comic Jackie Vernon, discouragement is a way of life, or at least livelihood. The most winning loser since the New York Mets, Vernon, as his routine would have it, "came from poor but poverty-stricken parents. We used to get food from Europe. At the age of 8, I was adopted by a Korean family . . ."

WHY IS THERE AIR? (Warner Bros.). Negro Bill Cosby, the hip, hot co-star of NBC's *I Spy*, swings low-key as a comedian; he foregoes the racial bit on the ground that it's demeaning, instead settles for wry universals about the likes of college football and kindergarten.

ART BUCHWALD REPORTS ON SEX AND THE COLLEGE BOY AND OTHER SUBJECTS VITAL TO OUR NATIONAL SECURITY (Capitol). "I'm one of those who thinks the press was not fair to Goldwater. For one thing, we quoted him." Though he's worth an occasional chuckle, Humorist Buchwald and his flat, phlegmatic delivery prove mainly that his copy is better read than said.

MOM ALWAYS LIKED YOU BEST! (Mercury). The Smothers Brothers never seem to get any older, but their material does. A sample thigh slapped. Why, wonders Tommy, is the Fourth of July your favorite holiday? Replies Dickie: "The presents under the tree." This is a bestseller.

HOW TO BE A JEWISH MOTHER (AMY). "If you had not spent the money on this record but had instead sent to Europe,"

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admonishes Gertrude Berg on the final groove, "a needy child would have had six nourishing meals." But you should buy the record already as a hilarious how-to-do-it doozer based on the Dan Greenburg best-seller. Its first commandment: "Control guilt, and you control the child—let your child hear you sigh every day . . ."

WOODY ALLEN, VOLUME 2 (Colpix). Playing, as ever, the schlemiel end product of Jewish motherdom, Allen is constantly entangled with the likes of "the boy from my group-analysis group who is a Southern bigot and a bed wetter—he used to go to Klan meetings in a rubber sheet."

CINEMA

KING RAT. A cunning G.I. scavenger (George Segal) exploits his fellow prisoners of war for profit in Director Bryan Forbes's brutal, unforgettable essay on the morality of survival in a Japanese prison camp. Among those caught in the con man's toils, James Fox and Tom Courtenay struggle most impressively.

REPULSION. Men pursue a sexually repressed London manicurist (Catherine Deneuve) but seldom live to tell it in a horror classic by Writer-Director Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*).

THE HILL. More World War II injustice rages through a British army stockade in North Africa where Sean Connery, as a much-abused prisoner, gives evidence that what has heretofore been sealed in Bond may be the new Clark Gable.

THE RAILROAD MAN. Made in 1956, this minor drama is fired by a major talent: Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*), who also plays the title role as an endearingly wrongheaded train engineer beset by commonplace woes.

TO DIE IN MADRID. With John Gielgud and Irene Worth among the narrators, French Producer-Director Frédéric Rossif splices vintage newsreels into a masterful elegy for the victims of Spain's scarring civil war of 1936-39.

DARLING. Julie Christie is the apotheosis of trumped-up celebrity as a kooky, easy jet-set playgirl whose every misstep helps in the social climb.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH. Big money, beautiful women and sudden death await an ignorant peasant (played by Spain's matador Miguel Mateo) in an angry, bloody drama about the bull ring.

KING AND COUNTRY. Director Joseph Losey (*The Servant*) takes an excruciating look at a World War I deserter (Tom Courtenay again) who is doomed to die and at the anguished officer (Dirk Bogarde) who is doomed to defend him.

BOOKS

Best Reading

RUSSIA AND HISTORY'S TURNING POINT, by Alexander Kerenky. An intriguing though somewhat sketchy eyewitness account of the Russian Revolution as seen by its first Prime Minister, whose efforts to bring democracy to Russia failed after only 3½ months.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. The first complete collection of stories, four of them new, by the author of *Ship of Fools*. Though marred by an oppressive intellectualism, these stories confirm that Author Porter is a master stylist.

BLOOD ON THE DOVES, by Maude Hutchins. An eerie, fascinating journey into the depths of an insane mind, told with a

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Harman-Kardon, creator of Stratophonic Sound—a totally new experience in stereo realism—now brings you this incredibly lifelike quality in a compact stereo music system... the great new Stratophonic SC-440.

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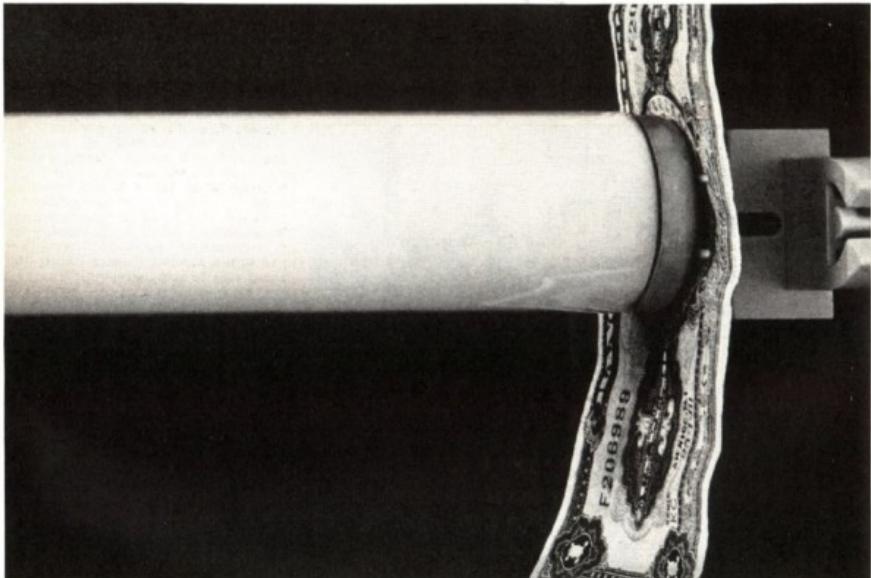
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THE LIFE OF DYLAN THOMAS, by Constantine FitzGibbon. Besides being a genius, Welsh Poet Dylan Thomas was also a perennial problem child who moaned off his friends and slept with their wives, ignored his children, and drank ceaselessly. FitzGibbon, a friend of Thomas', brings the two images brilliantly into focus as he follows the poet from a spoiled childhood through a tempestuous marriage to a premature death in America from an overdose of whisky.

THE GREAT MUTINY, by James Dugan. The British fleet in 1797 may have seemed invincible to the French, but 50,000 of His Majesty's seamen, fed up with being underfed, underpaid and too often flogged, took control of 100 vessels and blockaded their own country in the biggest mass mutiny in maritime history.

CONVERSATIONS WITH BERENSON, recalled by Count Umberto Morra, translated by Florence Hammond. The century's most celebrated connoisseur of Italian painting, the late Bernard Berenson was also a dazzling conversationalist whose aphorisms and tidbits of gossip fortunately were recorded for posterity by Count Morra.

PROUST: THE LATER YEARS, by George D. Painter. In this second volume, Painter completes his magnificently paced reconstruction of the life of Marcel Proust, in which the novelist's sexual deviation is discussed freely without de-emphasizing his worth as a writer. While sculpting the three-dimensional figure of Proust, Poet and British Museum Curator Painter also found time to help authenticate The Vineland Map (see below).

THE VINLAND MAP AND THE TARTAR RELATION, by Thomas E. Marston, R. A. Skelton, and George D. Painter. Anyone who is interested in the controversy over whether Christopher Columbus was the true discoverer of the New World can dip into this pedantic tome for \$15. Prepared by British Museum and Yale scholars who recently unearthed and authenticated a 1440 map that shows Greenland and a distorted North American continent, the book credits Leif Ericsson with a pre-Columbian look at the American shore.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (3)
3. *The Honey Badger*, Ruark (4)
4. *Airs Above the Ground*, Stewart (2)
5. *The Man with the Golden Gun*, Fleming (5)
6. *Hotel Hailey* (6)
7. *The Looking Glass War*, le Carré (9)
8. *The Rabbi*, Gordon
9. *The Green Berets*, Moore (8)
10. *Those Who Love*, Stone (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Kennedy*, Sorensen (1)
2. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (5)
3. *Intern*, Doctor X (2)
4. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (3)
5. *Games People Play*, Berne (7)
6. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Boyar (4)
7. *Is Paris Burning?* Collins and Lapierre (6)
8. *My Twelve Years with John F. Kennedy*, Lincoln (8)
9. *Manchild in the Promised Land*, Brown (10)
10. *Never Call Retreat*, Catton



and later on, perhaps romancing.

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LETTERS

The Vietnams

Sir: TIME's Essay [Oct. 29] was excellent and scrupulously fair to most of us Vietnamese.

(PROF.) EDGAR F. KIEFER
University of Hawaii
Honolulu

Sir: There are more Americans against the legalized murder in Viet Nam than you think. What shall it profit us if we win the war but lose the people?

ROY EDWARD WOLFE

San Francisco

Sir: I am appalled at the short memory of those who forget the price of appeasing totalitarian regimes. I congratulate you on your thoughtful Essay, in which you distinguish between those who sincerely seek the right to dissent from Government policies and those lawless zealots who, by their "monopoly on humanitarianism," arbitrarily define God-given morality and seek to attain their ends by Machiavellian civil disobedience.

R. MARCUS OTTERSTAD

St. Paul

Burning Big Daddy

Sir: In the Essay on "What Big Daddy, Alias Uncle Sam, Will Do for YOU" [Nov. 5], you ask, "Can anyone recall seeing a protester burn up his social security card?" The answer is yes. A photograph in The Providence Journal showed a psychology student at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque burning his social security card in protest against having to work for a living.

JOEL M. GORDON

Providence, R.I.

The Viet Nam Turning Point

Sir: Your cover story on the war [Oct. 22] was a masterpiece of clear, concise writing and readability and pointed out many facets of this struggle that heretofore have been somewhat obscure. The map was especially noteworthy, as were the excellent photographs.

ANNE STAFFORD

Bloomfield, Conn.

Sir: You sound exactly like a 45-year-old fat man bragging about how brave, powerful and marvelous it is that he can lick and kick the hell out of a three-year-old child. The whole U.S. Viet Nam operation is madly sickening.

LIANG-SHEN LEE

Pittsburg, Calif.

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LBJ's Young Man

Sir: A thousand thanks for the insightful, inspiring story on Bill Don Moyers, "The Young Man Next to the President" [Oct. 29]. He is a symbol of a rising and brilliant generation of young people. In my long years of lecturing and teaching, I have urged parents to save their "best boys" for political vocations. Moyers will not only elicit the admiration and confidence of young people but also attract them to responsible political posts in the Government.

H. H. BARNETTE

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
Louisville

Sir: Now I know the reason for Bill Moyers' fantastic power and success: the man on your cover isn't Moyers at all; it's Clark Kent.

MARTIN FRACK

Johannesburg, South Africa

► Also known as Superman (see cut).



The 89th Congress

Sir: Most of the accomplishments of the 89th Congress [Oct. 29] were warmed-over versions of bills that earlier and less acquiescent sessions had seriously considered and soberly rejected. The 89th Congress did not ask whether a bill were necessary, desirable, constitutional, or even rational, but only whether President Johnson wanted it. Were we to follow the practice of ancient England and apply descriptive names to our legislative sessions, the 89th would go down as "the obsequious Congress."

ARLIE M. SKOV

Oklahoma City

How the Soviets See It

Sir: In your assessment of economic changes in the Soviet Union [Oct. 8], you



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write that "the Kremlin is admitting that Russia's economic engine is painfully sputtering." In confirmation, you advance the groundless argument about the Soviet Union's having lost its superiority over the U.S. in economic growth rates. There are indeed shortcomings in the Soviet economy. But that economy is developing more rapidly than envisaged by the Seven-Year Plan (1959-1965). The volume of industrial production increased 84% instead of 80% as planned. The average annual rate of industrial growth was 9.1%, more than double that of the U.S. The Soviet Union holds first place in the world for production of granulated sugar, butter, woolen fabrics, metal-cutting machines, iron ore, coke, cement, reinforced concrete and timber. Obviously, the present changes were not caused by the painful sputter of the Soviet economic engine. Nor have the Communists seen advantages in capitalist methods. The reform means the transition to policy that conforms to the Soviet Union's present possibilities. By abolishing the economic councils and setting up ministries for separate industries, the Soviet Union envisages not the "tightening of the planning bureaucracy" but a scientific approach to planned management, more correct use of the money and commodity mechanism natural to socialism at the very outset.

IVAN ROMANOV
Economist

Moscow

Christian Atheism

Sir: The God-is-Dead theologians [Oct. 22] are spinning the rope with which to hang themselves. If, as they claim, man's intelligence was used to create a God who does not exist, it could then be argued that man's intelligence is now being used to murder a God who does. Saying God is dead is about as intelligent as saying that a city's electrical power is dead when your own reading light doesn't work.

RAY F. PURDY JR.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Sir: We students of Emory University who deeply admire and respect Dr. Thomas Altizer are appalled at the righteous indignation provoked by your article. Throughout the South, churches have preached against this theology and have condemned this man as a heretic. Those of us who really know Dr. Altizer consider him a sincere Christian. The statement "God is dead" is not altogether atheistic. It implies that God once lived, and if he is no longer available to man, it is because man long ago chose to forsake God. This departure from God is evident in the widespread lack of morality. Those who denounce Dr. Altizer the loudest are generally those for whom God has long been dead. As a Christian, I praise your fair and impartial article on Dr. Altizer's theology.

RICHARD B. FIFE

Atlanta

Paul Tillich

Sir: As one of the students at Union Theological Seminary who listened in "respectful mystification" to Paul Tillich, I offer a footnote to your excellent article [Oct. 29]. While Niebuhr may well have been the sparkplug in the action leading to Tillich's coming to Union, it could have been only the president of the seminary, the late Henry Sloane Coffin, who offered him the post. Much more interesting is how it was financed. The seminary's income in those days was low, and "Uncle Henry," as we called Dr. Coffin, could



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not suddenly provide a new faculty salary. The first-year salary came in large part from contributions from other professors, while the seminary provided an apartment for the Tillichs. So, by a splendid joint Christian action, the great contribution of Paul Tillich to the U.S., and his continued contribution to the world, were made possible.

(THE REV.) J. THOBURN LEGG
Santiago Union Church
Santiago de Chile

The Lost of the Morrisseys

Sir: A knowledge of history oft strips the veneer from the upstart. Arent Teddy Kennedy's tear-jerking plea [Oct. 29] that the family of Judicial Nominee Frank Morrissey were so poor that their shoes were "held together with wooden pegs," he discloses his complete and puerile ignorance of skilled custom cobbling. For a long time, handcrafted shoes and boots had soles and heels secured by hardwood pegs. This produced a beautiful, unsewn appearance, and the pegs wore down commensurately with the leather, avoiding the damage to elegant floors and the skidding on sidewalks caused by nails that wear more slowly than leather, and thus protrude.

WALTER R. MILLER, M.D.
McLean, Va.

Crosby Electrified

Sir: You quote Classical Guitarist Andrés Segovia [Oct. 29] as asking: "Who ever has heard of an electric violin? Or an electric singer?" There are at least nine patents on electric violins. Moreover, there are patents on electric musical instruments wherein the voice of a singer, say Crosby, is recorded note by note through his full range, so that any tune can be played on these instruments, with the Crosby voice emanating for all notes and chords fingered.

KENNETH W. BECKMAN
President

Invention, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Sensuous Porsche

Sir: You say the Porsche has a "mystical appeal" [Nov. 5]. If you equate mysticism with pure unadulterated pleasure and appreciation of driving the finest of its kind, you are right. Until you sit in the cockpit of this little giant killer and push the tach up to 5,500 r.p.m. in second or third gear, not to mention fourth, you will never know how delightfully sensuous driving a car can be.

MAURICE ADAMS
York, Pa.

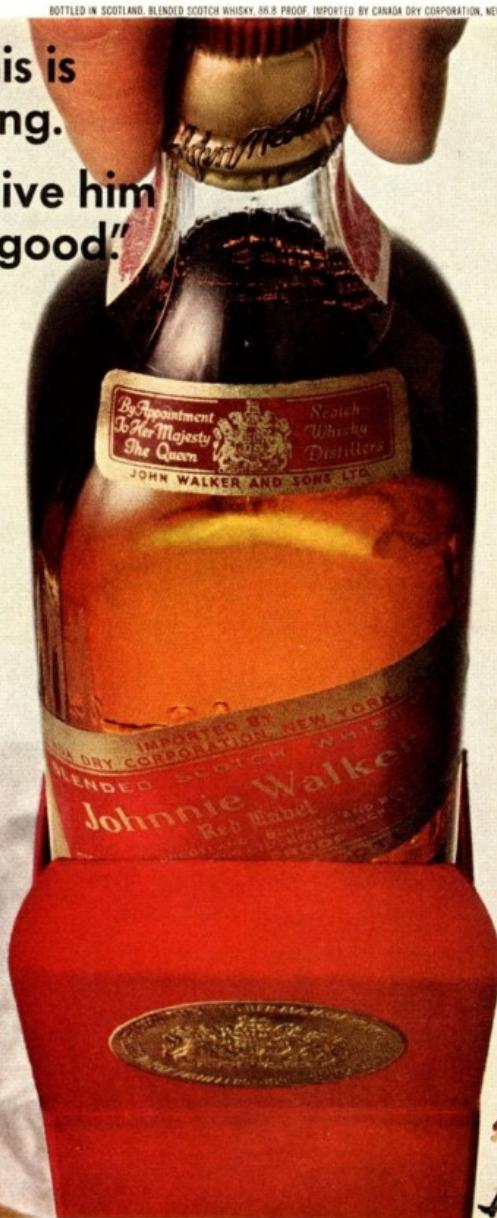
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 12, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 20

THE NATION

ELECTIONS

A Bigger Club

Though every election has its purely parochial aspects, there were clear signs last week that American politics in off-year 1965 was being conducted in a far tougher and more sophisticated context at state and city levels. Put simply, the voter seemed more concerned than ever with practical results rather than partisan victories, with the contents of the package rather than the label. In races vital to the welfare of their own communities, voters not only crossed party lines but also freely ignored ethnic, religious and economic distinctions to support appealing and constructive candidates.

Minus a Tentacle. 1965's biggest winners were those who capitalized on this hardheaded attitude. "There is no vote in this city which can be taken for granted," concluded Republican Congressman John V. Lindsay after New York's overwhelmingly Democratic voters elected him mayor (*see cover story*). His comment could have been echoed by politicians in scores of cities and counties where the electorate refused to buy a pig in a poke.

In predominantly urban New Jersey, taken-for-granted Republicans went heavily Democratic because the G.O.P. gubernatorial candidate seemed more interested in getting a Marxist history professor fired than in facing up to pressing statewide problems. Long-dormant Democrats in Philadelphia chopped a tentacle off the "Octopus of Walnut Street," as their tired machine is unlovingly known, by electing a District Attorney on the Republican ticket. A Democrat surprised everybody by getting himself elected mayor of Scranton, Pa., and Republicans did the same in Binghamton, N.Y., Waterbury and New Britain, Conn., and Akron, Ohio.

Not even the biggest-name politicians could shake the voters' "show-me" spirit. Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon and Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton all campaigned for the Republican candidate in New Jersey's gubernatorial election—yet the Democratic incumbent piled up the biggest plurality in the state's history. Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey and New York's Senator Robert Kennedy lined up behind Democrat Abe Beame in New York City—yet in Lindsay's shadow their en-

comiums sounded as if they had come from the party manual. "Look at Hubert Humphrey," chortled House Republican Leader Gerry Ford. "He campaigned in three places—in New York, in Philadelphia and in Ohio. His batting average was zero. Even the Twins won three out of seven."

Boomerang. To many of 1965's successful candidates, the name of the game was consensus politics. Yet in several contests, Negroes lodged powerful pro-

of upsetting Harry Byrd's not-so-purring machine.

Oranges & Lemons. Mostly though, the Republican gains in the cities suggested that the party could find a way to repair the damaging schism that ensued from the Goldwater adventure. What few main-line Republicans suspected when they went along with Goldwater was that the 1964 disaster would end by encouraging the conservative rump instead of shaming it back into the fold. The Democrats, by contrast, have weathered countless crises of North-South schizophrenia and myriad lesser spats and have repeatedly proved themselves capable of closing ranks before the voters go to the polls.

Both parties will always be racked by internal rumblings. Unlike the Democrats, though, the G.O.P. too often lacks the implicit fail-safe agreement to douse all feuds when elections are at stake. With Lindsay's success—and those in other cities—the G.O.P. has an example and an incentive to elaborate less rigid club rules and, indeed, to expand the club. To be sure, some Republicans are deeply offended by the way in which John Lindsay peeled off his party uniform before the battle. Among them was Nevada National Committeeman Melvin Lundberg, who growled, "If you tie a lemon on an orange tree, it's still not an orange." Yet the Democratic Party has never discouraged expedient hy-

bridization—provided, at least, that oranges and lemons continue to hang from the same tree and wear the grower's label. If, on the contrary, the odd offshoot insists on permanent identification as a new species, it invites pruning.

"Break Through!" Thus, in recent months, a host of top Republicans, from House Leader Ford to Senate Leader Everett Dirksen and Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, have taken pains to dissociate the G.O.P. from the extremist John Birch Society. G.O.P. National Chairman Ray Bliss read the Birchites out of the party again last week during the biennial Western



test votes by mobilizing as a monolithic bloc—which is the very opposite of consensus.

Conservatives also showed that they can throw a punch—or in some cases, a boomerang. In New York, sardonic William Buckley led the fledgling Conservative Party into third place in total votes, but there is a strong possibility that he lured away more Democrats (because of his Catholicism) than Republicans (because of his ideology) and helped elect, rather than defeat, John Lindsay. In Virginia, a Conservative Party candidate garnered nearly 70,000 votes—enough to thwart G.O.P. hopes

States Republican Conference in Albuquerque, N. Mex.

But that was only a necessary backward step toward the goal of providing accommodations for all Republicans—wherever they fit in the party spectrum. Last week's G.O.P. victories in New York and other cities, argued Bliss, should provide forward impetus to our "efforts to strengthen the Republican position in metropolitan areas of the nation." He added: "If you have the right candidate, you can break through." That notion was vigorously seconded by Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton. "The adage that Republicans cannot win in the big cities," said he, "is now out the window."

By any standard, John Lindsay's victory in New York, however local and empirical, augurs well for the G.O.P. By the same token, it gives new hope to the two-party system, which has been almost asphyxiated by unchallenged Democratic rule in metropolitan areas. For the ultimate justification of the American political system is that the party in opposition, whether Democratic or Republican, should be an alternate government capable of taking over—as Eisenhower Republicans did from Truman Democrats—with hardly a tremor. In last week's elections, it was mainly the adaptable, nondoctrinaire Republican who upheld that ideal.

NEW YORK

Incitement to Excellence

(See Cover)

By the end, his voice was cracked and harsh, his eyes as hollow as his campaign coffers. Yet even as New Yorkers streamed to the polls, John Vliet Lindsay loped urgently from block to block, borough to borough, croaking a threnody that had become as familiar and unique to the streets of New York as the carp of cab drivers or the yawn of fire trucks:

I'm running for mayor because the city is in crisis. The streets are filthy. We'll rip down the cruddy slums in this town. There is crime. And 125,000 teen-agers roam the streets with no jobs, no schooling. New York is the heroin capital of the world. And people are afraid.

For six months, Congressman Lindsay had exhorted fellow New Yorkers to make "our city great again, the Empire City of the world." He shook his fist in the air as he shouted into a hand microphone:

My goals for our city are high goals, and they will require brains, action, sweat, talent and muscle. Our program should be as big as our problems. Other cities have done it. Pittsburgh did it with air pollution. Chicago did it with crime. San Francisco is doing it with mass.

LINDSAY DIVING AT BRIGHTON BEACH EARLY IN CAMPAIGN

KATHARINE THOMAS



transit. Detroit is doing it with housing and schools. We can do it too!

Above all, the fair-haired young Republican urged his audiences to take their destiny out of the hands of the arrogant Democratic machine that had fed on the city for 20 years. In synagogues and soda fountains, from the seaborous tenements of Harlem to the polluted beaches of Sheepshead Bay, between blintzes and pizza, chop suey, knishes, pretzels and foot-long, he remonstrated:

The bosses who run city hall don't have vision. They don't care. Either go back with the machine, the same tired clubhouse crowd, or vote for independent, unbosomed reform.

To the Democratic fat cats, "this Lindsay" was a freak, a Park Avenue big talker, a silk-stockings boy. Their candidate, City Controller Abraham David Beame, 59, a mild, mite-sized (5 ft. 2 in.) party hack, was admittedly no giant killer, but he comfortably fitted the mediocre mold to which they were accustomed. Few believed that cynical New Yorkers would be moved by the eager idealism and outraged accusations of this Lindsay—the towering (6 ft. 3 in.), wavy-haired Republican whose improbable good looks and earnest eloquence plainly marked him a do-gooder and an amateur by Tammany's hard-eyed standards.

The hacks could be forgiven for never having heard of Lochinvar or Childe Roland. But they should have known from his record that John Lindsay was no dilettante but an accomplished and courageous politician. He had been a superb trial attorney, so good that he had received glowing praise from Justice Felix Frankfurter for his presentation of a case before the U.S. Supreme Court. He had proved himself to be one of New York's alltime champion vote getters in its 17th Congressional District. He was one of the toughest, go-it-alone independents in Congress, a top House expert on civil rights legislation—and a thorn in the side of his own party regulars.

Cruel Parody. If the Democratic proconsuls dismissed him, New York voters did not. In the last two weeks of the campaign, it became obvious that they were listening to John Lindsay. They were moved and impressed. And long after midnight on election night, John Vliet Lindsay wearily mounted a platform in the grand ballroom of Manhattan's Hotel Roosevelt to thank the people of New York City for electing him mayor.

It was a stunning victory. Not since Fiorello La Guardia's last election in 1941 had a Republican captured city hall. Lindsay defeated Beame 1,166,815 to 1,030,711 votes in a balloting pattern that crisscrossed party lines, ethnic prejudices and religious blocs all over town.

The upset was a monumental personal achievement for Lindsay and a triumph for Republican Party moderates throughout the U.S.—particularly

GORE



It was the standard victor's wave, but New York's new mayor John Lindsay handled it with style as his wife Mary stood proudly at his shoulder and Son John (left) perched on a handy shoulder.

Election day found Lindsay up early to vote, then off to tour precincts, with time out for scrambled eggs in a Queens eatery (right). Even after six months of campaigning, he had enough energy and charm left to pep up his young supporters (below) as they whooped it up at campaign headquarters while waiting out returns.



CORBELL CAPS—HALSTROM



in the cities that have long been unchallenged Democratic fiefdoms. Said G.O.P. National Chairman Ray Bliss: "His victory is phenomenal."

Inevitably his critics said of Lindsay, as La Guardia's foes had said of the Little Flower, that he was a bigmouthed opportunist. Yet on the littered sidewalks and traffic-blocked streets where he campaigned, his words rang only too true. New York in 1965 seemed a cruel parody of its legend. Compared with the sparkling, sophisticated city hymned by Cole Porter and Scott Fitzgerald, the world-admired paradigm of urbanity and elegance, New York seemed a shiftless slattern, mired in problems that had been allowed to proliferate for decades.

Its air was foul, and so were its surrounding waters—and there was barely enough water to drink. Its slums rotted away undisturbed, its new apartment buildings and public housing were as shoddy as rapacity and bureaucracy could make them. The city was deep in hock and going deeper; interest on its debt alone was \$1.4 million daily—more than the cost of police, fire and sanitation services combined. More and more, it was a place where only the very rich and the welfare-dependent poor could afford to live. Its crime rate was rising as inexorably as its traffic slowed down. East Side, West Side, male and female prostitutes seemed like shades of prewar Berlin. Even the fabled skyline had lost much of its old majesty. As Architect Edward Durell Stone lamented: "If you look around you and you give a damn, it makes you want to commit suicide."

More Than a Theory. Lindsay blamed New York's decline on retiring Mayor Robert Wagner, an upright but tired administrator who all too often governed by procrastination for twelve years. Certainly the city's bureaucracy was lethargic. Yet it was New Yorkers themselves who were fundamentally to blame, for it was only because of their shoulder-shrugging indifference to the city's problems thatreckless politicians flourished. Lindsay's greatest single achievement during the campaign was to pierce that self-defensive wall. The words of one of John Lindsay's heroes, Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., seemed curiously relevant as he set about reawakening the imaginations and consciences of the city's 7.5 million people. "It is said that this manifesto is more than a theory; that it was an incitement," wrote Holmes in a 1925 U.S. Supreme Court decision. "Every idea is an incitement."

Until the campaign, there had been few enough ideas about rescuing the city. The wonder was that anyone of Lindsay's talents should want the chore. Lindsay had no illusions about the job. Often during the campaign he told an anecdote about boarding a train bound from Washington to New York and seating himself in a car full of stony-faced men with their arms folded across their chests. "Who are they?" Lindsay

asked the conductor. "They're patients going to an insane asylum," said the trainman. "Where are you going?" "To New York to run for mayor," said Lindsay. "Then," replied the conductor, "you stay right here."

The Action. But Lindsay is an activist, a man who loves a rough-knuckled challenge. "I could stay in the security of the House," he mused as he began his mayoralty campaign. "But the action today is in the streets of the cities." To win his way into the thick of that action as mayor of New York, Lindsay had to thread through a maze of obstacles. Not least were the style and manner that the clubhouse politicians derided. He is perennially tanned from yachting and skiing, Episcopalian-reared, Ivy League-educated, and every inch of his frame is stamped with the mark of American aristocracy. On street corners, where politicians have immemorially paraded as common men, he seemed, to say the least, out of his element.

And there was the Republican label. Lindsay's congressional voting record was more liberal than that of many Democrats (Americans for Democratic Action gave him an 84% "right vote" rating in the House for 1963-64). But

there was the inescapable fact that registered Democrats in New York City outnumber Republicans by an overwhelming ratio of 7 to 2. With an icy pragmatism that offended many G.O.P. members, Lindsay played down his party label. "I am a Republican," he declared, "but New York City must have an independent, nonpartisan government." So saying, he lined up a Democrat and a Liberal Party man for his fusion ticket. Both lost.

Rasputin-Like. Another critical threat to Lindsay was the intervention of William F. Buckley Jr., Roman Catholic editor of the *National Review*, who had never before run for office. Buckley's announced objectives were to give some visibility to the Conservative Party and to establish it as a more effective force than the Liberal Party, which had helped push Lindsay's bandwagon. Buckley, the wittiest of the candidates, began to enjoy himself, and before the campaign was over it was obvious that his objective was to defeat Lindsay. In the end, he had nothing but his quips to console him, for he mightily aided Lindsay's cause by drawing thousands of Catholics away from Beame.

Plainly, Lindsay needed an extra-

KATHENA THOMAS



CAMPAINING WITH SINGER LIZA MINNELLI AT CONEY ISLAND
Also yarmulkes, swingers and a pair of Lyndon's pens.

dinary campaign organization. He got it, thanks to his own hardheaded analysis of the battlefield and the brilliant backroom masterminding of his campaign manager, Robert Price, 33, a blue-jowled, Rasputin-like Bronx Republican. G.O.P. Senator Jacob Javits, a magic name in New York's Jewish districts, came on as campaign chairman. Money flowed in from the Rockefeller family, New York Herald Tribune President Walter Thayer, and from purses farther west—notably from Tire Tycoon Leonard K. Firestone in California and Food Magnate H. J. Heinz II in Pittsburgh. In all, the Lindsay campaign cost close to \$2,000,000 and, as usual, wound up in debt.

Price arranged for a 42-room headquarters suite in the Hotel Roosevelt, rented 117 neighborhood store-front offices throughout the city, organized some 30,000 fresh-faced young volunteers to staff telephones and ring doorbells. They were an exuberant, collegiate-looking gang, some of them Jewish youngsters whose yarmulkes at his rallies blended exotically with the brightly

ribbed straw boaters of the "Lindsay Girls."

The bright-looking students, flocking around Lindsay as if his first name were Vachel, were the most obvious departure from the usual hack-packed New York mayoralty-campaign headquarters. But, beyond that, there was a notable shortage of G.O.P. professionals, big or little. To blur his party markings, Lindsay had asked all Republicans of national consequence to stay away. "I don't need officialdom to build me up," he said. "I don't think the public will vote for me just because a distinguished person says they should."

Grievance & Isolation. All the same, few political campaigns in memory—with the possible exception of the Kennedys'—have produced quite so exotic a cast of supporters and swingers. Among the Lindsay helpers were Actor Henry Fonda, Light Heavyweight Boxing Champion José Torres (a Puerto Rican), Singers Sammy Davis Jr., Liza Minnelli and Ethel Merman, Authors Norman Mailer and Paddy Chayefsky, Broadway Producers George Abbott

and Hal Prince, ex-Baseball Star Jackie Robinson and Boxer Sugar Ray Robinson, Comedienne Phyllis Diller and CORE Leader James Farmer.

The making of the mayor was also powered by batteries of mechanical equipment. A two-way short-wave radio system was hooked up between the hotel headquarters (code name: "The Mansion") and cars used by Bob Price ("Adolf") and Lindsay ("Benjamin"—for Disraeli). And there was "the gripe line," a special number on which New Yorkers could log their complaints; 6,000 did.

Lindsay covered every corner of the city, usually perching on a sound truck to shout his messages. He came meticulously briefed for each neighborhood, referred familiarly to its specific problems—the need for a playground, a subway stop, new school facilities. Always Lindsay damned the Wagner administration for its isolation from the people. "The mayor ought to be in intimate touch with the blood and guts of the city," he cried. "There won't be a person hurt or frightened but we'll know it at city hall." He promised a batch of neighborhood mayor's offices (one for every 250,000 people) throughout the city to receive grievances.

J.V.L. v. J.F.K. Lindsay attacked Wagner for failing to get \$15 million in federal aid because he had filed the papers either too late or not at all. And he made it eminently clear that as mayor he would get as friendly an ear in the White House as any Democrat. Whenever he was heckled about his Republicanism, he brandished a pair of pens, noting that they were bill-signing bestowals from Lyndon Johnson in gratitude for Lindsay's help in pushing through Medicare and the Voting Rights Act this year.

Lindsay ran scared all the way—and properly so. In contrast, the Beame team's campaign was a study in machine-made overconfidence. Abe Beame made little effort to woo undecided voters, seemed happy only among people that he knew were on his side. One evening in late October, while Beame was beaming at a \$100-a-plate banquet for Democrats (menu: brandy-flavored bisque of Mississippi crawfish, filet mignon *périgourdin*, string beans *sauté amandine*, *bombe glaciée Americana*, petits fours), John Lindsay's dinner was a gulped ham sandwich between one curbstone speech and the next.

To help the "amiable bookkeeper," as Jacob Javits called Beame, Hubert Humphrey contributed kind words and one full day's campaigning. Bobby Kennedy turned up in New York now and then, sardonically informed one gathering that the Democrats are "the party of Roosevelt, Truman, John F. Kennedy . . . and Huey Long."

President Johnson came up with a strong endorsement, weakly delivered. It didn't help. The voters gave Lindsay



FATHER



MOTHER



CHOIRBOY JOHN (LEFT FRONT)
AND TWIN BROTHER DAVID (RIGHT FRONT)



JOHN (CENTER) AT GUNNERY POST



WITH MARY AFTER WEDDING (1949)

46% of their ballots, Beame 40.6% and Buckley 13.4%. Buckley had hoped to demonstrate a resurgence of conservative Republicanism, but he drew his most potent support from normally Democratic Irish, Polish, Italian (and Catholic) areas. Though Abe Beame held out the promise of becoming New York's first Jewish mayor, the usually Democratic Jewish vote went heavily for Lindsay—particularly in upper-income neighborhoods.

Though Beame lost, both of his ticket partners came through: Popular Queens District Attorney Frank O'Connor, 55, who is aiming to run for Governor next year, was elected city council president. And Mario A. Procaccino, 53, Italian-born son of a shoemaker, was elected controller.

Lindsay's win was not the only post-Goldwater revival triumph in New York last week. The G.O.P. recaptured the state senate, won six upstate mayoralties, and elected Kenneth Keating, who had been dumped from his U.S. Senate seat last fall by Bobby Kennedy, to a Superior Court judgeship by 2,000,000 votes.

Nude Shakes. Far beyond New York, there was wistful talk of Lindsay among Republicans hungry for a dynamic presidential candidate. Many noted the passing similarities between J.V.L. and J.F.K., a common legacy of grace and style, a clear-eyed toughness, a springy vigor. Lindsay is even handsomer than Kennedy, but admirers noted that they had the same quick toothy smile, the straight-spined athlete's stride. Lindsay has borrowed from Kennedy the poking forefinger to counterpoint his speeches. His campaign for the mayoralty was hounding from the same "get things moving again" line as Kennedy's 1960 presidential campaign.

During the early months of his campaign, Lindsay even went politicking at Brooklyn's Brighton Beach in bathing trunks, grinning and shouldering his way bare-chested through the crowds—just as President Kennedy had done on a California beach in 1962. Lindsay eventually carried his activities beyond the beach; he continued to seek hands to shake among a few startled citizens while he was nude in the dressing-room shower.

Like Kennedy, Lindsay is an avid yachtsman, an ex-Navy officer, a sometime Sunday touch-football player, a reader of Ian Fleming novels, the father of a son named John. Lindsay, too, is married to a handsome woman who attended Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn., and Vassar. Mary Lindsay, 37, has little else in common with Jackie Kennedy. Mother of four (Katherine, 14; Margaret, 11; Anne, 9; John Jr., 5), "Mare"—as John calls her—is more gregarious and much more home in the jostle of politicos than Jackie.

Mary claims absolute disinterest in the 9-to-5 life—"the little house with



WITH WIFE MARY & KATHERINE, MARGARET, ANNE & JOHN JR.

Neither opulence nor white picket fences.

the white picket fence and the roses"—and she made dozens of campaign speeches for John (a chore that Jackie abjured). Mary usually says what she thinks—bluntly. Once, as she and some friends were scanning a fulsome magazine piece about her husband, she snapped: "That's not the man I sleep with!"

Hip ASP. But the comparison between Lindsay and Kennedy is misleading as well as invidious. Today, at least, Lindsay does not possess the late President's polish and poise, his gleaming wit and easy public charm. A more fundamental difference between the two men is that John Lindsay is comparatively a self-made man. He was not raised in a family that was grooming a son to be President, nor was he raised in multimillion-dollar opulence by a father filled with angry ambition and the sting of Boston's social rebuffs.

John Lindsay's parents were descended from pure-blooded WASPs (White Anglo-Saxon Protestants)—though, as Lindsay is fond of pointing out, "If you are really hip, the correct term is ASP; all Anglo-Saxons are white, so why be redundant?" His father, George Nelson Lindsay, was the son of a Scotch-Irish brickmaker from the Isle of Wight who was broke in 1884 and emigrated to New York. John Lindsay's mother, Eleanor Vliet Lindsay, was the daughter of a Dutch-descended New Jersey carpentry contractor whose ancestors dated back to colonial times.

John and his twin David were born on Nov. 24, 1921, in a modest West Side Manhattan apartment. The addresses soon improved as Lindsay's father, a self-made man, rose to be vice president of a Wall Street investment banking house. When he died in 1962, George Lindsay left his family \$700,000, to be divided among John and David, George Jr., now 45, and Robert,

now 39 (a sister, Eleanor, drowned in her swimming pool last summer).

Busy Flower. Lindsay's mother, a Wellesley College graduate, was a promising young actress. She encouraged her children to take music lessons, sing in the church choir and participate in school plays. John was more ham than musician (he had a brief fling at the drums), retained an interest in the theater long after he grew up, capping his thespian career in 1960 with a small part as a Congressman in TV's *The Farmer's Daughter*.

John went to Manhattan's exclusive Buckley School, then to St. Paul's in Concord, N.H. There he played football (center), crewed, made the debating team. After graduation in 1940 and their first term at Yale, he and David got jobs as pages at the Republican National Convention; they were taken down to New York's city hall by a friendly city alderman and introduced to Fiorello La Guardia himself. "He had his glasses up over his forehead and seemed very busy," recalls Lindsay. "He seemed just like he was in the newsreels—fast and busy."

As World War II loomed, John took an accelerated course at Yale, graduated with a major in history in 1943 after only 31 months. His undergraduate thesis discussed "The Effect of Oliver Cromwell's Religion on Politics," a theme that still intrigues him. "Cromwell," he argues, "carried things to an extreme—that was his weakness." Extremists were never Lindsay's heroes: among his favorite politicians he lists Lincoln ("because of his compassion"), Jefferson ("a Renaissance man"), Benjamin Franklin ("an effective plotter and planner"), Benjamin Disraeli ("a master in government")—as well as Teddy Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie.

Fiery Exit. During the war, Lindsay served aboard a destroyer in the Mediterranean and Pacific, came out in 1946

with a lieutenant's stripes and five battle stars. In his first civilian job, he worked as a bank clerk—until the day he spotted an approaching bank official and tried to hide an illicit cigarette in the wastebasket; it burst into flame and Lindsay quit (he also quit smoking). He enrolled at the Yale Law School, where he found himself a member of a sliver-thin Republican minority. He recalls: "The Democrats were always hollering about things, and this made me feel even more Republican."

After law school, Lindsay signed on with a top Manhattan law firm at \$3,600 a year; a senior partner was Bethuel Webster, a staunch Republican and one-time president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, who imparted to the new junior a commitment

assistant. Lindsay made solid contacts with all the members of Eisenhower's Cabinet, helped draft civil rights legislation for the Justice Department, and soon rose to be one of its bright young stars. But then, back in Manhattan's 17th District, the Republican incumbent was in danger of losing, and Lindsay's friends pleaded with him to run in the 1958 primary. With Herb Brownell's blessing, the young lawyer headed home for his first campaign.

He approached the game of politics like a big-leaguer from the start. From headquarters at the Hotel Roosevelt, he organized a district-spanning telephone canvass, attracted hundreds of the bright-eyed young volunteers who have figured in every subsequent Lindsay campaign. Though local G.O.P. leaders

KATRINA THOMAS



CANDIDATE & RATS (ON BOX) IN MANHATTAN SLUM AREA

"The mayor ought to be in touch with the city's blood and guts."

to civil liberties. In just five years, an unusually brief testing period for a major law firm, Lindsay was named a full partner.

Paranoiac Urge. Lindsay had been active in Manhattan politics since his return from the Navy in 1946. He was elected president of the city's old and influential Young Republican Club in 1951, became citywide co-chairman of Youth for Eisenhower the following year. Says Jack Wells, an old New York G.O.P. hand who was campaign director for Governor Rockefeller in 1964: "If a man doesn't have that paranoiac urge for politics, you might as well forget about him. John got that feeling soon."

Lindsay also had a passion for the law, and in 1955 he got a break that allowed him to indulge both loves. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, who had known of Lindsay's politicking, invited the young Manhattan lawyer to come to Washington as his executive

strongly supported his opponent. Lindsay easily won his primary and was elected to Congress with a comfortable 53.9% of the vote. Richard Nixon carried the district with a bare 50.8% in 1960, while Lindsay rolled up 59.8% of the vote against his Democratic opponent; in 1962 he won 68.7%. In 1964, while Lyndon Johnson's juggernaut was crushing nearly every other Republican in the state, Lindsay crashed through with 71.5% of his district's vote, the biggest margin logged by any G.O.P. Congressman in the nation.

Loner. From the start, Lindsay's career on Capitol Hill was marked—or, many think, marred—by his defiance of the Republican leadership. His first year in Congress, he was the only member of the House to vote against a bill broadening the Postmaster General's powers to seize obscene mail, observing that the bill placed the "full burden of proving innocence on the mailer." He

ignored the Republican line by voting in favor of key Democratic bills. In the past session of the 89th Congress, he voted with the House Republicans only 6% of the time.

As far as the minority leaders were concerned, Lindsay's most unforgivable breaches of party discipline were in 1961 and 1963, when he supported the Kennedy Administration's moves to lessen the power of the House Rules Committee, thus clearing a legislative bottleneck created by a conservative coalition. It was a costly point of principle for Lindsay. He had long coveted a position on the House Foreign Affairs Committee; after his 1963 vote, Minority Whip Leslie Arends of Illinois told the rebel: "Boy, I never saw a man talk himself off the Foreign Affairs Committee so fast in my life."

"No Tool." Lindsay's major assignment was on the Judiciary Committee, where he compiled a solid record. He helped draft the 1964 civil rights bill, then labored as one of its four floor managers to get it passed. He was also a major force in getting the 1965 voting rights bill approved. Lindsay backed Indiana's Charles Halleck last January in his losing battle against Michigan's Gerry Ford to retain the House minority leader's post, hoping to strike a bargain that would open the way to key positions for his brand of liberal Republicans. Nevertheless, Ford has high respect for him. "He is a good advocate, a good lawyer," says Ford. "He was not just a tool of the extreme civil rights people. In any area where John would participate, he was knowledgeable and effective."

His effectiveness was particularly evident midway through his mayoral campaign, when he came out with a batch of well-researched—if occasionally utopian-sounding—"White Papers" defining his proposals for "the City of Tomorrow." It was not clear where all the money would come from, but his ideas mostly made sense. Among them:

- CRIME. To counter the city's never-ending crime—a theft every three minutes, an assault every twelve, a rape every six hours, a murder every 14—Lindsay proposed to enlarge the police force and build a "massive mobile patrol system" by doubling the number of patrol cars; a squad car would patrol each block in high-crime areas every two minutes.

- NARCOTICS. He urged 24-hour surveillance of every known pusher, earlier identification of teen-age users, community clinics for those seeking advice, a city hospital exclusively for addicts.

- HOUSING. To aid the more than 1,000,000 New Yorkers who live in rotting tenements outlawed more than 70 years ago, Lindsay proposed creation of a new Department of Housing Maintenance to put teeth in the housing codes, and advocated a "vast community-improvement program" that would take advantage of available fed-

eral funds to boost middle-income apartment construction and slow the flight of middle-income families to the suburbs.

• TRAFFIC. To speed subway travel, he proposed construction of several new lines, triple-tracking, and staggered working hours for New Yorkers. As for auto traffic, he suggested expansion of cross-town express routes, priority lanes for buses and trucks, more municipal parking facilities, and relocation of the city's cargo docks so that freight-laden trucks would no longer burden Manhattan streets.

• CITY FINANCES. A five-point program that included Pentagon-style cost-analysis techniques, bold tax revision, and expansion of the city's economy to create 200,000 new jobs and thus broaden the tax base.

Power & Glory. To run the metropolis—let alone build the City of Tomorrow—New Yorkers pay their mayor \$50,000 a year. The job is a Sisyphean symphony in bureaucracy, chronic lists of incomplete projects, a populace crying 24 hours a day for the mayor's time. Many of its most worrisome aspects are out of the mayor's control. The most horrendous is the ever-lengthening welfare bill which will come to nearly half a billion dollars this year, and is rising at the annual rate of \$75 million as more and more unskilled newcomers crowd into the city.

Nonetheless, many New Yorkers consider the mayor's duties to be increasingly anachronistic—inevitably involved in such a flood of ceremonial and political functions that the actual management of the city has been left to a timid bureaucracy. It has become a New Yorker's cliché that the mayor is powerless to halt the city's decline. In fact, recent charter revisions have given the mayor of New York extraordinary new executive powers, which the outgoing administration did not utilize to best advantage.

Power is no more than the capability for achievement, it does not exist on its own. If Mayor Lindsay can employ his power to run the city as a modern-minded chief executive and not merely as its complaint bureau and top politician, he may well stir pride and kindle civic interest among New Yorkers. If he succeeds, he will not only restore the glory that was New York but immensely enhance its national political standing.

Fortunately, he is an ambitious man, and his choice of domicile may ultimately be the White House rather than Gracie Mansion. At any rate, after spending an exhausting six months devoted to learning about the problems of the city he will lead, John Lindsay no longer talks as if his aim is a single, candidacy-building term in city hall. "It will take eight years to do what has to be done," he said quietly last week. "If my record is good after one term, I would hope I could get re-elected. I want to be a good mayor."

NEW JERSEY

Getting the Garden Growing

Across the Hudson River from New York City, 90 minutes after the polls closed, it was plain that New Jersey's Democratic Governor Richard Hughes was in for a resounding victory. The returns from prosperous Bergen County, a longtime Republican stronghold, wound up by giving Hughes a 49,000 majority. So it went all evening, from the slums of Jersey City to the bird-watching wards of Cape May. In all, Hughes carried 16 of the state's 21 counties and defeated Republican Challenger Wayne Dumont by 350,000 votes, the highest margin ever recorded in a New Jersey gubernatorial contest.

Hughes's achievement was heightened by the fact that booming New Jersey is fundamentally a Republican state. Until last week, the Democrats had not

sor of history at the state university of Rutgers, who had declared that he would welcome a Viet Cong victory in Viet Nam (TIME, Oct. 22). Dumont called on Hughes to have Genovese fired; the Governor refused, arguing that a question involving academic freedom should be settled by Rutgers' board of governors.

Meantime Hughes mounted a hard-hitting, bountifully financed campaign, capitalized on the appeal of President Johnson, who carried New Jersey by a smashing 900,000 votes last year.

When it was over, a party wheelhorse at the Governor's victory party gloomed: "My God, now we really will have to produce!" At any rate, the Hughes administration will no longer be able to blame the state's ills on lethargic Republican majorities in Trenton. Its first, most ticklish task will be to find broad-based sources of revenue to finance the state's accumulated needs. New Jersey is almost unique in levying neither income nor retail sales taxes. One or the other, Hughes said throughout his campaign, will be the price of progress.

CITIES

The Negro's New Force

One tangible result of the civil rights movement has been to teach the U.S. Negro the power of unified action. Putting that lesson to good use, Negroes in several cities across the nation last week made themselves felt by voting for their own causes and candidates. In Springfield, Ohio, a Negro got the biggest vote of the five candidates for city commissioner, thus qualifying for the mayoralty; Buffalo elected three Negroes to its 15-member city council. The most dramatic expression of the Negro's new force occurred in Cleveland's mayoralty race.

There, a four-way race for mayor developed in which the principal contenders were Democratic Incumbent Ralph S. Locher, 49, seeking his second full term, and Negro Carl B. Stokes, 38, popular, articulate native Clevelander who is one of two Ohio Negro state representatives.

Normally, Locher would have been re-elected easily, but Cleveland's Negroes had cause to be unhappy with him. When local civil rights groups demanded an audience with the mayor last summer after a supposed slight by the chief of police, Locher refused. The result: a three-day sit-in at City Hall in which four Negroes were arrested for trespassing. Running as an independent, Stokes came within a whisker (2,458 out of a total 236,977 votes cast) of beating Locher.* As it turned



NEW JERSEY'S GOVERNOR HUGHES

"Now we really will have to produce."

won control of both houses of the state legislature since the 1912 election, when they swept in on Woodrow Wilson's swallowtails. This year more than ever the issues were made to order for a lively, Lindsay-style Republican. The most densely populated state in the Union (860.3 inhabitants per sq. mi.), New Jersey has almost as many problems as people. State-supported colleges are so crowded that 50% of the qualified applicants have to be turned away each year. Other public institutions, from hospitals to orphanages, are archaic and inadequate. Highways are clogged, while the state road program lags for lack of funds. Though its rivers and air are hopelessly polluted, the Garden State has only a token anti-pollution program.

No G.O.P. Yet as always, the G.O.P. came apart in the primary, in which Wayne Dumont, a small-town lawyer and state senator, emerged as the party's gubernatorial candidate. To the virtual exclusion of all other potential issues, Dumont seized on the case of Eugene Genovese, a Marxist profes-

* At week's end, at Stokes's behest, the Cleveland Board of Elections agreed to delay certification of Locher's re-election pending an examination of precinct tally sheets and poll books. After that, Stokes has the right to demand a recount. Miffed, Locher said he would go ahead with the swearing-in ceremony this week in spite of the board's ruling.



LOSER STOKES
"An uprising."

out, he polled 36% of the vote, which is almost exactly Cleveland's Negro-to-white voter ratio.

Clearly, for the first time in a major U.S. city, dissatisfied Negroes had turned away from both major parties to back a candidate from their own ranks who would tackle their own problems. Said one political expert: "This wasn't an election; it was an uprising."

A "Must." The Negro-bloc vote was also felt in Detroit, where Negro Minister Nicholas Hood, 42, a member of Detroit's N.A.C.P. Board of Directors, was elected to the city's all-white nine-man common council. Hood was not the first Negro ever to be elected to the council, but his election was considered a "must" by much of Detroit's white community, which feared that unless the city's nearly 500,000 Negroes had some representation in the municipal government, racially tense Detroit might ignite. Hood had a powerful helping hand from Detroit's able incumbent mayor, Democrat Jerome Cavanagh (TIME, Sept. 24), who himself easily won re-election over a little-known Republican opponent, 295,409 to 144,852.

Negro voters in both Philadelphia and Louisville helped Republicans overcome their disastrous nationwide showing in the presidential election last year. In Philadelphia, 35-year-old Arlen Specter, assistant counsel of the Warren Commission, which investigated President Kennedy's assassination, used implausible means to achieve the seemingly impossible. A registered Democrat, he ran for district attorney on the Republican ticket, with the support of Americans for Democratic Action. Specter won, despite a 2-to-1 Democratic registration edge and hoots of "Benedict Arlen" and "Specter the Defector" by his former Democratic colleagues. Specter not only assailed the inefficiency of Incumbent D. A. James

Crumlish Jr., his former boss, but also inveigled against Mayor James Tate, whom he branded as the "dumbest mayor ever in a big city." Beating his Democratic opponent by 325,395 votes to 289,174, Specter became the first Republican candidate to win a major municipal office in Philadelphia in a dozen years.

Appreciation. Four years ago, Republicans in Louisville wrested city hall away from the Democrats after a 28-year freeze-out—and passed one of the first public-accommodations laws adopted by a major Southern city. Last week Louisville's appreciative Negroes helped the G.O.P. keep its municipal grip by electing a 52-year-old moderate, Kenneth A. Schmied, to a four-year term as mayor. Also elected: the first Negro ever to serve as prosecutor of city police court.

Other municipal election results:

► In Boston, Louise Day Hicks, 47, competitive, controversial chairman of the beleaguered Boston School Committee, again proved one of the city's all-time champion vote getters. Rackling up 93,579 votes (64%), she swept into a third term along with four like-minded candidates, all of whom opposed bussing of pupils to achieve racial balance. An even greater blow to Boston's Negroes was the defeat of School Committee Member Arthur Garland, the one board member who Negroes felt was sympathetic to their cause.

► In New Haven, Democratic Mayor Richard C. Lee, 49, the brains and muscle power behind the city's model \$390 million urban-renewal program, handily won his seventh consecutive two-year term, beating his Republican challenger 33,992 to 17,099.

► In Akron, home town of G.O.P. National Chairman Ray Bliss, Republicans captured the mayor's office for the first time since 1951. The victor: John S. Ballard, 43, a onetime FBI agent who won his political spurs as a special prosecutor in an Ohio gambling cleanup, went on to make an impressive record as a crime-busting county prosecutor.

VIRGINIA

The Goldwater Thing

One of the most curious new coalitions to emerge from last week's elections was in Virginia, where labor unions and Negro organizations combined with the conservative Democratic machine of Senator Harry Byrd to elect Mills Godwin, the Byrd candidate for Governor.

Godwin, 50, who as a state senator in 1959 led Virginia's "massive resistance" to school integration, has modified his segregationist views since he was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1961. Nonetheless, on racial issues he still stood to the right of his Republican opponent, A. Linwood Holton, 42, a Roanoke lawyer. Holton campaigned energetically against the poll tax, on which Godwin refused

to commit himself, and promised to recruit Negroes for appointment to high office. But the Negro voters broke with their tradition of supporting G.O.P. candidates in state elections. Richmond's almost solidly Negro First Precinct reflected the shift: though it went 10 to 1 for the Republican gubernatorial candidate in 1961, last week it supported Democrat Godwin 5 to 1.

Hopes & Guideposts. Why the defection? Explained Clarence Townes Jr., an unsuccessful Negro Republican candidate for the legislature: "This Goldwater thing was just too much for us. It's a helluva thing to overcome." The "Goldwater thing," of course, is the residue of resentment with which most Negroes still regard Barry Goldwater's stand on civil rights in the 1964 campaign. While Holton loyally supported Goldwater last year, Godwin whistle-stopped through Virginia with Mrs. Lyndon Johnson on her Lady Bird Special. To many Negroes and liberals, a vote for Godwin was simply a vote of confidence for the Great Society, whose goals he endorsed. Die-hard white supremacists from both parties bolted to the conservative candidate, William Story, a Birchite, and to George Rockwell of the American Nazi Party. The last count: Godwin, 248,753; Holton, 194,507; Story, 69,724; Rockwell, 6,366. Of some 80,000 Negroes who voted, an estimated 60,000 went Democratic; Godwin's plurality was only 54,000.

Despite the defeat, the Republicans were left with some hopes for the future—and some guideposts. Their moderate, articulate candidate fought the most vigorous campaign of any G.O.P. candidate in Virginia's history, won more votes than any other Republican nominee for state office since Reconstruction.

JAMES NETHERWOOD JR.



WINNER GODWIN & WIFE
A curious coalition.

Holton carried two of the state's congressional districts: his own Roanoke area and the Tenth District in suburban Washington, which is heavily populated by federal employees: they can generally be expected to support a liberal candidate, and they plainly favored Republican Holton over his Byrd-backed opponent. If Holton moderates can resist the temptation to team up with the conservative-segregationist element, the G.O.P. will offer the Byrd machine even more serious challenges in future elections—when, presumably, the Goldwater thing will have faded.

ALABAMA

The Lurleen Gambit

Even George Wallace's best friends tried to persuade him last week that the Lurleen gambit would backfire. Lurleen is Wallace's wife, and the Governor's latest scheme to beat the state constitution's provision that he cannot succeed himself is to run Lurleen instead. "If sanity overcomes, and Wallace leaves Mrs. Wallace free to be a mother and a housekeeper," counseled the Montgomery Advertiser, Wallace's most faithful journalistic supporter, George could take a profitable sabbatical from public office and return to power later.

Wallace calculates nonetheless that he needs the statehouse as a power base from which to launch a third-party presidential bid in 1968. After he lost a marathon legislative battle to amend the constitution in his favor last month, most people concluded that he would go after John Sparkman's U.S. Senate seat next year instead. This is still a possibility, though Wallace has let associates know that he prefers to "continue the fight from here."

Meanwhile, the putative candidate, whom Wallace wooed and wed when she was a 16-year-old dime-store clerk, was already practicing for the role she may have to play as campaigner and chief executive—not to mention George Wallace's helpmeet. Lurleen was keeping her mouth shut.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Pulse of Pedernales

It was a rainy day in Johnson country, and precisely at 8 a.m. on Election Day the President and Lady Bird arrived at Johnson City's one-story stone Pedernales Electric Cooperative Building to vote. They cast ballots 1 and 2. Then, with the President at the wheel of a white Chrysler station wagon, they led a 20-car caravan of reporters and Secret Service men on a jouncing, 51-mile, four-hour ramble over the Johnson "property."

At one point, the President, looking tanned and cheerful, decided to go all the way back to the grass roots. Braking the car, he leaped out, plucked handfuls of Bermuda grass (*Cynodon dactylon*) from a field and nuzzled the

blades as if they were orchids. "Look at that," the President cried jubilantly to reporters. "Isn't that the thickest grass you've ever seen?" Of course, Lyndon planted it.

Lest newsmen conclude that he had gone too far back to *Cynodon* roots, Press Secretary Bill Moyers assured an interviewer that even when Johnson is fingering a field of grass he has a hand on the nation's pulse. Avowed Moyers: "He has a great natural gift for knowing, feeling and sensing the mood of the American people."

Next day Johnson extended a paw to Poland after swearing in new U.S.

lectors of the America that I knew when I was a little boy. It was a land of farms and ranches and people who depended on those farms and ranches for a living." Today, he hastened to add, "our task is to make our cities good places to live, expensive and demanding as we realize that task is going to be. But the price of progress must not be two Americas, one rural and one urban, or one Northern and one Southern, or one Protestant and one Catholic, or one white and one colored."

The ceremony over, Johnson and his new Postmaster General repaired inside to munch cheese sliced on an old-



POSTMASTER GENERAL O'BRIEN ASSUMING OFFICE AT HYE

A pride in the grass roots.

Ambassador John Gronouski. The former Postmaster General, the President observed, "will be an ambassador first of peace and good will, whose mission is to build new bridges, not just to Poland but to the people of Eastern Europe." Then everyone hied themselves over to Hye (pop. 134), an unincorporated crossroads five miles from the ranch. There, Larry O'Brien, the aide who did the most to ram the Great Society legislation through the 89th Congress, was sworn in as Gronouski's successor.

The setting was like a primitive painting. The main building in Hye is a combination post office-general store, and sports a false front pressed into gingerbread doodads and painted bright red, white and green. It was here in 1912, when he was four, recalled Lyndon, that he mailed his first letter—to his grandmother. "Larry O'Brien told me a few moments ago," he said archly, "that he is going out to find that letter and deliver it." Waxing philosophical, Johnson continued: "This little community represents to me the earliest recol-

fashioned counter top and pose for pictures beside the tiny, 60-box post office.

Last week the President also:

- Signed a flurry of bills, including a measure giving the Government permanent possession of all records and evidence connected with the Kennedy assassination, and a four-year omnibus farm bill—barely an hour before the midnight deadline, when the bill would have died for lack of the presidential signature.
- Announced the appointment of a 30-member National Advisory Commission on Food and Fiber, to be headed by University of Minnesota Agriculture Dean Sherwood Berg, to make a thorough study of U.S. agricultural problems and recommend solutions.

Francis X.

"To prevent further anguish to my family and further harassment to you and to those who have supported me so loyally," Francis X. Morrissey (TIME, Oct. 29) last week asked President Johnson to withdraw his nomination for a federal judgeship.



RENA & MARQUETTE

A mother's woe can cost 34 lives.

LOS ANGELES

Mrs. Frye's Fuse

The all-white jury in Los Angeles Municipal Court leaned forward as a young deputy city attorney summed up the state's case against a Negro woman charged with impeding a lawful arrest. "If Rena Frye had not interfered with the police officer when they were trying to arrest her son Marquette," Rayford Fountain said, "all we would have today would be a boy with a slight scar on his forehead, a boy who had experienced a slight jab to his stomach, the effects of which he probably wouldn't remember by this time anyway."

But Rena Frye, 49, did interfere when California highway patrolmen stopped Marquette, 21, on suspicion of drunken driving last Aug. 11. His brother Ronald, 22, was a passenger in the battered grey and white Buick. Hearing that her sons were in trouble, diminutive (5 ft.) Mrs. Frye came from her house near by, scolded Marquette, and asked the officers if she could take the car—which her husband needed to drive to his job. A hostile crowd gathered, and the two boys got into a scuffle with the cops. Mrs. Frye jumped on one officer's back, was dragged off, then leaped on another patrolman. Finally, all three Fryes were taken to jail. Soon every Negro slum dweller in Watts heard rumors that the family had been brutally manhandled.

Thus, though he had been ordered by the judge to confine his argument strictly to the facts of the arrest, Prosecutor Fountain, 28, insisted on adding that the fuse lighted by the Fryes turned into the five-day Watts riot that took 34 lives, cost millions in property damage, and "left a blight on our city's history that may take 50 to 100 years to erase." The prosecution contended that the patrolmen had not used ex-

cessive force on the Fryes. The defense argued that the officers' unjustifiably rough treatment of the brothers excused Mrs. Frye's actions.

After deliberating 3½ hours, the jury found Mrs. Frye guilty. Sentencing, which could amount to a one-year prison term plus \$1,000 fine, was deferred pending appeal. She and her sons—Marquette was convicted of drunken driving, malicious destruction of property and battery; Ronald of impeding an arrest—never saw their Buick again. It was towed away after their arrest, and by the time they were able to find it the storage charges exceeded the value of the car.

TENNESSEE

Naked Discrimination

In Tennessee, which has had little racial trouble, the most ambitious civil rights case in years got under way last week. The plaintiffs, for a change, were not Negroes. They were nudists.

At issue before a three-judge federal court in Knoxville was a suit by the Tennessee Outdoor Club, which last year received a state charter to found a nudist colony. In the charter's words, the coeducational camp was for the sole purpose of "social, sun, air and water therapy . . . without the confinement of clothing." But before the project could take off, local residents persuaded the Tennessee legislature to pass a law making nudism a misdemeanor.

Clothing themselves in the Constitution, Tennessee nudists—joined by the 15,000-member American Sunbathing Association—argued that the state statute violates the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of thought, belief and assembly, what the petitioners called the Ninth Amendment's protection against invasion of privacy, and the Fifth and 14th Amendments' bar against deprivation of property without due process of law. Declared the plaintiffs' attorney, Bernard Bernstein: "Their private practices as nudists do not constitute antisocial conduct which might authorize criminal sanctions."

In defense of the anti-nudism statute, Tennessee Attorney General George McCanless argued: "The ultimate issue is whether the general assembly may require members of the opposite sex to wear clothing in the presence of each other except where the persons are joined in a family relationship." If the court decides against them, the nudists have an obvious last resort—a strip-in.

MIAMI

No Place Like It

To most refugees from Fidel Castro's Cuba, Miami seems like a home away from home—at least the way home used to be. In addition to its sunny climate and palm trees, an abundance of Havana-style restaurants and Spanish-speaking radio stations, Miami boasts the largest concentration of Cubans

outside Castroland. About 180,000 refugees—two-thirds of the total—have settled there since 1959 and have quickly adapted to *Yanqui* ways. They are generally law-abiding and hard-working. The city's unemployment rate is down from a high of 12% in 1962 to 4.7%, and only 13,000 Cubans remain on the welfare rolls.

For their part, most Miamians welcomed the newcomers—but that does not mean Miami wants still more Cubans. While Havana and Washington negotiated the arrangements concluded last week for a new exodus from Cuba, a wave of apprehension and resentment swept the city. The evacuation by U.S.-chartered planes will begin by Dec. 1 and bring in between 3,000 and 4,000 refugees a month.

Newspapers and broadcasting stations received hundreds of letters and phone calls objecting to the new influx of immigrants. Said Miami Mayor Robert King High: "No one community can assimilate any great number of people who come here with limitations of speech and no money." Governor Haydon Burns warned of possible "economic chaos." Dade County School Superintendent Joe Hall ordered that all newly arrived Cuban children be excluded from classrooms until the Federal Government provides more funds for their education.

"They're Hurting Us," N.A.A.C.P. and Urban League leaders, who argue that Cubans now hold 30,000 jobs in the Miami area that otherwise would be available to Negroes, expressed fears that the Negro unemployment rate—already much higher than the general average—would rise still further. Miami, they point out, is as potent a magnet for Negroes in other parts of the South as it is for Cubans. Though as yet there has been no racial trouble between the two groups, the threat is there. As Charles Bowder, an unemployed Negro laborer, put it: "I don't know the Cubans well

ALLAN GOULD



CUBAN REFUGEES ARRIVING IN KEY WEST

Three thousand or 4,000 newcomers a month

enough to hate them. But they're hurting us."

After conferring with Florida officials in Miami and in Washington, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner agreed last week that the refugee problem was "the responsibility of the entire nation." Gardner pledged in principle to raise the federal education subsidy from the present 60% of cost for each Cuban child to 100%. The U.S. will also give additional help for school construction and increase federal aid to county hospitals that treat Cubans.

"Un-American Statements." Gardner's most welcome pledge was that as many Cubans as possible will be encouraged to settle elsewhere. Priority for departure from Cuba will be given to refugees whose relatives live outside Miami, on the theory that the newcomers will follow their kin. Even so, the Federal Government cannot force them to live in any particular place. Of the 2,800 Cubans who arrived by boat before Castro closed Camarioca last week, 2,200 have registered with the Refugee Emergency Center; only 1,450 have agreed to settle outside Miami.

For all the new problems they may raise, Cubans have pumped millions of dollars into the local economy, much of it derived from federal assistance. Though they are accused of lowering property values, they have revitalized several blighted commercial areas by opening hundreds of shops, sidewalk cafés, bars and other businesses. Miami's plusher nightclub, Les Violins, is owned by a Cuban refugee. Pupils who speak little or no English at first pose difficulties for schools, but many American children are learning to speak Spanish fluently. And, as School Superintendent Hall admits, "the Cuban kids seem to win all the school essay contests on democracy."

To those who cry that the city should

LYNN FELHABER

force all new Cuban immigrants to settle elsewhere, Monsignor John Fitzpatrick, chancellor of the Roman Catholic diocese of Miami, retorted: "How unbecoming it is that these foolish, un-American statements are often made by the descendants of the Irish, the Italian, the Polish and the English immigrants who came here since the early 1600s seeking refuge from oppression and hunger."

NORTH CAROLINA

A Kleagle Eagle

For a fellow who escaped the stigma of being a high school dropout only by never dropping in, James R. Jones, 37-year-old Grand Dragon of the North Carolina realm of the Ku Klux Klan, lives mighty high on the hog. Though he never progressed past grammar school and has worked until recently as a lightning-rod salesman, Jones, who lives in Granite Quarry, N.C., drives a 1964 Cadillac as well as a 1964 station wagon, and seemingly has plenty of spending money. Soon, if all turns out as planned, Night Rider Jones will become a night flyer.

The scheme is to collect enough S. & H. Green Stamps to make a hefty down payment on a private plane for Jones. Heading the stamp drive is Jones's wife, Syble, high priestess of the Klan's women's auxiliary in nearby Salisbury. At Klan klatches, Syble reminds the white-robed sisters that hubby and his Klan kohorts could do much more for the cause if they had wings—and then asks the ladies to hand over their stamp books.

So far, the take amounts to 400 books, 1,600 shy of Syble's 2,000-book goal, which represents \$240,000 worth of groceries—a whale of a lot of grits. By the time they have them in hand, the Kleagle eagle may even be able to read an altimeter.

COMMUNISTS

Breathes There a Jury

With Soul So Pure?

In Washington last week the U.S. Communist Party went on trial for the second time* for failing to register as an agent of the Soviet Union. Whatever the outcome, the party can hardly claim it has a prejudiced jury.

In an elaborate screening process, agreed on by Government and party attorneys beforehand and designed to ferret out both pro- and anti-Communist bias, Judge William B. Jones asked the eight women and four men picked to hear the case in U.S. District Court to swear that they 1) did not regard the Communist Party as "subversive" or a threat to themselves or



GRAND DRAGON JONES & WIFE

Two thousand books buys a lot of grits.

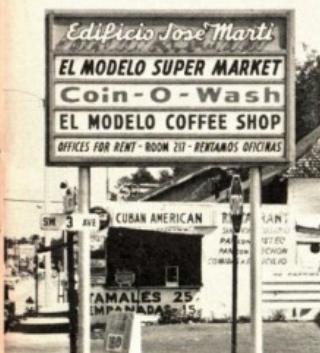
their families; 2) felt no "hostility" toward the party; 3) had not read, seen or heard anything derogatory about the party; and 4) would not doubt the truthfulness of any officer of the party or the party itself.

The jurors also swore that neither they nor their families had ever worked for the U.S. Government or belonged to the John Birch Society, Ku Klux Klan, American Legion, American Nazi Party, Young Americans for Freedom, Americans for Constitutional Action, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Daughters of the American Revolution, Conservative Society of America, Liberty Lobby, Americans for National Security, Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, Christian Crusade, American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, Labor Youth League, Civil Rights Congress, Communist Party, Jefferson School of Social Science, New York School for Marxist Studies, Young Communist League, American Peace Crusade, National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Nation of Islam, International Workers Order, Washington Bookshop Association, Fair Play for Cuba Committee, or the Southern Conference for Human Welfare.

None of the jurors had ever read books or articles by Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, Louis Budenz, J. B. Matthews, Herbert Philbrick, William F. Buckley Jr., Gerald L. K. Smith, Westbrook Pegler, Dan Smoot, Robert Welch, Dr. Fred Schwarz or Dr. George Benson, or listened to radio programs conducted by Fulton Lewis Jr., John T. Flynn, Life Line, Facts Forum, Clarence Manion's Forum, or the 20th Century Reformation Hour.

Despite its otherworldly blend of open- and empty-mindedness, the jury was picked in two hours.

* The first trial, in 1962, resulted in a conviction, with a \$120,000 fine, that was reversed by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.



MIAMI'S "LITTLE HAVANA"
... can cause resentment and chaos.

THE WORLD



DE GAULLE (1959 TIME COVER)

The future will be resolutely assured.

ARTURO D'ESTE

FRANCE

Après Moi, la Confusion

Seldom had the leader of a free society treated his nation with such contempt. Last week as Charles de Gaulle delivered himself of his long-awaited decision to run again for the presidency, few Frenchmen were surprised, but all France might well have felt insulted by his reasoning. "Should the public's frank and massive support call me on to remain in office," De Gaulle declared, "the future of the Republic will be resolutely assured. If not, no one doubts that it will immediately collapse, and that France will undergo—this time without possible recourse—a national disorder even more disastrous than that which she knew before."

Do words mean what they say? Was De Gaulle suggesting that the seven years of his first term had failed to build a stable France that could survive the death of its architect? France today enjoys a prosperity and stability—both economic and political—unmatched since before World War I. Since this is not likely to vanish overnight, De Gaulle's speech said much more about his state of mind than about his country. *Le Monde* sarcastically likened the De Gaulle choice to one between heaven and hell: "If it is to be paradise, for how much more time? And if the inevitable toll of time condemns us in any case to hell, what good are the extra years of grace?"

Impenitence had pervaded the announcement from start to finish. Having decided that 8 p.m. would be the most propitious hour to make it, *le grand Charles* called radio and television crews into the Elysée Palace's *Salle des Fêtes* two hours before that. Then, for eight minutes, he spoke forcefully and eloquently into the cameras and microphones. After an instant replay to assure that the proper grandeur

had been captured, De Gaulle drank a champagne toast with the 25 technicians, then ordered them not to leave the premises until broadcast time—to ensure that the decision would not leak in advance.

With only three weeks to go before the Dec. 5 election, De Gaulle is far ahead of his five rivals: most opinion polls give him a 3-2 edge in the field. As Carlyle once said, "France was long a despotism tempered by epigrams." Now, apparently, no more epigrams.

GREAT BRITAIN

Beyond the Great Divide

"Smile, Earl!" commanded the photographer in a nasal Brooklyn accent. Since the Earl of Snowdon used to earn his living on the other end of a camera, he grinned obligingly as he and Princess Margaret deplaned for Customs and milling lensmen and diplomats last week in New York. It was Elizabeth's kid sister's first trip to the U.S., a 20-day tour of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tucson, Washington and New York, and on hand to welcome her, as New York City's deputy official greeter, was a member of one of America's own royal families. Charlotte Ford, 24, curtised and gave Meg a bouquet of roses and stephanotis. "Thank you," said Margaret, adding graciously: "And how is your father?"

Everywhere Meg went, in fact, a varied assortment of the nation's own version of noblemen and -women were eager to greet her. In San Francisco, *Hello, Dolly!*'s Carol Channing showed up for an English-Speaking Union luncheon, and Bullfight Expert Barnaby Conrad graced an exclusive dinner given

by Socialite Whitney Warren atop Telegraph Hill. Down at the Bistro in Beverly Hills, the banquet list of Hollywood aristocrats included Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Danny Kaye and a couple of Queen Elizabeth's loyal subjects named Burton. Margaret promptly upset her security guards in San Francisco by insisting on an unscheduled ride aboard a cable car up Hyde Street, but not in rush hour.

The English-Speaking Union luncheon was accompanied by a fashion show of English styles on sale at I. Magnin & Co., and indeed, Margaret's whole trip—together with her top-secret wardrobe—is meant, among other things, to boost Britain's \$10 million-a-year fashion trade with the U.S. For the luncheon, Margaret wore a silver-and-white brocade dress with matching coat, a mink hat and a spray of diamonds. For U.S. women, who are continually perplexed by British royalty's choice of clothes, the New York Times's Charlotte Curtis elucidated: "It is the kind of thing British royalty often wears, whether snipping a ribbon or watching the horses at Ascot. But in the U.S. such clothes are reserved for afternoon weddings, bar mitzvahs or cocktail parties."

Anxious to see what Margaret would wear for a really formal occasion, Californians were bidding up to \$1,000 apiece for \$100 tickets to a Los Angeles charity ball she is scheduled to attend this week.

Princess Margaret, however, evaded her admirers for sightseeing jaunts in a red Cadillac convertible and aboard a yacht in San Francisco Bay. Giggled one British official's wife, watching newsmen trying to keep pace: "It's all a bit of a wow, isn't it?"



MARGARET & TONY ON CABLE CAR
The present was roses and stephanotis.

THE COMMONWEALTH

Opening & Closing the Door

Harold Wilson returned to Britain last week full of hope for a settlement of the Rhodesian crisis. He had had four days of "serious talks" with an almost endless parade of 126 leading Rhodesians, and, as he told Parliament, "no one, British or Rhodesian, has been able to hear the views of so many leaders of opinion, African or European, for very many years." Out of them had come an agreement for a joint Royal Commission that had, for the time being at least, headed off Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith's threats to issue an immediate unilateral declaration of independence. "I am satisfied," Wilson declared, "that we have created a position where disaster can be averted."

Nervous Rub. The entire House of Commons cheered Wilson's news, and Tory Opposition Leader Ted Heath even rose to welcome him "warmly" after his "long and arduous mission." But the euphoria did not last long. Two days later, the British Prime Minister was back in Commons, grey, grim, and rubbing his cheek nervously with the signet ring on his left hand, to report that it is now clear that there is no prospect of agreement.

The problem lay in the Royal Commission. Smith insisted its only job was to determine whether or not the Rhodesian people wanted independence on the basis of their present constitution, which effectively blocks the way to majority rule by the colony's 4,000,000 blacks. Wilson told Parliament, however, that the British wanted to empower the commission to draw up what would amount to a new constitution and then present it for the approval of both the blacks and Rhodesia's minority of 220,000 whites. Moreover, said Wilson, Britain would expect to have a veto over the Royal Commission's work. Even then, Wilson added, "the British government cannot guarantee that it will accept the report."

Ominous Gesture. To Smith this seemed a far cry from the deal he had discussed with Wilson in Salisbury. Abruptly, he slapped government controls on all imports, supposedly to halt a buying panic that was rapidly depleting Rhodesia's hard-currency reserves, but perhaps to suggest that big events—such as a unilateral declaration of independence—lay ahead. Then, after a furious 24 hours in which he presided over a caucus of his Rhodesian Front Party and held three long Cabinet meetings, came an even more ominous gesture: the declaration of a nationwide state of emergency.

The declaration gave Smith and his men the massive powers of a police-state regime. Newspapers and magazines could be censored or even closed by simple decree, private travel and public gatherings could be banned, and such institutions as bars and beer halls closed down. Even worse, according to

the 24-page official document outlining the government's emergency powers, "any police officer may, without warrant, arrest and detain any person of whom he has reason to believe there are grounds which would justify his detention."

Grim Note. There seemed little reason for such a drastic measure. The Rhodesians spoke of "subversive activities," but could point to only four incidents of "subversion" in the past month. Things had been so quiet, in fact, that Rhodesian police reservists called up last month on rumors of possible unrest had been sent home only a few days before the declaration of emergency.

Why, then, had it been declared? Was it preparation for U.D.L? Was it, as some hoped, a gambit by Smith to prevent the extremists of his own party from forcing him over the brink? Was it Smith's way of whipping up public fervor for U.D.I. that Wilson's visit had dampened? Or was it simply a daring display of brinkmanship designed to wring more concessions out of the British? In London, Harold Wilson called his Cabinet into session to consider the latest turn in events. There was still a thread of hope, he and his ministers decided, but before they broke up for the weekend, Wilson alerted them all to be ready to return to Downing Street at a moment's notice, ordered stand-by transportation for each minister—and even prepared the machinery to call Parliament into its first Sunday session since Britain declared war on Germany.

As it turned out, the session was not necessary, but the week ended on a grim note indeed. From Salisbury came a message from Smith in reply to Wilson's latest terms on the Royal Commission. They were, said Smith, "tantamount to rejection of the proposals agreed with you in Salisbury. It would seem that you have finally closed the door."

PORUGAL

Against "the Situation"

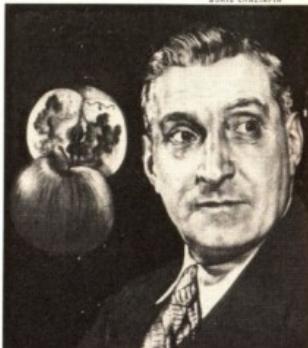
Every four years, Premier António de Oliveira Salazar preserves Portugal's image as a democracy by blowing the dust off a few selected "opposition" leaders and relaxing police controls just enough for a few weeks to permit them to run for Portugal's 130-seat National Assembly.

There are a few cracks in the façade. The assembly functions only as a rubber stamp. The opposition candidates are usually feeble old men left over from a régime that was discredited and overthrown four decades ago, and Salazar decides what they can and cannot talk about (*prohibido* this year: any mention of troubles in the African colonies of Angola and Mozambique). Besides, they are forbidden to hold political rallies or print campaign posters, their words are censored, and they usually find it impossible to get their names actually on the ballots. And, just in case,

a *Situação* ("the Situation"), as Lisbonans call the Salazar régime, counts the votes.

Petulant Feud. As Portugal went to the polls this week, something new had been added. It did not come from the 34 opposition candidates, most of whom shrugged and withdrew long before the government could count them out. Last week a group of 101 prominent Catholic laymen took advantage of the relative pre-election freedom to speak out against the *Situation*. In a bitter "testimonial," published in all major Portuguese dailies, they accused the régime,

BORIS CHALISIN



SALAZAR (1946 TIME COVER)
The past was unforgotten.

which they said, "claims to be Catholic," of "totalitarian" rule that is "systematically offending and violating the Christian conscience."

It was a charge that rang painfully true to many Portuguese Catholics, for quite apart from the harshness of his police-state rule at home, Salazar has been carrying on a petulant feud with the Vatican itself. Several "subversive" passages of Pope John XXIII's *Mater et Magistra* have been suppressed by a régime that considers every Pope since Pius X a dangerous liberal. Pope Paul's visit last year to India (which had seized the Portuguese colony of Goa) was officially attacked as a "gratuitous offense" against Portugal. The Pope's trip to New York last month was censored because Salazar feared it would lend dignity to the United Nations—hated because of its insistence that Portugal free Angola and Mozambique.

Hope for the Future. Last week's testimonial will have no effect on the current elections, of course, and it was neither supported nor approved by Portugal's bishops, who traditionally support Salazar. But the document's principal authors believe that it "will create a union of Catholics against the régime," and, hopefully, the eventual basis for an anti-Salazar Christian Democratic Party. Which, if nothing else, is looking determinedly to the future: the oldest member of the group is 47; most are in their 30s.

AFRO-ASIA

The Faded Dream

It was the costliest wake in history. Through the gilt parlors and echoing halls of Algiers' \$30 million *Club des Pins* sulked 1,800 idle Algerian servants, aided by 30 idle French *maîtres d'hôtel* and chefs, who demanded and got a month's salary for what ended up being five days' work. Imported caviar, champagne, whisky and steak poured into the cavernous complex even as delegates and foreign ministers from 45 nations made their reservations to depart. The club's living quarters were not even filled; most diplomats preferred the bustling Aletti Hotel downtown, or the St. George, where the frug and the monkey were nightly attractions. By midweek everyone was gone. With the fading of jet contrails heading toward Bangkok and Baghdad, Accra and Ankara, the spirit of Bandung II passed into history.

Error & Ite. The failure of the long-awaited Afro-Asian Conference in Algiers last week was one more step toward an end to that grandiose dream of the underdeveloped nations: a unified, hard-hitting "third world" of Africans and Asians dedicated to fight "Western imperialism" and further "nonalignment." The meeting failed ostensibly because its membership could not clearly decide on the question of Russian attendance as a fellow "Afro-Asian" nation. Actually, the conference was killed by Red China, whose intransigent leaders could not bear to sit down with the despised "revisionists" of Moscow, and who were equally unsure of winning the condemnation of the U.S. which Peking demands at any good party. But beneath the particulars, Afro-Asian unity had been dying for years.

At the sunny, sybaritic Indonesian resort town of Bandung, some 29 African and Asian nationalists gathered ten years ago to declare their heartfelt disdain of European colonialism and to get to know one another. In the decade since then, the Afro-Asian world has expanded from 29 to 65 nations, each with its own, pressing internal problems. The grand dream of 1955 has fragmented into even more intense sub-dreams—expressed by smaller groupings such as the Arab League, the Organization of African Unity, the Organisation Communale Africaine et Malgache. Even within these groups, glittering chimeras give way to the hard practicality of national interests: Zambia and Malawi, dependent as they are on good relations with neighboring, white-run Rhodesia, refuse to join the African militants who demand the bloody overthrow of Ian Smith.

On Beyond Anti-Colonialism. The erosion of Afro-Asian solidarity is best indicated at the United Nations, where bloc conferences—once the gaudiest of attractions in the General Assembly—are now infrequent. "You can still get what amounts to a bloc vote, on issues like Angola and South Africa," says one

Washington observer. "But outside these it's pretty much every man for himself." Last week the Afro-Asians cemented themselves once more in the Assembly, by a vote of 82-9 urged Harold Wilson to use force to prevent unilateral Rhodesian independence. But for the most part, the old flogging horse of colonialism is no longer all that exciting—if only because colonialism is nearly dead.

Despite growing disunity, the desire of African and Asian leaders to keep talking together on favorite subjects like aid, nonalignment, and the beastliness of the older powers is bound to continue. "We should not jump to the conclusion that they have changed their attitude on world politics," says a Washington official. "They are still fiercely nonaligned. But they have matured." Much of that maturity has come thanks to Red China: by reading Africa as Red rather than black, Peking scared away many leaders, such as Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, who earlier were willing to play ball with China. As one disillusioned Arab leader said last week in the wake of the Algiers collapse: "There is simply no such thing any more as Afro-Asianism. It has been taken over by the big nations like China, who exploit it for their own personal, political ends. I expect there will never be another Afro-Asian conference worthy of the name."

INDONESIA

Gathering in the Paddies

One of the more familiar faces around President Sukarno's office these days is the grim and sorrowing visage of Yao Chung-ming, Red China's ambassador in Djakarta. Three times in a week, he showed up to express his grave concern at the Indonesian government's recent antisocialist behavior. If the Bung was being honest, he must have ex-

pressed grave concern right back, for there was precious little he could do about the disturbing turn of events. The army was clearly in control.

Smoking Volcano. Even as they conferred, Defense Minister Nasution was preparing a purge of all Communists in the armed services, and there was dark talk of a sweeping decree banning the Indonesian Communist Party (P.K.I.). Under army pressure, Parliament suspended all its 57 Communist members. And as Yao yelped, 100,000 Moslem students attacked the Red Chinese consulate in Medan on Sumatra, tore down its flag, and howled "Chinese Go Home" for an hour.

The real center of Communist resistance was among the fertile paddies around inactive but smoking Mount Merapi in teeming central Java, where economic dissatisfaction is helped by one of the world's densest populations. Somewhere in a 100-sq.-mi. triangle centering on Mount Merapi, Indonesia's Red Boss D. N. Aidit was said to be hiding out with ten or eleven cohorts in the P.K.I.'s stoutest stronghold: the party claims some 1,000,000 members, 30% of its total, among the poverty-stricken peasants in the region surrounding the sprawling city of Solo. In the month following the abortive "Gestapu" (30th of September) coup, the P.K.I. openly defied the army in a region of terror in Solo and the nearby towns of Boyolali and Klaten that resulted in some 200 to 600 being clubbed or stabbed to death—or disposed of by that hoary Chinese practice of burying the victim up to his neck and leaving him to the sun and insects.

Escaping History? The Chinese merchants of the district had little connection with the Communists, but in reprisal to Communist brutality, Moslem and Christian youths burned more than 200 Chinese homes. As a result of the terror, usually bustling Solo, Boyolali and Klaten are anemic ghost towns. On the highway from Djakarta to Solo, normally clogged with traffic, only an occasional bullock cart lumberers by, while convoys of steel-helmeted Diponegoro division units from Sumatra and colorful Kommando Para Raiders from Djakarta in bright vermilion berets race past the empty paddies in armored cars and trucks. In Solo, Moslem student groups in khaki shirts and peaked caps help the army patrol the streets.

Headquarters for the search for Aidit is an abandoned farmhouse twelve miles northeast of Solo. From it some 5,000 troops are combing the hills and stopping vehicles on the roads. Says mild-mannered Major Sajidiman, plotting the action on a U.S. Army map: "I am convinced that Aidit cannot escape history." So far, however, Solo's resident Napoleon has managed to escape the Indonesian army, and the odds are that he is busily rallying support for some sustained guerrilla warfare. "Mount Merapi is quiet just now too," warned one Soloist, "but watch out. Gestapu blood is still hot."



COMMUNIST BOSS AIDIT
Vermilion berets and shocked pinks.



1966 Ford Galaxie 500 7-Litre

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ISRAEL

A David Come to Judgment

David Ben-Gurion, 79, has been of two minds about Levi Eshkol, 70. First, he named him heir to Israel and the Mapai Party. Then, two years later, he proclaimed Eshkol "unfit to govern," and announced that he would challenge him at the polls. Last week, in Israel's national elections, Ben-Gurion turned out to be right the first time—when he let Eshkol become Premier.

The Mapai Party won 43 seats in the 120-seat Knesset, one more than it had held before the election. With the aid of its traditional allies among the smaller labor, religious and Arab parties, Eshkol should have no trouble when it comes to forming a coalition. Ben-Gurion's Rafi Party, a splinter of the Mapai, formed to challenge Eshkol earlier this year, made a poor showing. Rafi won ten seats, though Ben-Gurion had hoped for 15 or 20. Most observers had thought he would get them too, after Rafi collected 12% of the vote in the September elections for Histadrut, the national labor union that enrolls 40% of Israel's electorate.

The Histadrut elections, in fact, may have been responsible for Mapai's eventual triumph. Shocked by their results, Eshkol fired his campaign managers, revved up his multimillion-dollar campaign. Chief strategist and fund raiser: silver-tongued Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir. Publicity director: equally eloquent Deputy Premier Abba Eban, former Ambassador to the United Nations. Eshkol himself campaigned as the candidate of unity and stability, asked only for "four years of quiet to work," and pleasantly referred to Ben-Gurion's shrill taunts as "our little rupture in Mapai." On election day, the Mapai mobilized 60,000

DAVID RUBINGER



ESHKOL & WIFE AFTER VICTORY
Prodigals were welcome.

"volunteers" to get out the vote with bus and taxi, scheduled flights from the Red Sea to enable Tel Aviv vacationers to get home and cast their ballots.

There was talk of retirement for B-G, but the old man vowed to carry on his fight to save Israel from "Eshkol and his gang." Eshkol himself let it be known that he was willing to welcome back into Mapai any repentant members of Ben-Gurion's prodigal band. Trying hard not to sound smug, Eshkol raised a toast in brandy "*L'Hayim*" (to life) and remarked, "Ben-Gurion asked the people to judge. They have judged."

CYPRUS

Shots in the Orchard

The most serious outbreak of fighting in 14 months flared last week on the bloodied island of Cyprus. It came at the east coast port city of Famagusta, where 3,000 Turkish Cypriots are holed up in the city's old fortress and another 3,000 control three small suburban villages. The far more numerous Greek Cypriots hold everything else, and for months both sides have been elbowing for better tactical positions, often bumping within 50 yds. of each other.

Early last week a Greek Cypriot patrol probed into a Turkish orchard, drew immediate fire that wounded one member of the patrol. Within hours, the Greeks launched a massive counter-stroke that isolated the Turkish communities from each other. In two days of bitter fire fights, one Turkish Cypriot was killed and five were wounded. The Greek Cypriots suffered six wounded.

Once again, a *fait accompli* had put Makarios' men in control of important new strongpoints from which to threaten the Turkish Cypriots. Inside the Famagusta fortress, the Turkish Cypriots were left in a perilous situation. Their food and water could be cut off at any moment; already their telephone line had been disconnected. Said one Turkish Cypriot leader: "The Greeks want to make us surrender. If they go on like this, we must have help from Turkey."

MOROCCO

The Missing Exile

Morocco's most troublesome political exile, Mehdi ben Barka, 45, flew into Paris from Geneva a fortnight ago and made a date for lunch at a Left Bank restaurant with some friends. He never showed up there or any place else.

French police began a nationwide search, for Ben Barka was no routine case. The founder of Morocco's leftist National Union Party, he has twice within the past two years been sentenced to death in *absentia* for plotting to overthrow King Hassan II. Such notoriety naturally led to speculation that political skulduggery might be involved.

For four days the police got nowhere. Then last week an Air France public relations man at Orly Airport stepped



BEN BARKA

Lunch was late.

forward with information which he said his conscience compelled him to bring to the police. He was Antoine Lopez, a Frenchman who had struck up an acquaintance with Ben Barka some years ago in Morocco. Lopez frankly admitted that at the behest of another old friend, one Georges Bouchesicé, he had intercepted Ben Barka in front of the restaurant, persuaded the Moroccan to drive with him to Bouchesicé's villa on the outskirts of Paris. There, Lopez was given to understand, "important Moroccans" were waiting to confer with Ben Barka.

Who were they? Lopez didn't stay around to find out. Bouchesicé, whom police promptly identified as a notorious French gangster with connections in Morocco, was no help either; he had flown off to Casablanca a few days earlier.

Ben Barka's followers in Morocco charged that he had fallen victim to a conspiracy of right-wingers within the Rabat government, who wanted to block any chance of a reconciliation between the King and Moroccan leftists—something for which Hassan has been ardently working. A part of the reconciliation plan calls for a full pardon for Ben Barka and his eventual return to Morocco. But there were just as many reasons for believing a handful of other hypotheses, including one that members of his own party had pulled the snitch to keep Ben Barka from returning to Morocco and thus reducing their own political power.

THE CONGO

A Little Neighborness

Across Stanley Pool chugged the river ferry *Congo No. 10*. At the "beach," the wooden customs shed on the Leopoldville side of the river, who should step ashore but Charles-Daniel Ganao, Foreign Minister of the radical leftist Brazzaville Congo regime. At the beach to welcome him were the Congo's Interior Minister Victor Nendaka and a knot of young

Congolese bearing signs such as "Vive le Congo Brazzaville" and "Down with Neo-Colonialism."

Strange goings-on indeed for two old enemies. The two Congos have been bitterly divided by ideology, with Leopoldville firmly pro-West and Brazzaville under Chinese Communist influence. They have been feuding ever since the Brazzaville crowd threw their weight behind the Congolese rebels trying to overthrow the Leopoldville government, and the feud grew even more intense when Moise Tshombe, whom African nationalists once despised, took over as Premier in Leopoldville.

But with the rebellion finally quelled and Tshombe forced out of office last month, President Joseph Kasavubu figured it was time to bring his neighborly relations back to normal. His first step came at the African "summit" meeting at Accra, where he neatly buried the hatchet with such neighbors as Tanzania and the Sudan, which had also supported the rebels. Last week, after hours of "pleasant" conversation in Leopoldville, Brazzaville's Ganao succumbed to the Kasavubu treatment as well. The two Congos agreed to re-establish diplomatic relations and restore the permanent ferry service that had once linked their two capitals every half-hour.

RUSSIA

Saturday Night at the Movies

The film's plot is hardly new: the time is October 1917, the place is Petrograd, and the Bolsheviks are kicking the stuffing out of Alexander Kerensky's provisional government with the help of the cruiser *Aurora*, which is firing blanks at the Winter Palace. But what Moscow cinema fans found really new and startling at last week's première

of *Salvo of the Aurora* were a couple of the bit players. For in *Salvo*, after nearly 40 years as an "unperson"—that ideological limbo to which the Soviets assign their villains—Leon Trotsky had returned to the Soviet scene. Also portrayed for the first time in film since his death twelve years ago was Joseph Stalin.

The movie, all three hours of it, clearly reflects the post-Khrushchevian inclination of Brezhnev and Kosygin to make Soviet history more objective and less like a Communist morality play. If anything, *Salvo* is likely to accelerate that trend. At least it provoked Red Star, the army newspaper, to demand still greater realism in depicting Soviet historical figures. *Salvo*, complained the paper, portrayed Trotsky as "a midget, whose actions were downright silly. Yet how could such a midget mislead the people?" Obviously, declared Red Star's own hatchetman, "he was an experienced and powerful demagogue"—and should be shown as such. It was also time for the truth about Stalin, who in the film has nothing to say and "just keeps puffing away on his pipe." Huffed Red Star: "The authors evidently felt that historical objectivity has thus been given its due," making it quite clear that the Kremlin thinks the old killer, for all his evil deeds, deserves more than just a quick walk-on cameo for those early years that also shook the world.

ESPIONAGE

Honest-to-Badness

Beyond the least shadow of a doubt, this is the year of the spy. Television abounds with glamorous and garrulous agents; movies are bottled in Bond and sandwiched with Ipcress. But the truth of that grim, grubby business, espionage, will never be told on film—or even through the written word. Last week the West was buzzing with two new spy "memoirs," both of which proved once again that while honest-to-badness spies really exist, their reflections are inevitably suspect.

The authors are Soviet Agent Gordon Lonsdale, whose account of his

VADIM BIRYUKOV



LONSDALE

Fuddled, footnoted and heavyhanded.

20 years in the upper echelons of the British government is now available in Europe under the title *Spy*, and Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovsky, executed by the Russians in 1963 after 16 months of spying for the CIA and Britain's MI5, whose fuddled and footnoted journal is due this month under the title *The Penkovsky Papers*.

Hating Nikita. Penkovsky was the optimum spy: unlike the mere information gatherers, he had the golden gift of evaluation. As a colonel in the GRU (Russia's military intelligence agency), he not only had access to top defense information but was also trained by no less a lot of key figures than Top Spy Ivan Serov and Missile Boss Sergei Varentsov to spot what was most valuable in the Soviet military treasure chest. Penkovsky's equivalent in U.S. circles, says his U.S. editors, would have been "a vice president of the Rand Corp., a graduate of West Point and the Military War College, a close friend of the general in charge of SAC, secretly a division head in the Central Intelligence Agency, with important contacts in the Pentagon."

According to his journal, Penkovsky approached Western sources—both in Moscow and abroad—many times before he convinced the West that he was a legitimate informer. His reasons: sheer hatred of Nikita Khrushchev, coupled with fear of thermonuclear war. Once in the confidence of the West, Penkovsky turned his embittered talents to transmitting everything he knew to the West. Penkovsky's contact was Greville Wynne, a businessman and go-between for British intelligence who served as Penkovsky's chief courier.

Through Wynne and others, Penkovsky leaked details of the impending Berlin Wall operation (apparently disbelieved by the West, or at least not acted upon), and the presence and location of missiles installed by Russia in Cuba before the crisis of 1962 (information that may have aided Washington in calling Khrushchev's bluff).

Penkovsky's memoir—smuggled out of Russia on one of the secret routes that carried Abram Tertz's and Boris Pasternak's works westward—is gritty and gripe-ridden in its condemnation of Moscow's upper-echelon morals, and filled with "revelations" presumably intended to compromise Soviet agents.

SMIRCH or Conjecture? Gordon Lonsdale's memoir is not nearly as revealing. Though the Moscow-born Lonsdale (*né* Konon Trofimovich Molody) rants against the FBI ("hated enemy of the CIA") and Scotland Yard ("no match for a well-trained intelligence officer"), he slips quietly past the fact that the Yard nabbed him in 1961 Red-handed. Lonsdale's main aim is to compromise a number of double agents apparently still working for both Russia and the West. This aggressive note has led such knowledgeable Western Sovietologists as Britain's Victor Zorza to decide that Lonsdale is working for the KGB's "Department of Disinforma-



tion"—an outfit dedicated to sowing dissent and confusion among Western intelligence networks, and hence worthy of the nickname SMIRCH.

Both books are chock-a-block with colorful but valueless details. Penkovsky quotes verbatim a lecture on how to spy in America: "Agent meetings can be held at golf courses . . . at, let us say, the 16th hole or at some other hole (there is a total of 18 holes)." "Each motel room has its own entrance." "A taxi can be stopped anywhere by loudly shouting 'Taxi!' The driver writes in his log the place a fare entered, the place he got out, and the time. Therefore an intelligence officer must never take a taxi directly to the meeting place." Lonsdale cites "dead drop" sites, such as a cistern in the "gents" on Baker Street, the "loo" in Leicester Square's Odeon Cinema, and a phone box near the Savoy.

But despite this amusing, primerlike detail on how to be an agent, neither account says much about what the spies actually learned. The paucity of startling, specific examples of the agents' enterprise suggests that both books were carefully edited—Lonsdale's by the KGB and GRU, Penkovsky's presumably by U.S. and British intelligence—to safeguard sources and techniques that might still have value to the enemy. But if those heavy-edited hands snatched much of the meat from both books, there are still some rewards. Lonsdale, at least, is assured of \$140,000 in his London sales alone.

SOUTH VIET NAM

"Find 'Em & Fight 'Em"

Laughing and talking as they put the bloody battleground of Plei Me behind them, the retreating North Vietnamese column was breaking every rule of silent guerrilla withdrawal. After all, only three more miles of moonlit jungle trails lay between them and "neutral" Cambodia, where they could rest and lick their wounds. When the Reds reached an open patch of elephant grass, their tactical sins caught up with them: grenades and rifle fire cut their laughter short, and steel pellets from ten carefully planted anti-personnel mines chopped down the center of the column.

The ambush had been neatly laid by Bravo Troop of the U.S. 1st Cavalry (Airmobile), and in three minutes, according to reports from the scene, 20 North Vietnamese lay dead, dozens more wounded. The remaining Viet Minh, pinned down by Aircav fire, regrouped and slammed back in four vicious charges that threatened to overrun the dug-in Americans. Then came the hammer blow of a helllifted night assault. American cavalrymen and Communist Viet Minh fired at one another's muzzle flashes, while rockets from hovering Hueys set the jungle darkness sporadically ablaze. In the week of post-Plei Me sweeps, fully 110 Reds had been killed (as opposed to "moderate" American casualties). The



JESS COOK

AIR FORCE'S HUGGINS
Watery squeezes and a dunked junk.

U.S. troopers had more than lived up to their commanding officer's orders: "Get on the Cambodian border, find 'em and fight 'em."

Contacts & Kills. Americans in Viet Nam have been finding them and fighting them with ever greater efficiency lately. Last week the regular month-end statistics issued from Saigon showed record after record for U.S. troop actions. The most significant of all concerned small-unit actions (one company or less). During October, Americans averaged 1,287 a week, of which 131 made contact—a whopping 70% increase over September.

And during October's last week, Americans made contact with the Reds 175 times v. 113 for the South Vietnamese troops. That meant that in terms of the deadly little actions that spill most of the blood in Viet Nam, the U.S. was fighting more than half the war. But contact means nothing without kills, and during October the Viet Cong suffered a 3.5 to 1 kill ratio. The Red death toll in the last week of the month was 1,264—third highest of the war.

SAMs & Airedales. In the air as on the ground, U.S. fighting men were ever more effectively coming to grips with their enemies. The nemeses of the North—those 20-odd surface-to-air missile sites supplied by Russia—took a heavy pounding last week. One site was destroyed, three more put out of action. As a flight of Navy Skyhawks from the carrier *Oriskany* swept in on the Kep Highway Bridge, 35 miles northeast of Hanoi, a covey of SAMs came whistling skyward. "Time is compressed in a situation like that," said the flight commander later. "Five seconds seem like eternity." But above the "airedales" circled a flock of Air Force F-105 Thunderchiefs, led by an electronically sensitive A-4E "Pathfinder," especially designed to snoop out missile sites.

The Pathfinder quickly pinpointed the

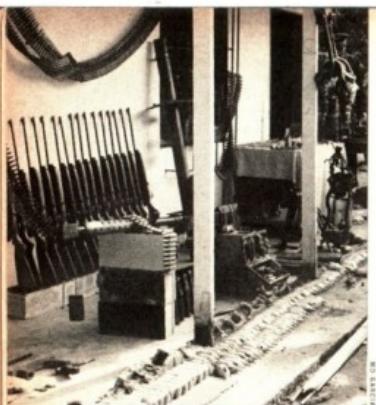
SAMs—in an oval site comprising vans and camouflaged tents, squatting in the center of a web of dirt roads about eleven miles from the highway bridge. The missile hunters flashed in at treetop level, pumping cannon shells and slipping loose their 750-lb. bombs. For 20 minutes, the Thunderchiefs slammed away; there were no further missile shots. "They're going to be working on those vans for three, four years—if they even fiddle with 'em," said Air Force Captain Robert L. Harris, of Long View, Texas. "You can knock 20-mm. holes in those things and expect 'em to work very well."

"A Lot of Luck in One Whack"

Breaking out of low cloud cover just seaward of Haiphong, the U.S. Air Force Voodoo flew smack into a sky full of flak. As his reconnaissance fighter belched flame from its starboard engine, Captain Norman Huggins, 36, of Sumter, S.C., knew his search for North Vietnamese SAM sites was over for the day. He saw a finger-shaped island below him, surrounded by a wrinkled sea studded with enemy junks. The only hope for survival lay in his yellow and black ejection handles. Whoosh went the canopy, pow went the 37-mm. cartridge under his seat, pop went the parachute. And for the next 40 minutes, Norm Huggins fought for his life.

Blood streaming from a split lip, Huggins splashed down west of the island, inflated one of his two water wings, and stroked off toward shore, figuring to hide out. But as he neared the beach, he saw a group of men watching him. "One looked like a kid," he recalled. "I actually remember saying hello." Gunfire from the beach told him it was time to say goodbye. Huggins swam seaward, firing an occasional round from his waterlogged Smith & Wesson .38 to keep the snipers low. Then he saw two swimmers trying to outflank him from the north. "I squeezed off a couple at them, but I missed," he lamented later.

It was precisely time for a rescue, and onto the scene fluttered a revamped "Silver Angel"—the stubby-winged HU-16 sea-rescue amphibian of Air Force Captain David P. Westenbarger, who had been on patrol 150 miles away when he first heard the radioed cry of "Mayday." Dropping through the cloud layer to 100 ft., Westenbarger saw an oncoming 30-ft. junk spitting machine-gun bullets just short of Huggins. "Dunk that junk," he ordered four fighters circling overhead. As they complied, Westenbarger splashed down near Huggins, taxied between him and the pistol-packing swimmers, pulled the downed aviator aboard while the HU-16's flight mechanic blazed away at the bobbing heads with an M-16 automatic rifle. Huggins needed only a minute to regain his breath, then grabbed a rifle himself. "Come on," he said with understandable vengeance, "let me do some of that shooting. I've used up a lot of luck in one whack."



CLANDESTINE ARMS PLANT NEAR CARACAS
Enough for a small army.

COMMUNISTS

On with the War

It was an extraordinary factory that Venezuela's President Raúl Leoni went out to visit 20 miles from Caracas. Arriving at the site carved out of a hillside, he was shown around a one-story building and cautioned to follow his guides closely: the area was infested with booby traps. The place was a well-equipped munitions plant turning out everything from mortar shells to land mines for Castroite F.A.L.N. terrorists—thus proving once again Fidel Castro's determination to rip the hemisphere with Communist "wars of national liberation."

Acting on a tip, Leoni's secret police had closed in the night before, found bunks, medical supplies and a Russian flag in the building. A heavy, hydraulically operated concrete door led to a cavern in the hillside behind the house. There, in a vault-shaped room, was an impressive arsenal of weapons: a 20-mm. cannon, a 3.5-in. bazooka, stacks of rifles, pistols, homemade mortar tubes and hundreds of shells, grenades and shaped demolition charges. With lathes, presses and other tools—and a gasoline generator to power them—terrorists had been turning out enough arms to supply a small army.

The whole setup belonged to the Castroite F.A.L.N., which gets its training, its philosophy and much of its funds from Cuba. In the past five years, an estimated 500 Venezuelans have gone through Cuban terrorist schools and returned home to kill cops, rob banks, blow up pipelines and make sporadic attacks on backland towns. The guerrillas now have about 600 men under arms. So far they have failed to win much support from Venezuela's peasants, who form the backbone of President Leoni's reform-minded Acción Democrática party. Yet some 5,000 government troops have rarely been able to kill or capture more than one or two of the elusive guerrillas

at a time, and their continuing presence unsettles the entire country.

Guerrillas All Around. More or less the same thing goes on in other Latin American countries. In Peru, 2,000 government troops have been chasing 1,300 guerrillas through the highlands for six months. In Colombia, Castro's man is Pedro Antonio Marín, 35, a bandit-turned-Communist who leads 100 guerrillas responsible for dozens of rural murders. In Guatemala, Marco Antonio Yon Sosa, 34, a one-time army lieutenant with U.S. training, leads a 150-man band that recently bushwhacked an army patrol, killing two soldiers.

The experience of the civil war in the Dominican Republic shows how much trouble a group of well-prepared Castroites can cause when given such an opportunity. At the OAS foreign ministers meeting in Rio next week, a prime topic will be what kind of armed response the hemisphere should organize to meet the threat of Castroites waiting to capitalize on weakened governments. The suggestions will range from a permanent multilateral peacekeeping OAS force to a more limited group of volunteer countries that would establish a strike force for emergencies. With continuing Castroite subversion in prospect, those emergencies seem sure to come. As a member of the Dominican Republic's Castroite 14th of June Movement puts it: "Any Latin American country that has a mountain can expect to have guerrillas."

BRAZIL

The Other Barrel

Armed with its harsh new Institutional Act, Brazil's revolutionary government pressed relentlessly ahead in its war against Communism, corruption and all the other things it finds wrong with Brazil. In Rio, rumors flew that recently returned ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek, still sick abed after two weeks of military questioning about his graft-riddled 1956-61 regime, would soon be heading back to exile. In São Paulo, erratic ex-President Jânio Quadros was called before a military tribunal amid stories that he and scores of others were going to jail for corruption during his wild seven-month regime in 1961. The public was told to prepare for a series of elections leading up to a brand-new Congress that would be more attentive to government business. Once a new Congress is chosen, probably in November 1966, it will be called upon to elect Brazil's next President from a list of candidates acceptable to the revolution.

And who might that man be? President Humberto Castello Branco insists that he will not run. There is another soldier who is almost certain to be the candidate of the government's new "Party of the Revolution." He is Gen-

eral Artur da Costa e Silva, 63, Brazil's War Minister and Castello Branco's strong right arm in the barracks. Two men could hardly be more different in personality. Costa e Silva is a soldier's soldier, as bluff and hearty among his officers as Castello Branco is quiet and intense. Yet they work together as closely as the barrels of a shotgun; they graduated in the same class at Rio's Realengo Military Academy and have been on the same side in every crisis since 1930.

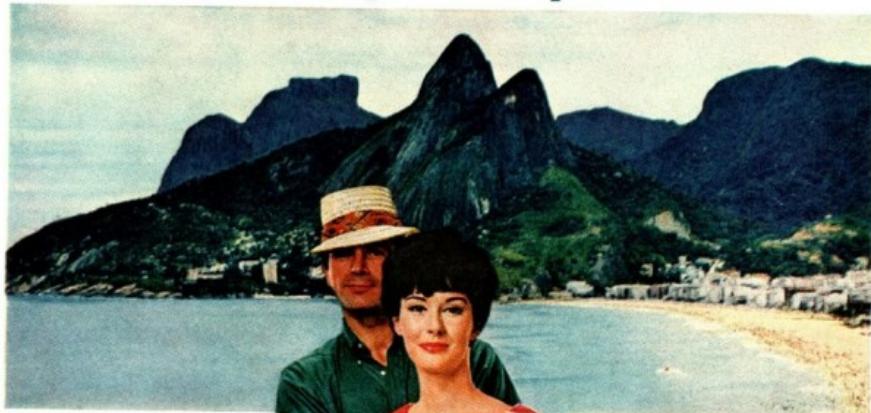
Trust Your Commanders. When the military rose up against Leftist João Goulart last year, it was Costa e Silva who was responsible for putting Castello Branco in the presidential palace. Since then, he has been a buffer between the soft-lining President and the *linha dura* (hard-line) officers, who want iron-handed "revolutionary government." Last month, after anti-government candidates won gubernatorial elections in the key states of Minas Gerais and Guanabara, Rio's powerful First Army was on the verge of revolt—until Costa e Silva stepped in. "You must trust your commanders," he told the officers. "They are just as revolutionary as you are."

Some Brazilians fear that because Costa e Silva has the power, he may one day succumb to the temptation to set himself up as Brazil's dictator. He scoffs at the idea. "If I wanted to become a dictator," he says, "I would have taken power right after the revolution. It was all right there in my hands. But I refused. I have no taste for it." Elective political power, though, may be something else. His fellow soldiers want him to run, and in Brazil today that makes him the overwhelming favorite. "To put it bluntly," says one U.S. observer, "Costa e Silva has all the goodies right now."



COSTA E SILVA
Enough for his fellow soldiers.

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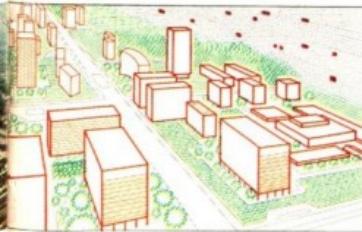
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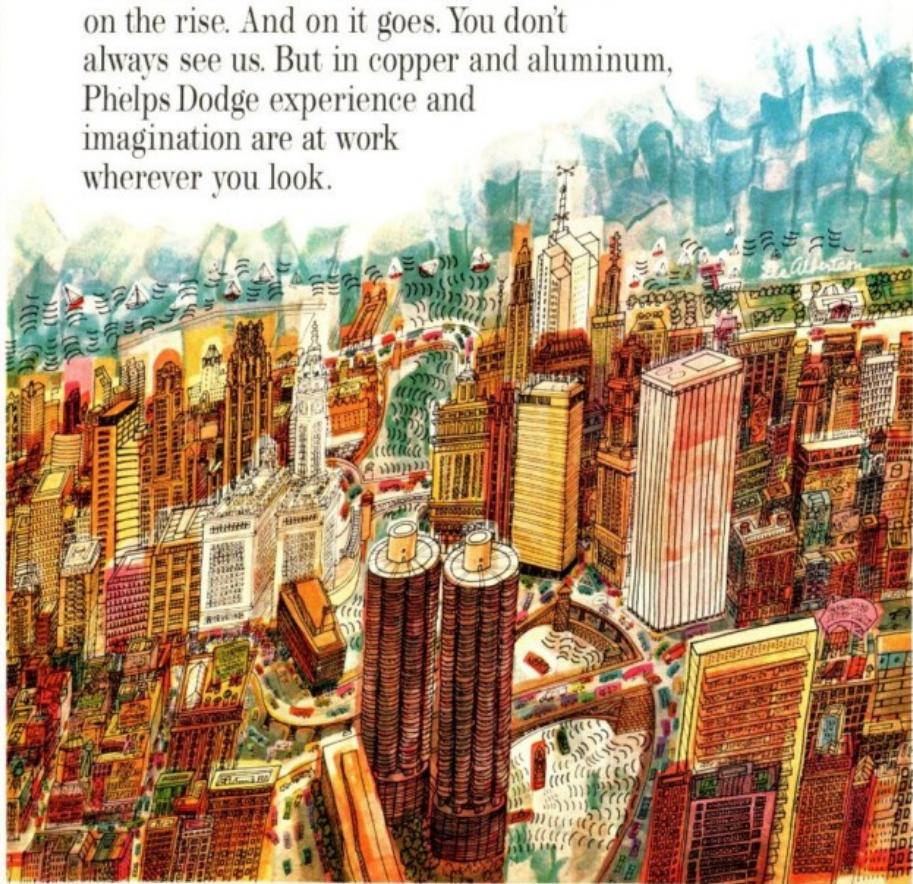
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PEOPLE

The uproar died down, and if **Luci Baines Johnson**, 18, had indeed taken her boyfriend Pat Nugent, 22, down to the LBJ Ranch specifically to ask dad's permission to marry, she just wasn't talking about it. "My personal life is my own," said Luci, as she returned to classes at Georgetown University's School of Nursing. Pat was doggedly silent, too. Ever since he started dating Luci last summer, friends have been kidding him about not getting drafted, but now he is putting a stop to that by going on active duty soon, probably in the Air Force Reserve. A lot of people thought they detected a presidential veto in what the White House staff called "the Luci matter."

Ah, yes, cooed the great-great-great-granddaughter of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, "it's so romantic, this history and genealogy business, I'm so happy the flag is going back to America." Mrs. Barbara Soames was also delighted at what the flag was leaving behind for her: the \$15,120 paid for the rare bunting, a modified Old Glory made about 1795, with 15 six-pointed stars and 15 stripes to represent the original colonies and newly admitted Vermont and Kentucky. The faded flag had been among the English Calverts for generations. Last week, with a fine blend of loyalty and public relations, **Edgar M. Bronfman**, president of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, bought the flag at a Sotheby's auction in London to return to the colonies as the property of an offshoot of the family tree, his Calvert Distillers Co.

The motorcade swung on down South Rampart Street, and **Louis Armstrong**, 65, felt like doing a little swinging himself. "These are my old stomping grounds," grumbled Satchmo. "Everybody was blowin' good stuff here when I was a kid." Louis came back to his home town on Louis Armstrong Day



LOUIS & WIFE
A foot for the tutor.

to play a benefit concert for the New Orleans Jazz Museum. "I used to stand on the corners and play until the cops came along and ran us away," recalled Louis, fingering the cornet he first learned to toot 52 years ago at the old Waifs Home. Then he grinned at Peter Davis, 87, the man who taught him to play it. Said Satch: "You sure taught us the rudiments."

Ambassador **Talat Al-Ghoussein** of Kuwait looked bewildered as he stared at the three-tiered wedding cake in the party-packed penthouse of Washington Hostess **Perle Mesta**, 84. "I don't know why I'm here," admitted the ambassador. A lot of the other capital society types were wondering too. Then Perle led them over to meet Television Actress **Inger Stevens** and explained that the "wedding reception" was cooked up to "celebrate" Inger's "marriage"

THE NEW YORK TIMES



INGER, PERLE & TALAT AL-GHOUSSEIN
A gimmick for the guests.

to a "Congressman," played by William Windom on *The Farmer's Daughter*. The show's producers had promised the sponsors that they would come up with a publicity gimmick, and that was Perle.

"I am a servant of the muses," twinkled **Charlie Chaplin**, 76, at a London press conference. "And when they say, 'Get back to work, you lazy bum,' I get back." Reviving a script he wrote more than 20 years ago, Charlie will produce, direct and compose the music for *The Countess from Hong Kong*, his first film since 1957's *The King in New York*. Charlie, alas, will do only a walk-on part in the "romantic" comedy, leaving the comedy to **Marlon Brando** and the romance to a romantic named **Sophia Loren**.

It was the first South Vietnamese beauty contest in years, and look what they got. Not bad at all. But poor little (33-23-33) Kim Huong, 18, just wasn't



MISS VIET NAM
A magnet for Manila.

up to the mysterious standards of the Saigon purists. "Atomic breasts and Brigitte Bardot lips," snipped the connoisseur for the daily *Dan Tien* (People Forward). He didn't explain what was so awfully wrong with that, but another paper had the same fixation: "Is it true that the breast became a magnet before the jury?" As everyone hotly debated her assets, the miserable **Miss Viet Nam** went into hiding. At last, the contest officials gallantly ruled that Kim can go to Manila after all to compete in the Miss Asia contest.

Pravda calls him a "sadistic rapist," and every other good Communist sees red at the mere mention of **James Bond**, "the embodiment of capitalist and bourgeois vice." Now, the Czechs have finally got his number. Installing 007 in a comic strip in the weekly *Obrana Lidu*, they have Bond invade their nation, armed with a "superlarge pistol" to try to corrupt clean-cut "Bob," a Czech soldier. Bond fails miserably, ends up trying to flee the country through a railroad tunnel. He checks the train schedule, notes that the track should be clear, enters the tunnel—and is squashed to death by an oncoming train. Notes *Obrana Lidu* with some acid: "As usual, the Czech trains were running late."

A few poets are mad at U.S. foreign policy but L.B.J. knows where his next rhyme is coming from. Secretary of the Interior **Stewart Udall** has a twelve-line poem published in the autumn *Hudson Review*. Title: "On Seeing a Photograph of Citizen Khrushchev at an Art Exhibition." Muses Udall:

*No longer master of the state,
A Lear look on his famous face,
He knows the passing of all power
And rails within against his fate.*

Indulging in a bit of hyperbole, the review's poetry editor, Joseph Bennett, said the verse reminded him of "the chronicle plays of Shakespeare."

ON DEATH AS A CONSTANT COMPANION

LIFE is too short. Perhaps no single force has worked so powerfully on man as his knowledge that he must surely die. Whole civilizations have been built in death's dominion: the Egyptians turned their land into a vast necropolis, and the Aztecs conquered Mexico not for booty but for human sacrifices to blunt the lethal appetites of their man-eating gods. Trying to cope with the dreadful and perplexing fact of death, man has erected great intellectual edifices; philosophers as far apart as Socrates and (2,300 years after him) Karl Jaspers have held that the essence of philosophy is preparation for death. Others have sought to exorcise death with magic. Or with reason. "When I am, death is not," said Epicurus. "When death is, I am not. Therefore we can never have anything to do with death." The vanquishing of death was Christianity's great enterprise. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" cried the apostle Paul.

But Atropos with her shears, Time with his scythe, the Pale Horse and Rider of the Apocalypse, the grinning skeleton at the revels of Everyman—and the God of Judgment—have maintained their power on earth, to frighten man and elate him, to drive him to noble works and to dreadful deeds.

Today, throughout the Western world and especially in America, man's attitude toward the mystery of death is making a break with human tradition. Medically, death seems to be constantly receding, and some scientists think seriously about an almost indefinite life span for man (the late Norbert Wiener, for one, was horrified at the prospect of the overcrowded world this might bring about). Socially, the rites of death and mourning, except at those rare times when whole nations hear the muffled drums for a Churchill or a Kennedy, are growing more impersonal and grudging. Religiously, the promise of immortality has become dim and uncertain. Much of the fear and mystery that once attended death has been dispelled—but so has much of the meaning.

The "Management" of Dying

Instead of incorporating his mortality into his total view of what he is and how he should live, instead of confronting his finitude with all the resources of myth and hope and wonderment that are his heritage, modern man seems to be doing his best to dismiss death as an unfortunate incident. Carl Jung warned against abandoning the traditional view of death "as the fulfillment of life's meaning and its goal in the truest sense, instead of a mere meaningless cessation." Psychologist Rollo May feels that the repression of death "is what makes modern life banal, empty and vapid. We run away from death by making a cult of automatic progress, or by making it impersonal. Many people think they are facing death when they are really sidestepping it with the old eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-you-die—middle-aged men and women who want to love everybody, go every place, do everything and hear everything before the end comes. It's like the advertising slogan, 'If I've only one life... let me live it as a blonde.'"

Half a century ago, the death of mothers in childbirth was commonplace, as was the death of infants. Happily, both are a rarity today. California Sociologist Robert Fulton estimates that the average American family can go for 20 years without encountering death, which is more than ever confined to old people. And the old people are more than ever out of the way, many of them in playpen "Sunset Villages." Their absence, and the universality of the hospital, means that dying is done offstage; gone are the hushed house, the doctor's visits, the solemn faces, the deathbed scenes that put death in life's perspective. Children of the TV generation are such strangers to natural death that on hearing that Grandfather is dead, they have been known to ask: "Who shot him?"

Physicians today write papers about the problems involved in "the management of death" and debate how to handle (in that most hideous of jargon phrases) the "terminal case." There can only be gratitude for the elimination of suffering—but "management of death" raises difficult questions.

One frequent problem is whether a patient "should be told." There is much medical opposition to telling him—mostly for good and sufficient reasons. But there may be other reasons not so good. Some psychiatrists have noticed that doctors tend to have a high degree of thanatophobia (fear of death). To them death is the enemy and its victory a personal defeat from which they naturally turn away. In addition, indications are that many doctors had above-average anxiety about death in their childhood, and Dr. Herman Feifel, psychologist at the Los Angeles Veterans Clinic, speculates that this is why they became doctors in the first place.

Patients often make it clear that they do not want to know the truth. Yet in a study of attitudes among the dying, Dr. Feifel found the patients eager to talk about the subject that was being so carefully avoided by physician, family and friends. Once the old liturgies asked God's protection from a sudden death; today it is expected that people hope to die suddenly. And they do. In automobiles and airplanes, through war or crime, death comes ever more abruptly, ever more violently. And after middle age, it comes suddenly through heart attack or stroke. There is hardly time to put one's life in order, in the ancient phrase, and to prepare for the end. In many a modern dying, there is no moment of death at all. Without realizing the momentous thing that is happening to them, patients are eased into the long, final coma. No matter how humane and sensible, this does raise the question of when and whether it is proper to "deprive a person of his death."

One doctor who devotes full time to giving people their death is Britain's Cicely Saunders of London's St. Joseph's Hospice, which cares almost exclusively for the incurably ill. The effort at St. Joseph's is to let each patient know he is dying and help him to live as thoroughly as possible during his last weeks or days. "This is the time in their lives when they can be emotionally and psychologically most mature," says Dr. Saunders. "You remember when Pope John said, 'My bags are packed. I am ready to leave.' We are helping patients to pack their bags—each in his own individual way and making his own choices."

Not every traveler would or could face this journey in this way. But it represents a compassionate frankness that has perhaps become too rare.

The Decline of Mourning

A decade ago, Anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer wrote a much reprinted article on "the pornography of death." Gorer's point, also made by German Theologian Helmuth Thielicke, is that death is coming to have the same position in modern life and literature that sex had in Victorian times. Some support for the theory is provided by the current movie *The Loved One*, which turns death into a slapstick dirty joke.

Is grief going underground? People want briefer funeral services, says Dr. Quentin Hand, an ordained Methodist who teaches at the theological school of Georgia's Emory University. "No one wants a eulogy any more—they often ask me not to even mention Mother or Father." Even those much scolded death-deniers, the undertakers, seem to sense that something is missing. Dean Robert Lehr of the Gupton Jones College of Mortuary Science in Dallas says that whereas students used to study only embalming, they now go in heavily for "grief psychology and grief counseling." Explains Lehr: "There are only 16 quarter hours in embalming now and 76 in other areas. We're in a transition period."

The outward signs of mourning—veils and widow's weeds, black hat- and armbands, crape-hung doorways—are going

the way of the hearse pulled by plumed horses. There is almost no social censure against remarrying a few months after bereavement in what one psychiatrist calls "the Elizabeth Taylorish way" (referring to her statement six months after Husband Mike Todd was killed in a plane crash: "Mike is dead now, and I am alive"). Many psychologists who have no quarrel with the life-must-continue attitude are dubious about the decline in expression of grief. Psychology Professor Harry W. Martin of Texas Southwestern Medical School deplores the "slick, smooth operation of easing the corpse out, but saying no to weeping and wailing and expressing grief and loneliness. What effect does this have on us psychologically? It may mean that we have to mourn covertly, by subterfuge—perhaps in various degrees of depression, perhaps in mad flights of activity, perhaps in booze." In his latest book, *Death, Grief and Mourning*, Anthropologist Gorer warns that abandonment of the traditional forms of mourning results in "callousness, irrational preoccupation with and fear of death, and vandalism."

Whether or not such conclusions are justified, the take-it-in-stride attitude can make things difficult. Gorer cites his brother's widow, a New Englander, whose emotional reticence, combined with that of her British friends, led her to eschew any outward signs of mourning. As a result, "she let herself be, almost literally, eaten up with grief, sinking into a deep and long-lasting depression." Many a widow invited to a party "to take her mind off things" has embarrassed herself and her hostess by a flood of tears at the height of the festivities. On occasion, Gorer himself "refused invitations to cocktail parties, explaining that I was mourning; people responded to this statement with shocked embarrassment, as if I had voiced some appalling obscenity."

Funerals seem ever harder to get to in a high-pressure, computerized way of life. But the social repression of grief goes against the experience of the human race. Mourning is one of the traditional "rites of passage" through which families and tribes can rid themselves of their dead and return to normal living. Negro funeral parades, Greek *krama* (ritual weeping), Irish wakes—each in their own way fulfill this function. Orthodox Jewish families are supposed to "sit *shivah*": for seven days after the burial they stay home, wearing some symbol of a "shredded garment," such as a piece of torn cloth, and keeping an unkempt appearance. Friends bring food as a symbol of the inability of the bereaved to concern themselves with practical affairs. For eleven months sons are enjoined to say the prayers for the dead in the synagogue twice a day.

By no means all observers agree that the decline of such demanding customs is a bad thing. The old rituals, while a comfort and release for some, could be a burden to others. And grief expressed in private can be more meaningful than the external forms. London Psychiatrist Dr. David Stafford-Clark thinks that the new attitude toward death should be considered in the context of "the way the whole structure of life has changed since World War II, particularly the very different attitude toward the future which has arisen. It is a much more expectant attitude—an uncertain one, but not necessarily a more negative one."

The Fading of Immortality

In quantitative terms, the 20th century seems more death-ridden than any other. Yet mass death is strangely impersonal; an 18th century hanging at Tyburn probably had more immediate impact on the watching crowd than the almost incomprehensible statistics of modern war and calculated terror have today. In the last century, Byron, Shelley, Keats and a whole generation of young poets haunted by romanticism and tuberculosis could be "half in love with easel Death," wooing it as they would woo a woman. Even before World War I, German Poe Rainer Maria Rilke could still yearn for "the great death" for which a man prepares himself, rather than the "little" death for which he is unprepared.

In today's literature there are few "great deaths." Tolstoy, Thomas Mann, Conrad gave death a tragic dimension. Hemingway was among the last to try; his heroes died stoically, with style, like matadors. Nowadays, death tends to be pre-

sented as a banal accident in an indifferent universe. Much of the Theater of the Absurd ridicules both death and modern man's inability to cope with it. In Ionesco's *Amédée, or How to Get Rid of It*, the plot concerns a corpse that grows and grows until it floats away in the shape of a balloon—a balloon, that is, on the way to nowhere.

"If there is no immortality, I shall hurl myself into the sea," wrote Tennyson. Bismarck was calmer. "Without the hope of an afterlife," he said, "this life is not even worth the effort of getting dressed in the morning." Freud called the belief that death is the door to a better life "the oldest, strongest and most insistent wish of mankind." But now death is steadily becoming more of a wall and less of a door.

For prehistoric man, everything he saw probably seemed alive; death was the unthinkable anomaly. The situation is reversed in a scientifically oriented world: amid dead matter, life seems an unaccountable, brief flash in the interstellar dark. Not that this has destroyed the power of faith to confront death. Beyond the doubts of its own "demythologizers," and on a plane of thought beyond either denial or confirmation by science, Christianity still offers the hope of eternal life. Theologians are debating whether this means immortality in the sense of the survival of the soul, or resurrection, in the sense of a new creation. Either concept is totally different from the endless treadmill of reincarnation visualized by the Eastern religions; the Christian view of eternity is not merely endless time, and it need not involve the old physical concept of heaven and hell. It does involve the survival of some essence of self, and an encounter with God. "Life after death," said Theologian Karl Barth, should not be regarded like a butterfly—he might have said a balloon—that "flutters away above the grave and is preserved somewhere. Resurrection means not the continuation of life, but life's completion. The Christian hope is the conquest of death, not a flight into the Beyond."

The Fear of Nothingness

Admittedly, this hope so stated is more abstract than the fading pictures of sky-born glory, of hallelujah choruses and throngs of waiting loved ones. "People today could be described as more realistic about death," says one psychiatrist. "But inside I think they are more afraid. Those old religious assurances that there would be a gathering-in some day have largely been discarded, and I see examples all the time of neuroses caused by the fear of death." Harvard Theologian Krister Stendahl agrees. "Socrates," he points out, "died in good cheer and in control, unlike the agony of Jesus with his deep human cry of desertion and loneliness. Americans tend to behave as Socrates did. But there is more of what Jesus stands for lurking in our unconsciousness."

Alone with his elemental fear of death, modern man is especially troubled by the prospect of a meaningless death and a meaningless life—the bleak offering of existentialism. "There is but one truly serious philosophical problem," wrote Albert Camus, "and that is suicide." In other words, why stay alive in a meaningless universe? The existentialist replies that man must live for the sake of living, for the things he is free to accomplish. But despite volumes of argumentation, existentialism never seems quite able to justify this conviction on the brink of a death that is only a trap door to nothingness.

There are surrogate forms of immortality: the continuity of history, the permanence of art, the biological force of sex. These can serve well enough to give life purpose and a sense of fulfillment. But they cannot outrun death, and they are hardly satisfactory substitutes for the still persistent human hope that what happens here in threescore years and ten is not the whole story.

"*Timor Mortis conturbat me,*" wrote the 15th century Scottish poet William Dunbar, and he continued:

Since for the Death remedy is none,

Best is it that we for Death dispone.

That groan may be shared by all men. And perhaps it should be, as should the Christian admonition to be ready to die at all times—counsel more applicable than ever in a day of sudden deaths. For it is only in daring to accept his death as a companion that a man may really possess his life.

THE PRESS

REPORTERS

The Klansman's Secret

"If you publish that," the sallow-faced little man told the New York Times reporter, "I'll come and get you and I'll kill you. I may kill you right now." Wedged into a narrow booth in a dingy luncheonette in Queens, Timesman McCandlish Phillips watched the



KLEAGLE DANIEL BURROS
He hated his past.

man, who had been trained in exotic varieties of violence, toy with a table knife. Finally, Phillips suggested that they go outside, where "I figured I had more maneuverability." Phillips got away as soon as he could and went back to the city room to write his story.

It turned out to be just the kind of dramatic local story that the Times' Metropolitan Editor Abe Rosenthal likes. It was a fresh and surprising New York sidebar to Ku Klux Klan investigations in Washington and Klan murders in the South. Phillips revealed that a top Klan Kleagle, Daniel Burros, 28, a violent anti-Semite, had been brought up as an Orthodox Jew.

Even a Bar Mitzvah. Lanky "Long John" Phillips, 37, had started digging into Burros' background after Rosenthal got a tip from a Jewish organization. A Times feature writer for the past ten years, with a special interest in such phenomena of evangelical Christianity as glossolalia or "speaking in tongues," Phillips soon confirmed that Burros' parents had been married in a Jewish ceremony. Another Times reporter, who speaks Yiddish, canvassed synagogues in Queens, learned that Burros had attended a Hebrew school and had celebrated his bar mitzvah.

Burros, the Times story made clear,

had spent a frustrated youth. He told Phillips that he had been "disgusted with left-wing kids in school." He had been turned down by West Point, joined the Army, was sent to paratroop school, rose to the rank of specialist third class and served a stint under General Edwin A. Walker, a "man of destiny." Later he joined one extremist group after another: the American Nazi Party, the National Renaissance Party and the Klan. He was arrested in Washington for defacing a Jewish building, and he served two years in jail in New York for inciting to riot. And all the time he never let his fellow Klansmen know that he was a Jew. Said Roy Frankhouser, Grand Dragon of the Pennsylvania Klan: "It was the best-kept secret since the atom bomb."

Threat Carried Out. "I had no idea what Burros might or might not do," says Phillips, who was taken out of town under police guard after the Klansman phoned the paper alternately threatening to kill the reporter or "wipe out" the Times. Shortly after the story appeared, Burros did carry out his threat of violence—but on himself. After storming around Frankhouser's apartment in Reading, Pa., and demolishing a bedstead with a karate kick, he shot himself to death with a pistol.

Playing the story for all it was worth, the Times ran as long a piece on Burros' death as it had on his secret. Seldom had one front-page Times story so quickly triggered another.

Woman at War

She snapped combat pictures on a ridge at Iwo Jima while bullets sprayed around her. She cracked up in a Jeep under mortar fire in Cuba. She was threatened with hanging in a Communist prison in Hungary. She parachuted into Viet Cong territory and got back with the story and pictures she had gone after. But last week War Correspondent Dickey Chapelle's luck ran out. While covering a Marine operation near Chu Lai for the National Observer and radio station WOR, she stepped on a land mine and became the fourth war correspondent to be killed in Viet Nam.*

After covering World War II in the South Pacific, Dickey showed up just about everywhere men were shooting at each other: Korea, Hungary, Kashmir, Cuba, Algeria, the Dominican Republic. She traced her interest in battle to her quiet childhood in Milwaukee, where, as she recalled in her autobiography, *What's a Woman Doing Here?*, she was taught "that violence in any form is unthinkable. It was so unthink-

* The others: A.P. Photographers Bernard J. Kolenberg and Huynh Thanh My, Freelancer Pieter van Thiel. A fifth casualty, Jerry Rose, who had been a part-time correspondent for TIME-LIFE and the *Saturday Evening Post*, was working for the South Vietnamese government when he was killed.

able that it became as attractive a mystery to me as sex seemed to be to other teen-agers."

One of the Troops. At 19, Dickey married War Photographer Tony Chappelle, who taught her camera craft. The couple saw little of each other during World War II and were eventually divorced. But Dickey had learned her lessons well. She took thousands of gripping war pictures—many of wounded and dying men. It was as if she had a compulsion to make the home front aware of the miseries and the glory of war, of the eternal, incredible, appalling, macabre, irreverent, joyous gestures of love for life, made by the wounded."

In all her wars, which she covered for publications ranging from the *Reader's Digest* to LIFE to the *National Geographic*, Dickey never demanded any special treatment. Men did their best to keep her out of danger, but she always managed to find it. While covering the rebels in Algeria, she learned to subsist on a diet of half a dozen dates a day, to sleep on a rock, to urinate only once a day to prevent dehydration. She could do 50 push-ups. "In fatigues and helmet," said an admiring Marine Corps commander in Viet Nam, "you couldn't tell her from one of the troops, and she could keep up front with the best of them."

By the Rules. She could also take punishment like a man. During the Hungarian Revolution, she slipped over the Hungarian border without a visa. She was soon caught and thrown into a cold, grimy jail for seven weeks. By starving and brainwashing her, the Communists tried to force her to admit that she was guilty of espionage. But she never broke. "The old rules," she wrote later, "still held good in this as in any other conflict between human beings. If you fought hard enough, whatever was left of you afterward would not be found stripped of honor."

NANCY PALMER AGENCE



DICKEY CHAPELLE
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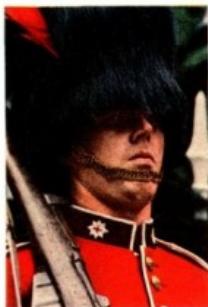
But if the Skylark or Skylark GS don't quite fit you, you can have twenty or so other 1966 Buicks to choose from.

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THE LAW

LAWYERS

The Missionaries

Many of the Supreme Court's recent criminal-law decisions have a common element: in one way or another, they reflect the law's discrimination against the poor. They have challenged the adequacy of the bar's long tradition of giving free help through legal-aid societies. Case after case has been a reminder that by waiting for clients to come to them—often in offices far from the slums—legal-aid services have apparently failed to reach vast numbers of people who need them, in civil as well as criminal matters.

In 1964 legal-aid societies as well as public defenders tackled 620,000 cases. Yet the American Bar Foundation estimates that 1,400,000 indigents a year are tried without lawyers in U.S. courts—to say nothing of the problems that afflict millions of other poor Americans whose rights are often routinely ignored by landlords, merchants and faceless welfare agencies. The result, say experts, is the breeding of a dangerous disbelief in equal justice.

Muscle for the Poor. One promising new remedy is to supplement legal-aid societies by setting up storefront "neighborhood law offices"—in effect, to send legal missionaries into low-income areas to educate the poor in how to assert their rights. In New Haven last year, for example, the Ford Foundation financed the prototype New Haven Legal Assistance Association Inc. Traditionalists raised a cry of "socialized law," warning, in the words of one lawyer, that "you cheapen the legal profession by putting it in a storefront and soliciting business." The county bar association voted its disapproval. But the state bar approved, and last May 1 (Law Day), the association opened the first of two neighborhood offices, with then Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg on hand to hail "the start of a new process—a process which will expand the rule of law to all segments of the population."

The New Haven association pays Lawyer Charles D. Gill, 27, a salary of \$8,000 a year to run his office in a one-time bookie joint next to a pool hall. His clients, mostly Negroes and Puerto Ricans, are carefully screened by 20 Yale law students to determine financial eligibility. The cutoff point: \$50 net weekly income per couple, plus \$10 per dependent.

For people with incomes below this level, Gill has already handled 396 cases, now averages 80 a week. He has his share of criminal cases, including one now before the U.S. Supreme Court, but his big job is giving the poor new muscle in civil matters. For example, one family of five, in a public-housing project, returned from a weekend trip to find their front door



CHARLES GILL & STOREFRONT OFFICE
Out of a bookie joint, the rule of law.

smashed. Officials charged \$96 to fix the door, then threatened eviction when the family understandably refused to pay. Gill simply threatened to go to court, and the matter was dropped.

With a few such private projects leading the way, the Federal Government is also getting into the act by financing free legal services in 19 cities. The need is obvious. In Chicago, where the Government's effort is still mired in a bureaucratic swamp, the bar-run Legal Aid Bureau readily admits: "We only serve half the people who need our services." In Washington, however, the mainly Government-financed Neighborhood Legal Service Project has six thriving neighborhood centers serving 180,000 people. Of all its cases so far, 30.7% involve housing, 10.6% consumer rights, 8% welfare, 7.3% adult criminal matters and 5.7% juvenile problems.

New Experience. In Oakland, Calif., four Government-financed neighborhood centers run by the county legal-aid society have done as much business in three months as they expected in a year. Oakland now hopes to double its \$60,483 federal grant. In case after case, Oakland's centers have stopped collection agencies from attaching slum dwellers' salaries—thus halting job loss, family breakups and welfare problems that wind up costing taxpayers twice as much as a little preventive law.

Though some members of the American Bar Association fret about "soliciting," which A.B.A. canons of ethics sternly forbid, the association has voted to aid such efforts (TIME, Aug. 20). The trend may particularly benefit law schools. The University of Detroit Law School, for example, recently promoted a new state ruling permitting law students to try cases in court—a boon to

the legal-aid clinic that the university is setting up with a \$242,000 Government grant. The University of Michigan Law School is following suit. As one student puts it: "We're hungry for bread-and-butter experience."

Business for All. Oddly enough, one of the strongest protests so far has come not from prosperous purists but from three struggling Negro lawyers in Washington who charge that neighborhood law offices are "siphoning off legal business" and leaving some lawyers in a state of "penury." What hurts them is the Washington indigency standard: \$65 a week or less per couple. That, says one of the Negro lawyers, "would damn near qualify a lot of lawyers for help."

To halt such "conspiratorial" competition, the slum lawyers have filed a federal antitrust suit seeking injunctions and \$450,000 in treble damages. The first suit of its kind demands a hard look at possible inequities. But in the long run, a decision that supports the neighborhood service is likely to help the poor become more prosperous—and boost business for all U.S. lawyers.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW The Peephole Problem

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated . . .

—Fourth Amendment

The constitutional command erects a wall of privacy that U.S. police cannot breach without a valid search warrant. But even so, the wall has gaping holes. Police are free to use evidence gained by peering in the locked windows of a private house; they can also plant electronic "bugs" on outside walls

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to record conversations inside. Unless they unlock the windows or pierce the walls, they need no warrant—for the moment at least, the line is drawn at actual physical intrusion.

How then should the Fourth Amendment be applied when police drill peepholes in the ceiling of a public toilet to catch homosexuals?

Uncomfortable Thought. The U.S. Court of Appeals in San Francisco faced this constitutional riddle in a case that arose from complaints of homosexual activity in the men's room of a privately run resort in Yosemite National Park. Without a warrant, a U.S. park ranger had holes cut above three stalls and disguised them as air vents. After watching 40 men peacefully come and go, the ranger and a photographer finally saw two men performing acts that violated both U.S. and California law.

Convicted under U.S. law, the defendants appealed on the grounds that the California Supreme Court has already invoked the Fourth Amendment twice to bar almost precisely similar evidence. The state court ruled that a public toilet stall is a place of privacy that police cannot invade unreasonably. In the Yosemite case, however, the U.S. Appellate Court sharply disagreed and upheld the convictions.

"We are made as uncomfortable as the next man by the thought that our own legitimate activities in such a place may be spied upon by the police," said the court. Nonetheless, the place is public, and it is properly subject to peephole surveillance because of "the criminal activities that can and do occur in it. People who choose to commit crimes where they may be seen take the chance that they will be seen."

Unmoved Majority. In troubled dissent, Judge James R. Browning argued that the Fourth Amendment "protects such privacy as a reasonable person would suppose to exist in given circumstances." The ranger invaded that privacy, said Judge Browning, by cutting peepholes that "constituted actual intrusion," and the resulting surveillance without a warrant created what the Fourth Amendment condemns—"a general exploratory search conducted solely to find guilt." Not moved, Judge Browning's brethren refused to extend the right of privacy to a public toilet. There was no actual intrusion, said the court. "All appellants complain of is that they were seen."

POLICE

Don't Resist—Sue

What should a man do when he thinks the police are arresting him without cause? To Newark Bartender Kurt Koonce the answer was obvious: Resist. After all, the cops were claiming that he had sold liquor to a minor—and they had not seen the alleged sale. How could they make the rap stick?

After he lost the first round in his

barroom and wound up in court, Koonce learned that he had been both right and wrong. The charge of selling liquor to a minor was dismissed, but he drew a 90-day sentence for assaulting the police. His mother was fined \$25 for having come to his aid.

Mother and son appealed on the grounds that every citizen has a common-law right to resist false arrest. A policeman, they argued, may make an arrest for a misdemeanor only if he has a warrant or if the offense is committed in his presence. In this case, the cop had neither excuse. And New Jersey's second highest court has just reversed the Koonces' convictions. In so doing though, it barred all further resistance to false arrest in New Jersey. Historically, the court noted, the right arose in a day when arrest was well worth fighting. As late as the 18th cen-

CULVER



RESISTING ARREST (1880)
Don't be anti-social.

tury, an Englishman could expect months or years in jail without bail, plus torture, disease and often death before trial. Moreover, it was then easy to resist arrest; citizens and constables were equally armed with staves or swords.

As the court pointed out, the situation is now reversed. While jail is far less harrowing, every U.S. policeman packs a gun and is duty-bound not to be cowed by a suspect's resistance. "Self-help," said the court, "is antisocial in an urbanized society." It just about guarantees "escalation into bloodshed"—and is unnecessary at a time when the rights of the accused are being constantly expanded. As a result: "We declare it to be the law of this state that a private citizen may not use force to resist arrest by one he knows or has good reason to believe is an authorized police officer, whether or not the arrest is illegal."

What the judges made law in New Jersey is already in statutes in California, Delaware, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In those states, the falsely arrested citizen has no choice but to go along peacefully and hope to even the score later with a suit for damages. Latest average award in false-arrest actions against policemen: \$7,790.



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MEDICINE

SURGERY

Disarming Mr. Chin

Even by battlefield standards, the operating room was bizarre. The patient lay on a bed in a storage shed, separated from a three-man team of doctors by a 10-ft. wall of sandbags. A 4-in. by 10-in. hole had been cut in the wall at bed level, and a slightly larger window above it was fitted with bulletproof glass. Behind the sandbags and peering through the window, Air Force Major General James Humphreys was all set to start a long-distance operation. With a scalpel attached to a 6-ft. pole, and

loose, U.S. medical authorities were called on, and General Humphreys, a chest surgeon and chief medical man at the U.S. Agency for International Development mission, volunteered to operate. Colonel Daniel Campbell, also a chest surgeon, and Dr. Tony Brown, a British anesthesiologist attached to AID, offered to assist.

A Live One. After rigging the new instruments, Dr. Humphreys stayed up most of the night teaching himself how to manipulate them. He cut into his patient gently, slicing ever so carefully down to and around the grenade. Then the pincers. Slowly the surgeon got a



GRENADAECTOMY IN SAIGON

Two live ones.

a pair of pincers that looked like the gadget used to pluck a cereal box off the top shelf of a grocery store. Surgeon Humphreys was going to reach through the opening in the wall and remove an ostrich-egg-sized lump from the back of a Vietnamese farmer.

Ready for Home. The elaborate precautions were understandable. The lump below Nguyen Van Chin's twelfth rib was a Viet Cong grenade, capable of spraying inch-long wire chunks in every direction at about 4,800 ft. per second. The problem began one night last week when Chin felt the call of nature. Soon after he stepped outside his hut near the village of My Tho, south of Saigon, a grenade launcher roared and sent its missile into his back from a distance that must have been less than 12 yds. The Viet Cong's 40-mm. grenades need to travel that far before exploding.

Chin was rushed to Saigon. There, doctors discovered no broken bones, and their patient said he wanted to go home. But he could hardly be turned

grip; tenderly he lifted the grenade and moved it toward a sand-filled container. Less than four minutes after he started, Dr. Humphreys sighed: "It's in the box," Mr. Chin said up.

The grenade was hustled to the outskirts of Saigon, where demolition experts announced before they destroyed it that it was indeed a live one. Mr. Chin was, too, and sleeping comfortably, reported Surgeon Humphreys. Had this sort of thing ever been tackled by medical science before? "Are you kidding?" asked the still shaken doctor.

DRUGS

A Killer for All Pains

His brand new pain-killer, says France's Dr. Henri Laborit, dampens the aches and pains of arthritis, burns, cancer, childbirth, neuralgia, rheumatism—just about all the ills the flesh is heir to. Such fantastic claims may sound like the spiel of a turn-of-the-century snake-oil peddler, but the medical com-

munity has learned to take Dr. Laborit at his word. When he reports on the properties of the compound which he calls Ag 246, he speaks with the authority of a researcher who has already been credited with important drug discoveries.

It was Laborit who ferreted out the unsuspected nerve-center-depressant properties of chlorpromazine, the wonder drug of 1954, which opened up the new field of psychopharmacology (the use of drugs to influence the emotions). It was Laborit who found the formula for the sleep inducer gamma-OH, which has no unpleasant aftereffects.

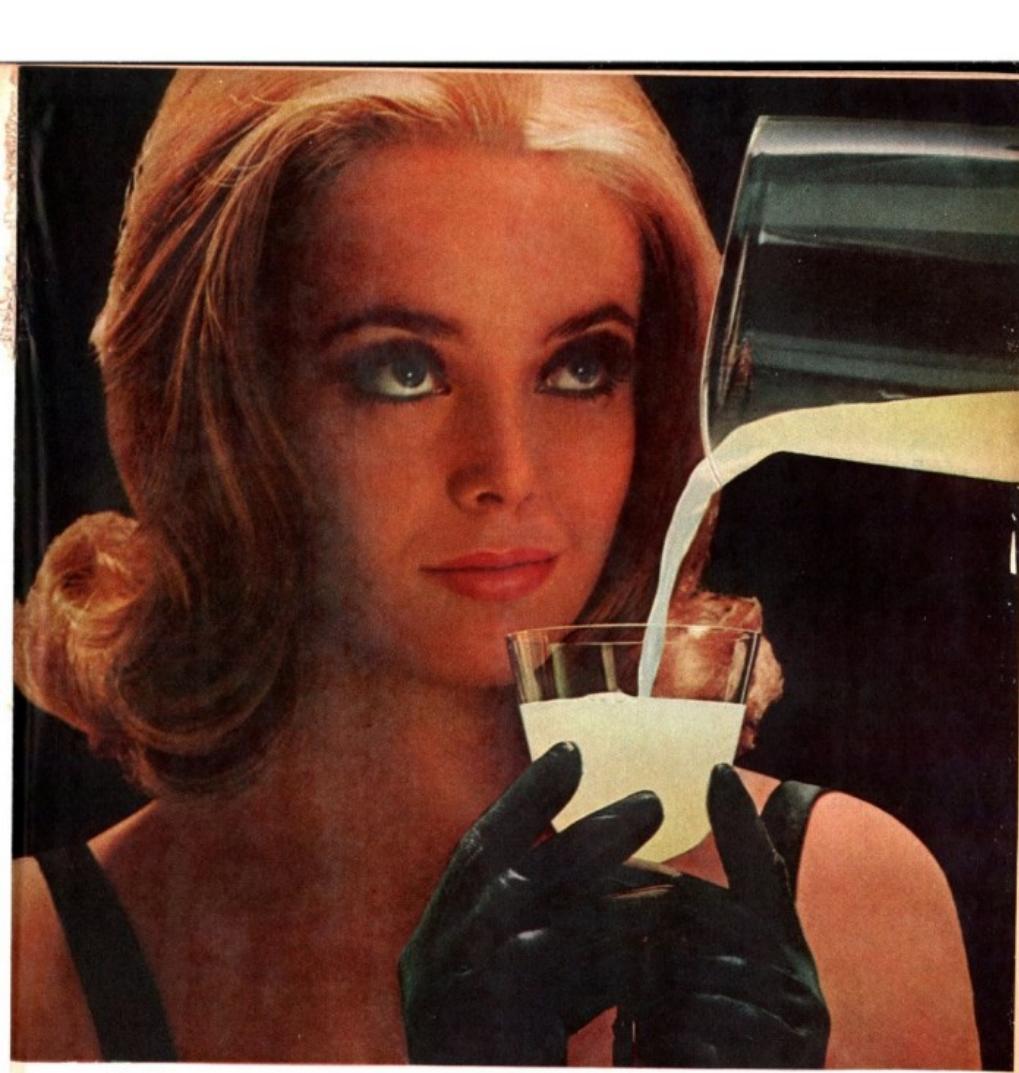
Awake but Painless. With no degree but his M.D. from Bordeaux University, he belongs to neither the French Academy of Medicine or of Science; he has no university affiliation. "If I were on a faculty," he says, "I wouldn't have made any discoveries, because I would have spent all my time taking tests for higher academic rank."

With no government or university support, Laborit works, with eleven assistants, in the same crowded four-room lab he built eight years ago, and maintains with income from his discoveries. The greatest income yet may come from Ag 246, which was concocted—with the help of Chemist Camille Wermuth and longtime aide Dr. Bernard Weber—as an improvement on a Laborit arthritis drug. By molecular manipulation, Laborit and his colleagues created 40 variants of the arthritis medicine, then started systematically to test each one. On only the second try, they found what they were looking for. They called it Ag 246; it is also known as MEMPP, short for chlorhydrate of morpholinio-ethyl-2 methyl-4 phenyl-6 pyridazone-3.

After 2½ years of cautious testing Laborit reports that the intravenously administered drug enhances the effect of anesthetics, thus lowering the amount necessary for a patient, and thereby lowering the danger. It reduces inflammation, has an anticonvulsive effect useful in treatment of epilepsy, and has a suppressing effect on symptoms of Parkinson's disease. "But if it is Ag 246's analgesic or pain-killing qualities that are perhaps most promising," says Laborit, Operations have already been carried out using the new drug with no anesthetic. The patients felt no pain but remained awake throughout the operation, carrying on rational communication with the doctor.

"All Should Vanish." Ag 246 has also been used on victims of constant pain who previously got complete relief only with unconsciousness. A cancer patient, with pain so grave that a lobotomy had been contemplated, got so much relief from the drug that he was able to read and eat normally.

Such stunning successes are possible, explains Laborit, because of its ability "to depress all that which has to do with affectivity, with passions, rage—the reactions of the more primitive part



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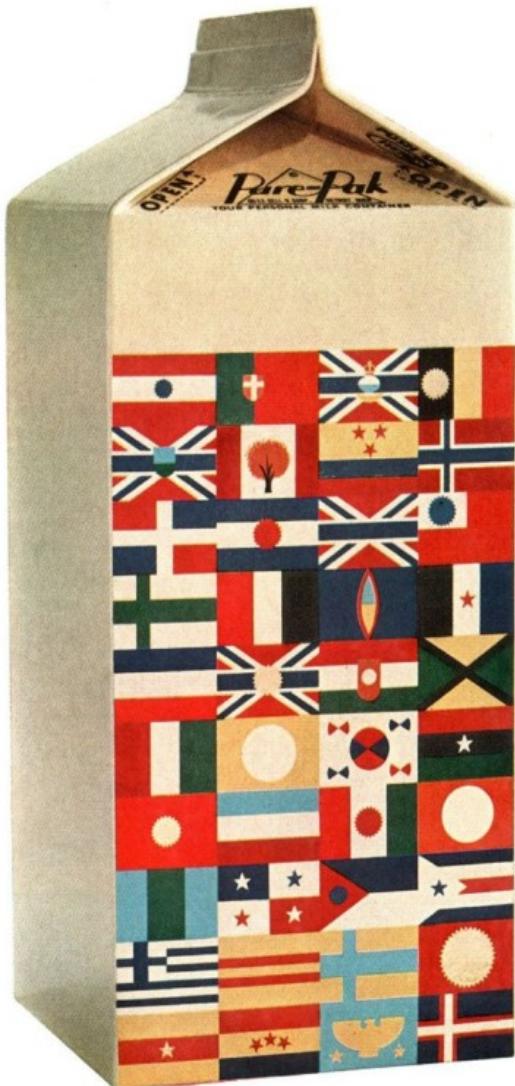
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of the brain—yet leave the advanced centers functioning." American and French companies are already planning to market his patented discovery within two years, after the continuing search for further uses or undesirable side effects has been completed. But even now, says the confident Laborit, "it would seem that one could say, without being too optimistic, that pain in all its forms will be called upon to disappear while the patient maintains perfectly lucid consciousness. The pains of childbirth, the pains of dentistry, the pains of cancer—all should vanish from human life."

Accidental Help for Alcoholics

Because his wife had a common vaginal disorder, a Los Angeles man accidentally found noticeable relief from his alcoholism.

This curious medical coincidence was noted by Endocrinologist Dr. Jo Ann Taylor, who had prescribed metronidazole (trade name Flagyl) for a woman suffering from trichomonas vaginalis. The infection causes an unpleasant itching or burning of the vaginal canal, and because it can be contracted and retransmitted through sexual intercourse, Dr. Taylor put her patient's husband on Flagyl too. And that was how she discovered the drug may be far more than a potent trichomonacide.

After a few days, the husband reported in surprise that he had experienced a dramatic loss of desire for alcohol. Fascinated by the unexpected side effect, Dr. Taylor asked about the reactions of 53 other patients who drank. Most reported similar results. Not only did desire for alcohol decrease, but metronidazole also lowered alcoholic tolerance, sometimes caused outright aversion and induced a feeling of well-being for those cutting down or going on the wagon altogether.

With Dr. A. W. Pearson, Medical Director of the Alcoholic Rehabilitation Clinic, Dr. Taylor is currently observing 150 alcoholics under treatment, and so far has found similar results. In New York, Dr. J. Martin Semer, who is making a parallel study, reports with enthusiasm: "This is the first indication that a chemical can do anything more than make a patient sick when he drinks." Metronidazole, for still unclear reasons, mounts a two-pronged attack, working on both the mind and the body. Like Antabuse, it can leave a drinker violently nauseated, but before that happens it cuts down on alcohol desire and helps to make a sober life more palatable.

G.D. Searle & Co., which markets the drug in the U.S., plans further investigation to check on possibly dangerous side effects in drinkers. For one thing, Flagyl can be rough on the severely damaged livers that are found in many alcoholics. But even if it is approved, Dr. Taylor says, it is still no cure-all. A few of her patients, unable to tolerate both, have given up the drug for grog.

New: with the most cleansing action ever concentrated in one dishwasher detergent.



RELIGION

CHURCHES

The Pacifists

At 5:15 one afternoon last week, Norman Morrison, 31, his clothing doused in kerosene and his youngest child, 18-month-old Emily, cradled in his arms, stood outside the river entrance to the Pentagon and burned himself to death. As hundreds of departing officers and civilian workers watched—no photographers were on the scene—Army Major Richard Lundquist grabbed the child away from the flames. Army Lieut. Colonel Charles Johnson, who had seen two Buddhists incinerate

Edinburgh, and joined the Society of Friends in 1959. Since 1962 he had been executive secretary of the Stony Run Friends Meeting in Baltimore. In recent months, Morrison had been deeply disturbed about U.S. bombing in Viet Nam, although colleagues detected no outside sign of a psychosis that might explain his death.

Thou Shalt Not Kill. For other Quakers, Morrison's act raised questions both as a suicide and as a pacifist protest. Although the Friends profess deep reverence for human life, their doctrine includes no specific condemnation of suicide; most Quakers were content

THEODORE HETZEL



MORRISON (WITH DAUGHTER TINA, 5)

An expression of concern was self-immolation.



FRIENDS DEMONSTRATION IN PHILADELPHIA

themselves on the streets of Saigon, and two Air Force sergeants tried to smother the flames with coats and jackets. By the time an ambulance arrived, 70% of Morrison's body was burned. He was declared dead on arrival at Fort Myer Army Dispensary.

Morrison's self-immolation, his wife Anne soon explained, expressed "his concern over the great loss of life and human suffering caused by the war in Viet Nam. He was protesting our Government's deep military involvement in this war." The suicide ended a life centered on religion since boyhood. Morrison was born in Erie, Pa.; when he was 13, his widowed mother moved the family to Chautauqua, N.Y., where he became the first youth in the county to win the Boy Scouts' God and Country Award. He was raised a Presbyterian, but gradually became interested in Quaker beliefs, particularly pacifism, while a student at Wooster College. He later studied at a Presbyterian seminary in Pittsburgh and at the University of

to let God judge Morrison's self-slaughter. And while they could quarrel with his grisly form of martyrdom, there was no disputing that the vast majority of Friends shared Morrison's misgiving about the Viet Nam war, or any other war. Along with the Brethren movement and the Mennonites, the Friends have been the most ardent spokesmen for the pacifist movement within Christianity, calling upon men to accept literally God's commandment: "Thou shalt not kill."

The peace churches came to this conviction through Bible-based, turn-the-other-cheek idealism. The more than 100,000 plain-living U.S. Mennonites, whose best-known sect is the Amish farmers of Pennsylvania and Ohio, take their name from Menno Simons, one of the leaders of the Reformation's Anabaptist movement. Because they sought to abandon all church structure and live simply by the Gospel alone, the early German Mennonites were killed or outlawed by Catholics

and Protestants alike. A century later, England's George Fox and the Friends (now 122,000 strong in the U.S.) were persecuted for trying to build a church free of ritual, creed or priest and based on God's "Inner Light," granted to every man. The turn of the 18th century saw the birth of the pietistic, back-to-the-Bible Brethren movement in Germany—a reaction against the still remembered horrors of the Thirty Years' War and the spiritual rigidities of the established Protestant churches. The desire to pursue their separate ways in peace led all three groups to seek freedom in the New World.

During the Civil War, the peace churches in the U.S. joined forces to gain Government recognition of the rights of conscientious objectors. In 1940, they again cooperated to set up the National Service Board for Religious Objectors, which arranged for assignment of C.O.s to Government-approved civilian jobs in time of war. The Mennonites, Brethren and Quakers accounted for more than half of the 10,230 men who were conscientious objectors during World War II.

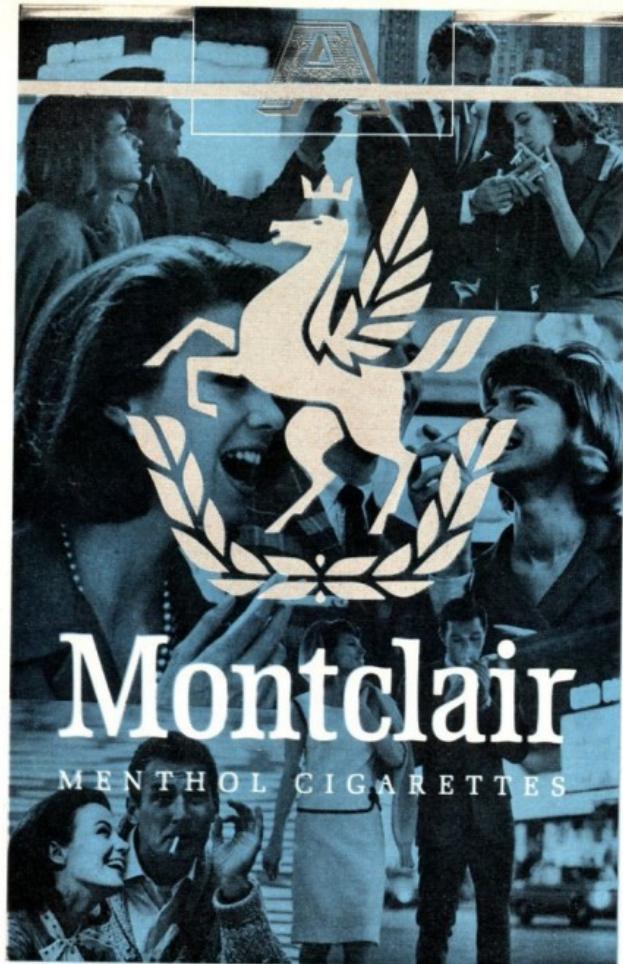
Aid to Viet Nam. All three faiths openly denounce U.S. military action in Viet Nam—and at the same time work at projects that tend to make the U.S. look good there. The Brethren have had voluntary workers in Viet Nam since 1955, most of them effectively involved in community development, education and now refugee resettlement. The National Council of Churches' Division of Overseas Ministries channels its relief support to Viet Nam through the Mennonite Central Committee. Recently an inspection team from the American Friends Service Committee toured Viet Nam, is now formulating proposals as to how the Quakers can give nonmilitary help to the country.

Although their goals are the same as many nonreligious Vietnamesque protesters, the peace churches generally disapprove of activities that clearly violate U.S. law, such as draft dodging and burning Selective Service registration cards. "This is exhibitionism," says Francis Brown, general secretary of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends. The peace-churchmen seek only to live to the letter of Christ's injunction (in Luke: 6: 27-29): "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you. To him who strikes you on the cheek, offer the other also."

JEWS

The Talmud in Paperback

The Talmud is almost as sacred to Jews as Scripture, but by no means does every Jew know what is in it. English editions of the 20-volume compilation of law and learning run to several hundred dollars in price; in general, only synagogues and big libraries can afford to have copies. To make it



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more accessible, Conservative Judaism's United Synagogue of America this week published the first volume of a new paperback translation of the Talmud, edited by Rabbi Arnost Ehrman of Jerusalem's Hebrew University.

The booklets will be issued at the rate of one a month, and the project may not be finished for 20 years. In addition to a literal translation of the text, the English Talmud includes a new commentary that frequently substitutes the opinions of modern scholars for ancient ones, in order to emphasize points most relevant for Judaism today, as well as explanatory notes identifying the authors of Talmudic sayings and defining difficult terms. Thus the translation may end up ten times as long as the formidable original.

Summary of Sages. Such careful elaboration is necessary because the Talmud is an impenetrable thicket to anyone who has not spent years mastering its peculiar logic and organization. In essence, it is a baffling, cryptic summary of 800 years of dialogue among Jewish rabbis, debating and interpreting the meaning of God's word and law.

The oldest part is the Mishnah, or Teaching, a selection of the Oral Law as taught by synagogue sages and compiled by Rabbi Judah Hanasi at the end of the 2nd century. The rabbi divided this oral teaching into six main divisions called "orders," covering agricultural laws, sacrifices, and ritual purification. In the 4th century, another great editor, Rav Ashi, began to compile the Gemara (study), or commentaries on the Mishnah by later rabbis. His work was completed by Jewish scholars in Persia during the 5th century and is known as the Babylonian Talmud, in contrast to the Palestinian Talmud, a similar but less authoritative Gemara done a century earlier by rabbis in Palestine. Although Jews since the 10th century have followed the Babylonian Talmud, the United Synagogue's translation will include passages from both versions.

Halakah & Aggadah. There is no easy entrance to the Talmud's world. It begins with a question: "From which moment on may one recite the Shema [a prayer based on passages from *Deuteronomy* and *Numbers*] in the evening?" Then it plunges abruptly into page after crowded page of rabbinical answers, further questions, disputations. The comments themselves are of two kinds: halakah, or interpretation of the law, and aggadah, meaning sayings, parables, narratives or proverbs with a moral significance. The two kinds of commentary are hopelessly, sometimes humorously, interwoven. Argument is seldom pursued to a logical conclusion. In the midst of a passage on why divorce is necessary to preserve peace in society, for example, the sages will suddenly and bewilderingly leapfrog into a brief discussion of robbery and the right of the heathen poor to share in

the harvest gleanings. Nineteenth Century Historian Isaac Jost compared the Talmud to a great mine, containing "the finest gold and the rarest gems, as well as the mere dross."

Unlike the canon law of Christian churches, the Talmud reaches no final conclusions and does not try to reconcile contrary opinions. One authority will claim that a wife has nothing of her own while her husband lives; another will argue that she is entitled to personal property for her private use. In the view of one lenient rabbi, the Sabbath was made for man; another will demand the strict observance of so many Sabbath regulations that they seem, says a Talmudic sage, "like a chain of mountains hanging on a hair." Only by years of study can Talmudic scholars learn how to make the subtle distinc-



BURTON BERINER

EDITOR EHMRMAN

A formidable book-of-the-month.

tion between an authoritative opinion and an erroneous one, and how to correctly apply the wisdom of the past to the problems of the present.

Blasphemy & Burden. Medieval Christians considered the Talmud blasphemous, and copies of it were publicly burned by church authorities as late as 1599. Even Jews have revolted against the burden of its teaching. The 8th century Karaites rejected the authority of the Talmud for the simplicity of the Bible message alone. Today Reform Jews tend to regard it as a record of past wisdom rather than as an essential of their faith.

But to Orthodox and Conservative Jews, a Judaism without the Talmud is as unthinkable as the U.S. without the Constitution. The United Synagogue hopes that its translation will stimulate a new generation of Jews to rediscover the wonders and spiritual riches of historic Judaism's attempt to comprehend the divine imperative. As the Talmud itself says: "In the hour of death, God shows to those who study the Law the reward which will receive."

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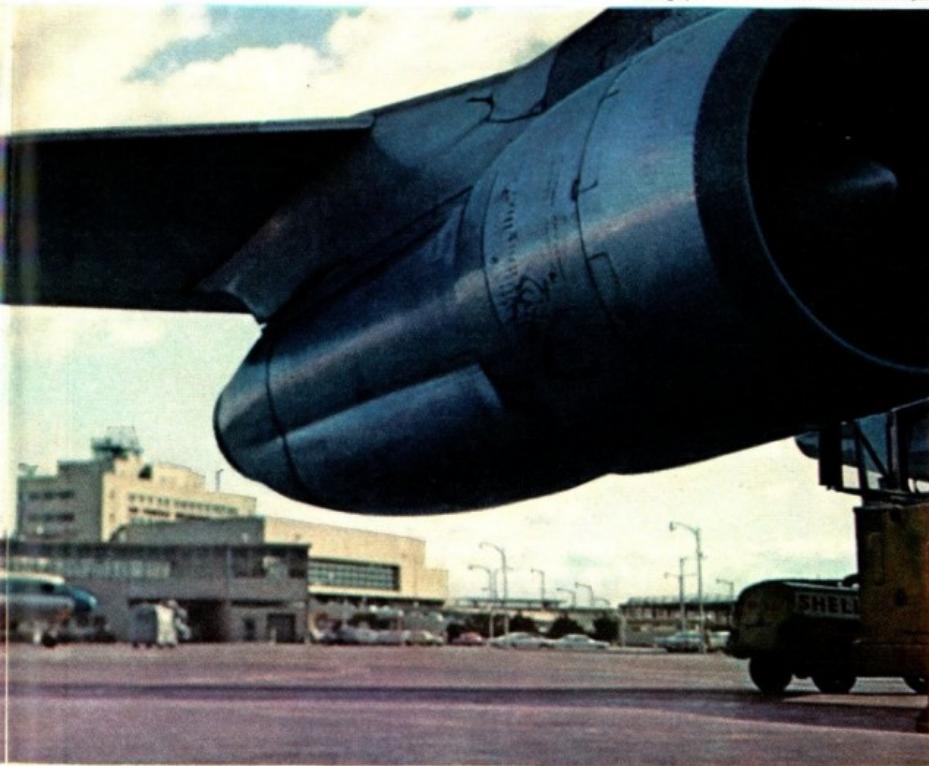
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SPORT

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Don't Get Duffy Mad

In twelve years as head coach at Michigan State University, Hugh ("Duffy") Daugherty, 50 (TIME cover, Oct. 8, 1956), has learned to live with insults. He has had to. Michigan State has never won a Big Ten championship, and the Spartans have not been to the Rose Bowl since 1956. Alumni have written Duffy poison pen letters (including one that was mailed in Detroit and addressed simply to "Duffy the Dope"), and students have naturally hanged him in effigy. Daugherty has taken it all with rare humor. "A football coach's main problem," he shrugs, "is that he is responsible to irresponsible people." He once confided to a newsman: "Look, I have a couple of big freshman linemen preparing for a special job. At the end of the game, win or lose, they are going to hoist me to their shoulders and carry me off the field. Then fans in the stands will say: 'There goes Duffy again. He might not be much of a coach, but his players sure love him.'"

In the Cards. It took a long while, but somebody finally got under Duffy Daugherty's Scotch-Irish skin. Last summer Big Ten sportswriters picked Michigan State to finish no better than fourth in the conference, and M.S.U.'s own publicity people handed out releases suggesting that the Spartans would "have difficulty bettering last year's 4-5 record." Duffy's answer was to send a personal postcard to every member of his team, outlining a four-week program of good food and exercise that they were to complete before reporting for practice.

Daugherty even did sit-ups himself—and the results exceeded his fondest

expectations. Tackle Don Bierowicz left school last June weighing 211 lbs., came back weighing a hard 231 lbs. Middle Linebacker Harold Lucas weighed 257 lbs. in June, was up to 286 lbs. when practice started. Defensive End Charles ("Bubba") Smith, a 241-pounder in 1964, reported back at 268 lbs.

In their opening game the beefed-up Spartans knocked off U.C.L.A. 13-3—no mean accomplishment as it turned out, since by last week U.C.L.A. was the nation's No. 6-ranked team. Then in quick succession they rattled off victories over Penn State (23-0), Illinois (22-12), Michigan (24-7), Ohio State (32-7), Purdue (14-10) and Northwestern (49-7). Going into last week's game with Iowa, the unbeaten Spartans were ranked No. 1 in the U.S., needed only to beat the hapless (season's record: 1-6) Hawkeyes to assure themselves at least a tie for the Big Ten championship and, perhaps, a trip to the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. Halfback Clinton Jones ran for four touchdowns, Dwight Lee scampered 14 yds. for another, and Hawaii's Dick Kenney—who kicks the ball barefooted—footed five perfect placements as the Spartans won 35-0.

On Achievement. In the main, bone-crushing defense has been the key to Michigan State's success. "Football is not a contact sport," Daugherty tells his players. "It is a collision sport. Dancing is a contact sport." In their collision with Ohio State last month, the Spartans held the Buckeyes to minus-22 yds. rushing—the first time they have ever failed to gain on the ground. Michigan, the defending Big Ten champion, got even less: minus-51 yds. Last week the Spartans allowed Iowa a grand total of 86 yds., 85 of them in the

air, never let the Hawkeyes within 20 yds. of their goal line.

That was enough to bring out the ROSE BOWL OR BUST and DAUGHERTY FOR PRESIDENT signs on the Michigan State campus. "Aw shucks," said Duffy modestly. "I'm not a great coach." It was just, he explained, that "I am a good recruiter." With all those athletic scholarships at his disposal, how could he miss? "Our grants-in-aid," said Duffy solemnly, "are based on academic achievement and need. By academic achievement, we mean the boy can read and write. By need—well, we don't take a boy unless we need him."

PRIZEFIGHTING

This Laughing Image

When he climbed into the ring against Canada's George Chuvalo last week, Ernie Terrell, 26, was under the impression—or delusion—that he was heavyweight champion of the world. The World Boxing Association, which is still sort of peed at Cassius Clay, had told Ernie so last March. But the president of the W.B.A. is one James Deskin, who also happens to be executive secretary of the boxing commission in Las Vegas—where money talks and where Clay will fight Floyd Patterson Nov. 22. So there, before Terrell's wondering eyes at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, advertisements urged: ORDER NOW FOR THE NEXT BIG FIGHT—CASSIUS CLAY VS. FLOYD PATTERSON, TV TELECAST OF THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT. It was enough to give anybody a complex. "People are always making fun of me," sighed Terrell. "I don't know why they have this laughing image of me."

Poor Ernie. Even his best friends won't tell him. By rough count, Terrell hit Chuvalo 400-odd times smack in the face over 15 rounds last week—with a left jab that was curiously described by sportswriters as "savage," "snapping," "a bullwhip" and "the finest jab any heavyweight has shown since Joe Louis." Curiously, because Chuvalo didn't even blink. The best blow of the night was a butt by the Canadian that opened up a one-inch gash over Terrell's left eye. "He butted me deliberately," Terrell complained afterward. "He stepped on my toes. He was spitting in my face, trying to blind me." Nonetheless Ernie won a unanimous decision and retained his W.B.A. title. For whatever that was worth.

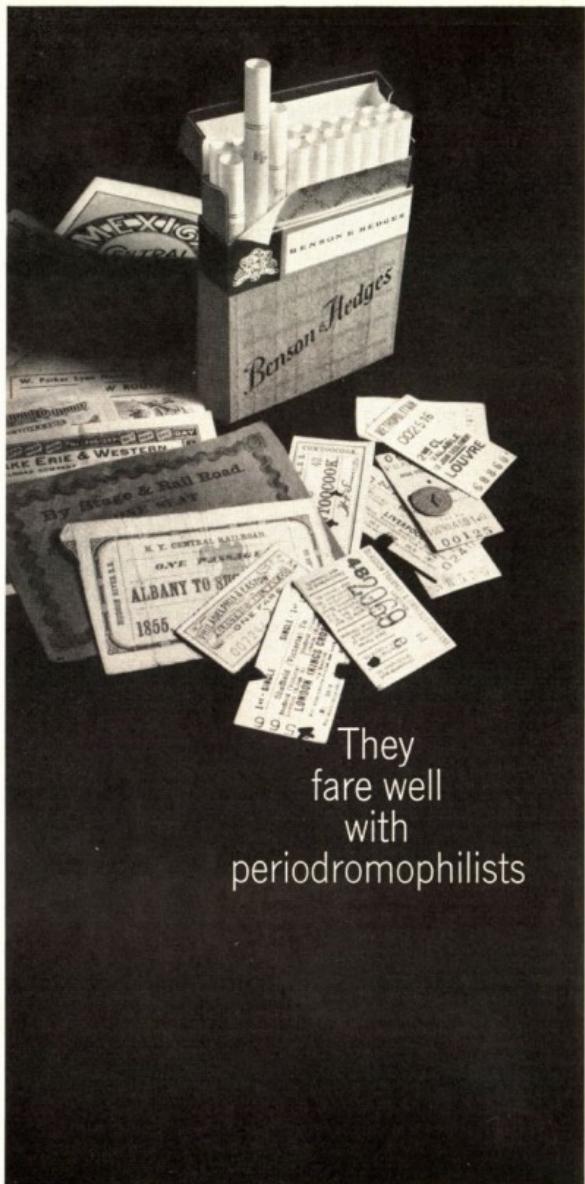
AUTO RACING

Mr. & Mrs. Speedlove

The Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah rank high on any list of the world's most desolate places, but they have a special fascination for a special kind of fanatic: the speed demon. This fall's visitors have included a motorcyclist who flipped his bike at 150 m.p.h. and walked away from the wreck muttering: "I thought I had stopped." There was Betty Skelton, an advertising exec-



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CRAIG & LEE
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utive from Detroit, who set a ladies' land speed record of 277 m.p.h. There were the Summers brothers, Bob and Bill, who showed up with a car powered by four 600-h.p. Chrysler engines—one for each wheel. There were the Arfons brothers, Walt and Art, who showed up with two separate cars—because they have hardly spoken to each other in years.

Salt & Stabilizers. And then there was Craig Breedlove, 28, an ex-fireman from Palos Verdes, Calif., whose addiction to speed has cost him his life savings, one marriage, and very nearly his life. In 1963, Breedlove set a land speed record of 407 m.p.h. in his three-wheeled *Spirit of America*, then raised the mark to 526 m.p.h. last year before Art Arfons took it away with a 536-m.p.h. clocking. Breedlove wrecked the original *Spirit* by driving it into a salt pond, and this fall he was back at Bonneville with a four-wheeled, jet-powered monstrosity that looked like the product of a union between a pop bottle and a fighter plane. The car was powered by a General Electric J-79 engine (the same kind used in the Air Force's F-104), which Breedlove picked up in Charlotte, N.C., for \$7,500—\$170,000 below its original cost. Craig himself designed the car's aluminum and fiber-glass body; the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. agreed to foot most of the bill (about \$200,000) and supply tires guaranteed to 850 m.p.h. Breedlove named the car *Spirit of America—Sonic I*, obliquely announced: "I'm not going to try to break the sound barrier—unless I have to."

He had all he could do just to stay on the ground. Trying for a record last month, Craig discovered himself airborne at 600 m.p.h. Both his braking parachutes blew clear off the car, and he finally managed to bring the runaway machine to a stop just 300 ft. short

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of the same salt pond in which he had drowned his daddy. Shaken but unhurt, Breedlove riveted two stabilizing wings on *Spirit's* nose, and last week he was back for another try. Waving to his crew, Breedlove pushed the throttle forward, and *Spirit* shot off across the flats, trailing a huge rooster tail of salt spray in its wake. "At first," he said later, "there was some vibration, and the car was moving around a little bit. But before I went into the measured mile, everything smoothed out. It was beautiful."

As *Spirit* flashed past, Head Timer Joe Petrali checked his timing lights, calculated that Breedlove had taken exactly 6.613 sec. to negotiate the measured mile. That figured out to 544.382 m.p.h.—well above Arfons' old record. Since an official record requires two runs, Breedlove turned his car around, sped back past the timer at 566.394, for a two-way average of 555.127 m.p.h. Breedlove had his record back.

And Mama Makes Two. Two days later, Breedlove's wife, Lee, showed that speed is a family affair. A 5-ft. 6-in., 112-lb. mother of five who had never driven anything faster than the family Mustang, Lee tucked her long black hair into her husband's blue crash helmet, strapped herself into *Spirit's* cockpit and roared off across the salt at 308.56 m.p.h. to break the ladies' record held by Betty Skelton. If anything, she took the experience more casually than Craig. "I wasn't a bit scared," she insisted. "You go so fast you don't have time to worry."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Los Angeles' Sandy Koufax, 29: the Cy Young award, as baseball's top pitcher, for the second time in three years.

► Moccasin: a three-length victory in the 1½-mi., \$183,690 Gardenia Stakes; at New Jersey's Garden State Park. The unbeaten chestnut took the lead at the top of the stretch, drew out easily to win her eighth straight race (and last of the season), assure herself the two-year-old filly championship, and run her bankroll to \$319,731.

► Notre Dame: a crushing 69-13 triumph over outclassed Pittsburgh; at Pittsburgh. Led by Halfback Bill Wolfski, who scored five touchdowns to tie a Notre Dame record before he retired to the bench in the third quarter, the No. 4-ranked Fighting Irish ran their season's record to 6-1. Princeton's unbeaten Tigers, who had scored an average of 37 points a game, barely squeaked through to a 14-6 victory over Harvard, which had scored only one TD in its last three games. Other scores: Arkansas 31, Rice 0; Nebraska 42, Kansas 6; Alabama 31, Louisiana State 7; Tennessee 21, Georgia Tech 7; Air Force 14, Army 3; Oregon State 13, Syracuse 12.



He's making it easier to slalom down Boyne Mountain this winter

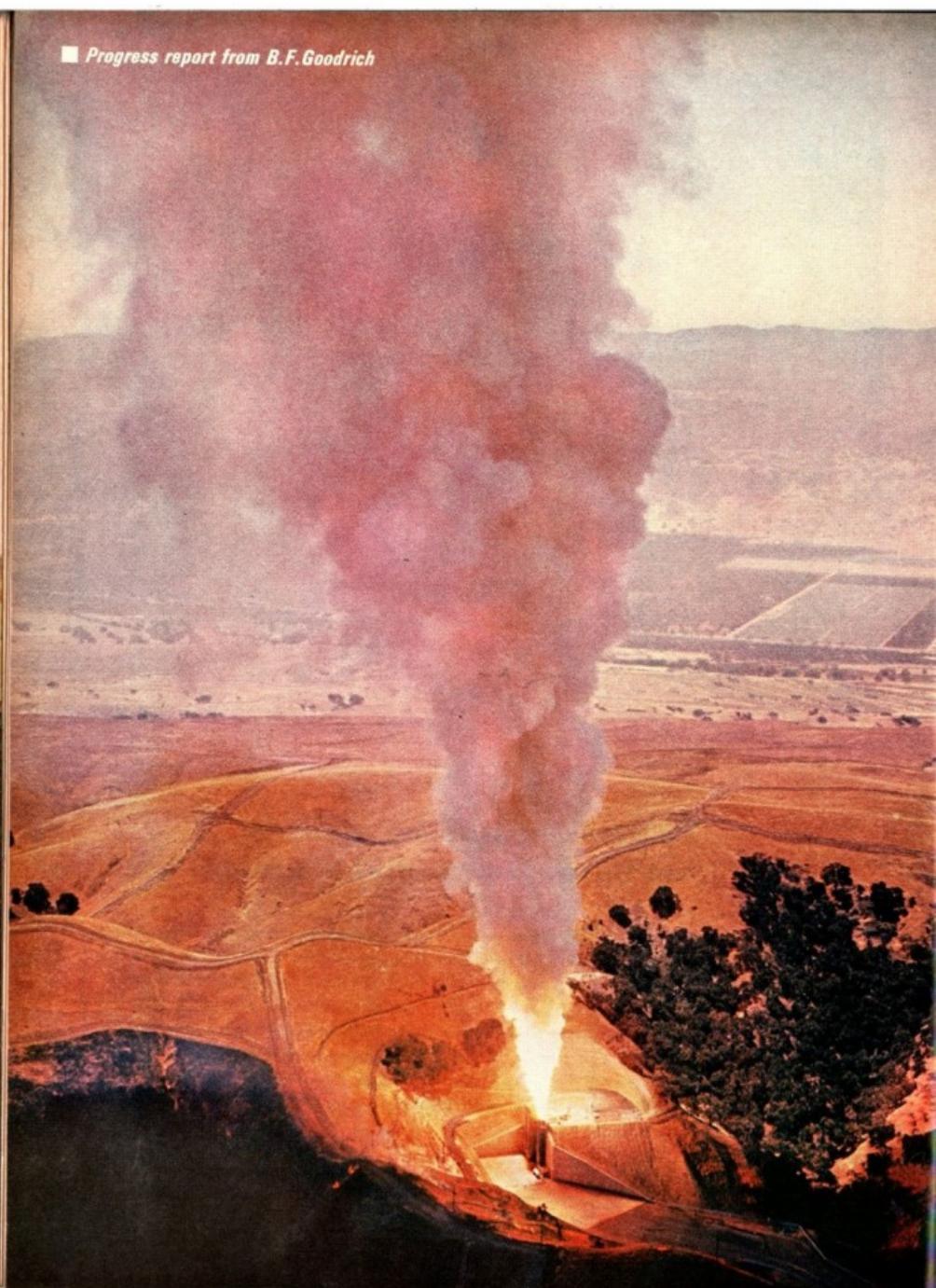
Snow is a mixed blessing in Charlevoix County, home of Michigan's famed Boyne City ski resort. For while it triples the population overnight, it also chokes off the County's 726 miles of roads. That's when the County's new Clark-built Michigan Tractor Dozer moves out of its garage, sporting a flaring snow plow. Rolling at speeds to 23 mph, the big machine slashes a new path through the snow, throwing a spume of white to each side of its sharp-prowed blade. Within hours, traffic rolls safely on its way to Boyne Mountain. When people come to Clark with a problem, we give them answers that work. Like this way to keep the ski slopes available. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan 49107.

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Left: This is how the photograph at top was taken through 10 pieces of PPG Float Glass. The model is a stuffed owl from F. A. O. Schwarz.

Pittsburgh
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PPG makes
the glass
that makes
the difference

MUSIC

JAZZ

The Newest Sound

The crowd shoehorned into Manhattan's Basin Street East last week was itching for action. "Ole!" they shouted. "Ole! Ole!" Thus encouraged, the Tijuana Brass let loose with its patented version of *The Lonely Bull*. It was *ole* all the way. Grinning and joking like a bunch of frat brothers at a stag party, Trumpeter Herb Alpert and his sideburned sidemen served up a dozen tamale-flavored numbers that had the audience rocking in their seats. It was the middle-aged man's answer to rock 'n' roll, and it is called Ameriachi.

Ameriachi was born not in Old Mexico but in the recording studios of Hollywood. Alpert is of Jewish descent, his



TRUMPETER ALPERT

Cool, hot and a dash of rock.

sidemen of Italian and Russian. Their Ameriachi is one part cool jazz, one part hot mariachi, with a dash of rock 'n' roll. Twin trumpets carry the melody, and trombone, drums, piano and two electric guitars add a heavy bass line and a chugging beat.

Alpert's arrangements are strictly north-of-the-border: slick, deceptively simple, sprinkled with tambourines, maracas and assorted percussive hardware. At worst the result sounds like Cugat a go go; at best it is bouncy, foot-tapping, happily infectious music. With three albums on the bestseller charts and guest appearances scheduled on virtually every major TV variety show, Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass are the year's hottest new instrumental group.

Suspended Mike. Snappy as an Ivy League *caballero* in his black suit, ruffled shirt and bow tie, Alpert, 28, is an ex-Army trumpeter who has played taps for as many as 18 military funerals a day. Experimenting with a tape recorder in his garage one day, Alpert found that by overdubbing one trumpet solo on

top of another, he could produce an intriguing "Spanish flair." The effect proved most rewarding in *Twinkle Star*, a song written by a friend.

A few days later, while in Tijuana attending his first bullfight, Alpert hit on the idea of adding the sounds of the bullring and mariachi band to *Twinkle Star*. By suspending a microphone from a wire stretched across the center of the arena, he recorded the roaring *oles* of the crowd and tacked the sound onto the beginning and end of *Twinkle Star*. Alpert then scraped together \$200, produced the record under the title *The Lonely Bull*. It sold more than a million copies, and Ameriachi was born.

On records, Alpert plays both parts of the trumpet duet, achieves a two-dimensional effect by slightly altering the synchronization and recording one trumpet line a shade sharp or flat by a process he keeps secret in order to discourage the many imitators that have cropped up in the wake of the Tijuana Brass's success. And *aficionados* of pure mariachi, who once scorned Ameriachi, are now buying it. One of the ten best-selling records in Mexico City last week was the Tijuana Brass's *Whipped Cream*.

OPERA

Frozen Interplay

At 41, Ned Rorem is tall, dark, handsome and undoubtedly the best composer of art songs now living. "I can put anything to music, including the encyclopedia," he once remarked, with an engaging lack of diffidence. The New York City Opera and the Ford Foundation believed him, commissioned him to do an opera. Last week Rorem's opera, based on Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, had its première. The overall verdict: Rorem would have been better off with the encyclopedia—and the U.S. is still looking for its first major operatic composer.

Not that Rorem did not produce a singable and at times memorable score. But the materials of the play resist transmogrification into that elusive amalgam of drama and music that is successful opera. Rorem's struggle, in fact, is a classic example of the peculiar agony that creating an opera can be. When he got the Ford Foundation's grant four years ago, he first tried a setting of DuBois Heyward's novel *Mamba's Daughters*, was deep into it when the project had to be scuttled because of copyright problems. Then he tackled an original libretto by a friend, entitled *The Cave*. But alas, says Rorem, "after I had finished the whole thing, nobody knew what it was all about, including me."

Deep South? Hollywood? On to Colette's *Chéri*; more copyright problems, another misfire. Deciding that "you can't write opera unless it's you," he hit on Strindberg's play *Miss Julie*, whose morbid Freudian thicket "fitted

Bourbon Aimed to Hit the Hole

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Back in the nineties, transportation in the South was scarce, and my Uncle John, a traveling man, often rode any way he could.

One evening he missed the Southern out of Somerset, Kentucky, but persuaded the engineer of a passing freight to let him ride the cab. Climbing aboard, too, was a farm boy who was taking his first trip by train.

Here the Southern winds through Sloan's Valley, headed for the Appalachians. Perched in the cab, swaying from side to side and scared out of his wits, the new traveler gazed ahead at an approaching tunnel. As it came closer and closer, he clutched the engineer's arm and yelled, "For God's sake, Cap'n, don't miss that hole!"

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FRED FEHL
COMPOSER ROREM

Back to the old encyclopedia.

me; I am fascinated with death." The Scandinavian setting, too, suited his Norwegian heritage, but he and Librettist Kenward Elmslie figured that the drama might have more impact if transformed into a love tragedy involving a Deep South heiress and her Negro servant. Timely and all that. Off to New Orleans they went to soak up some local color, only to belatedly discover that it "just wouldn't work." How about changing the locale to Hollywood, with the conflict between an actress and her understudy? "No," said New York City Opera Director Julius Rudel. Hmm. Why not just keep it straight Strindberg?

But the interplay of a neurotic count's daughter and her sadistic butler lover baring their psyches for two hours is about as static as an opera can get without freezing right in its tracks. To give it life and thrust, music of explosive lyric power and sweep was needed. Rorem, a conservative composer who scorns the avant-garde ("They are all writing the same piece"), provided instead a score that is largely music-to-probe-the-subconscious-by—moody, groaning, occasionally dissonant. The few lighter moments—a duet between two village lovers, the chorus celebrating the festival of Midsummer's Eve—were charmingly melodic, but the overall impact was blandly uncompelling. The sets, which Rorem confesses he "hates," were gingerbread concoctions totally antithetical to the spirit of the opera, and Soprano Marguerite Willauer in the title role sang with the handicap of a severe cold.

Rorem, who was raised as a Quaker in Chicago, spent eight years in Paris, working most of the time in the 18th century mansion of his aging patron, the Vicomtesse de Noailles. He returned to the U.S. in 1959, taught at the University of Buffalo. "It was a juicy salary," he says, "but I hated it. Most of the students were such clods—and I was jealous of the rest." In January he plans to accept a similar post at the University of Utah, where he hopes to create an opera for the cinema. "Utah is such a boring state," he explains. "I know it will be good for my work."



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ART

PAINTING

Hot-Rod Heraldry

The New York art scene has taken on an English accent. Sotheby's of London owns Parke-Bernet. At times there are as many young British artists in the U.S. as there are in London. One of them, Gerald Laing, 29, is little known in his native land and admits that his inspiration is the American hot-rod.

"The customized, homemade hot-rod is American folk art," says Laing. "The car is escape, the home on wheels, the second self, the great American dream. Racing them has as much ritual as the Japanese tea ceremony." He even brought his own hot-rod to London last summer. The chopped-down 1930 Ford roadster with an exposed, chrome-plated 1955 Chevrolet engine and Offenhauser manifolds drew more attention than a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud with the Queen inside. He sold it at a London traffic light.

Laing abstracts the hot-rod esthetic in paintings on brass and aluminum that hinge and bend to slither up the walls or across the floor. They employ the customized car lingo in their textures: chrome and riots of rainbow "flake" (colored metal chips frozen in sprayed vinyl) finishes. They take the serpentine ripples of flames painted on the sides of racing cars, the flapping forms of the parachutes used to slow giant dragsters. Before Laing's one-man show in Manhattan opened last week at the Richard Feigen Gallery, they also were completely sold out.

Son of an army major, Laing made

an unlikely switch from arms to art. A Sandhurst graduate, he was a lieutenant in the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers for four years, resigned to enter a London art school. At first, Laing had a "hairy idea about art." He was a bug on things historical, vaguely Arthurian, and even named his daughter Yseult. One day, he saw a photographic essay on sky diving. The imagery of swooping man below the billowing, brightly colored gores of a parachute combined his interest in the contemporary heroic figure with a desire for strong formal arrangement.

From parachutes he moved on to the quintessential custom car, the dragster, whose only purpose is to accelerate over a quarter-mile straightaway to speeds in excess of 200 m.p.h. "Only an incredibly sophisticated people," he says, "would lavish expensive attention on things of such limited use." He portrayed the goggled drivers with hand-painted benday dots to make them look like newspaper photographs.

Laing's new works have lost such pop overtones. Their darting shapes are abstract, fragmentary, peripheral visions of speed. The human figure is gone. Some of his titles, such as *Pennon* and *Gyron*, derive from heraldry. As to who the knights of the road are in a society that builds automobiles in the backyard and reveres them as wheeled victories, Laing lets his work speak for itself: viewers staring into the chrome will catch a glimmering reflection of themselves.

GRAPHICS

Pointing to God

In the strong sunlight that bathes Italy, the Renaissance masters reveled in huge walls of spectrum-splattered fresco. In darker Northern Europe, the Renaissance first came in the more compact fashion of the graphic arts, in which line dominates color. And no one in the Renaissance drew a finer line than Albrecht Dürer (*see color*).

Draftsmanship came naturally to the Nuremberg-born goldsmith's son. As a boyhood apprentice, Dürer learned to control the sharp burin as it plowed ornamental—and indelible—lines across the rich metal. At 15, he got his father's permission to study art, and he turned his point to image making. Even before his death in 1528, Dürer's chop Δ , a reminder of his goldsmith's training, was known across Europe. To show the full range of his accomplishment, 150 drawings by him and his contemporaries have been assembled from the State Museum in Berlin by the Smithsonian Institution.* They show

* The exhibition, which opens this week in Washington's National Gallery, travels next to New York's Pierpont Morgan Library, the Art Institute of Chicago, and finally Boston's Museum of Fine Arts.



DÜRER BY DÜRER
A chop mark for the ages.

that Dürer almost singlehandedly brought the Renaissance north of the Alps.

Beauty in a Wart. Dürer was 23 when he made his first of several trips to Italy. There he saw the orderly beauties of Greco-Roman antiquity, heightened through the Renaissance eyes of Mantegna and Da Vinci. Their cool confidence in man vied with his apocalyptic Gothic attitudes. He never got over all of them; recorded a nightmare in 1525: "Many big waters fell from the firmament, with great violence and drowned the whole land." But he asserted the new idea that the visible world was the true subject of art.

Man, for Dürer, stood squarely in the center of the visible universe. "The Creator fashioned men once and for all as they must be," he wrote, "and I hold that the perfection of form and beauty is contained in the sum of all men." He approached the problems of expressing that perfection, even down to the microscopic depiction of a wart. In his *Four Books on Human Proportion*, he analyzed anatomy with all the rigor of Euclidean geometry. Yet with the pricking of his pens and burins, he tried to capture all the sensual volumes that the Italian sculptors revealed in marble with the deft chipping of their chisels.

Divinity in a Drawing. In Dürer's day, art works were valued like dry-goods—by the size, hours of labor and the material. As a new humanist, he protested that as art represented man more accurately, it approached divinity more closely. So a tiny drawing, if divinely inspired, could be more artistic than a giant altarpiece. "Verily, art is embedded in nature; he who can extract it, has it," Dürer declared. And to make certain that his insight would be recognized, he became one of the first to sign and date even his most incidental drawings. In this he was fully justified, for his drawings became collector's items in his day. And they have remained collector's items ever since.



DAVID GAINE

LAING & "SLOT"
A riot of rainbow flakes.



PORTRAIT OF AN ARCHITECT, although only a study, proudly bears artist's monogram, conveys anxiety by tousled hair, hand clutching right angle.

THE DRAFTSMANSHIP OF ALBRECHT DÜRER

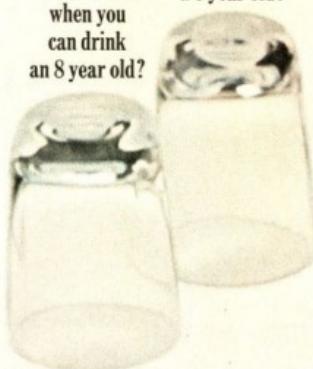


ST. APOLLONIA, in black chalk on tinted paper, done seven years before Dürer's death, is a triumph of rounded volumes suggested by a minimal shading.



KNEELING APOSTLE for a now-destroyed altarpiece is sketched ink on paper, but shows finicky, detailed precision of etching technique.

Why drink
a 6 year old
when you
can drink
an 8 year old?



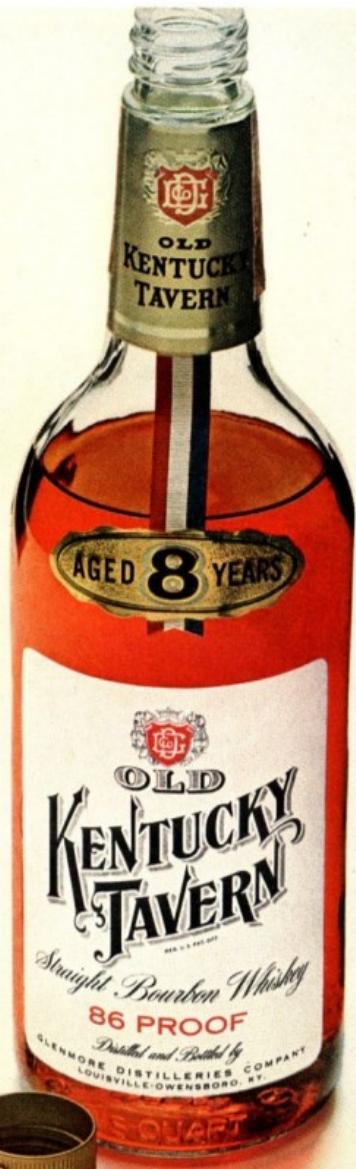
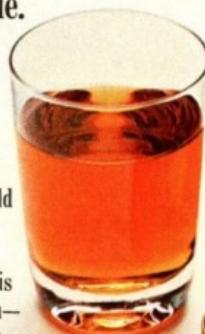
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EDUCATION

ADULT EDUCATION

"Like a Good Second Marriage"

"How can I extricate myself from my career?" said the letter sent to Columbia University's School of General Studies. The writer did not hate his job. It was just that he felt that he had "slipped unheedingly" into his career and in middle age suspected that some other profession would mean more to him. His letter, and about 3,000 others like it, are the reason for Columbia's "New Careers" program to educate successful people for diametrically different jobs. Less systematically, other universities are also rechanneling talent.

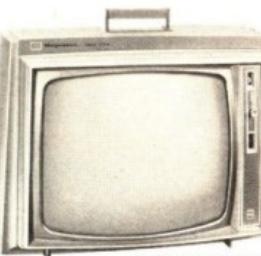
The switchers mostly feel that their work has become a bore, a trap or a disillusionment. A 40-year-old company president wrote Columbia that he felt "wasted in working for material gain only." A department head in a

ty, zest and ebullience—it's like a good second marriage."

A West Coast switcher is Maxwell Wihnyk, who in 1947 bought a small weekly in the desert community of Beaumont, Calif., and built it into a profitable chain of seven papers. "One morning in 1961," he recalls, "I woke up and realized that the papers I owned weren't providing me with satisfaction." Wihnyk was fascinated by courtrooms, decided that he had "seen hundreds of lawyers who weren't doing as good a job as I thought I could do." So, at 48, he sold his papers, joined his daughter as a student at U.C.L.A. Now an attorney, Wihnyk finds law "totally rewarding," believes that "I'm doing good for myself and for those who put their problems in my hands."

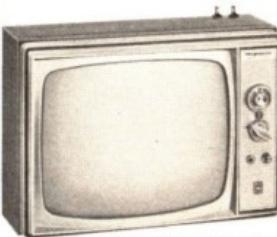
Beyond Chair Legs. Gilbert Daniels, 38, national sales manager for a computer firm, found himself "traveling 15-

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LIBRARIAN SADOW



BOTANIST DANIELS

They'd rather switch than itch.

large engineering firm complained that his job entailed "a continuous round of panics with little ultimate purpose or meaning." "My job was a boring, stale thing to me," said Mrs. Carolyn Sadow, one of 14 people who have been through the New Careers program.

"I Cried." At 50, Mrs. Sadow had put in 25 years in the frenetic field of Manhattan fashion advertising to become a copy supervisor with a two-window corner office, a comfortable \$13,000 salary, and a sense of frustration. "The superficial little plays on words, the tired old turns of phrase that might seem something new to a little girl fresh out of Smith or Vassar—they were old hat to me." Mrs. Sadow quit to seek a master's degree in library service at Columbia, where at first she found studies so difficult that she "went home and cried every day." She stuck it out, today has a \$6,250 job on the reference desk of the main New York Public Library, where she fields queries from Bryant Park bums and world-renowned scholars. Her life, she says, has never held such "mag-

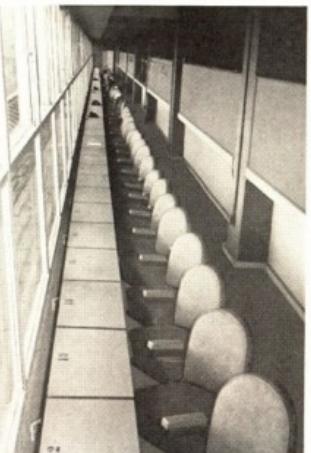
000 miles a month between California and the East Coast," which took him away from his family and his plant collection. He lived off his stock dividends while earning a doctorate in botany at U.C.L.A., figures he will make less as a botanist "than I paid last year in income taxes." But, he says, "I will be earning a living while I indulge my interests—my two lives will be one again."

At 60, Herbert Summers turned from his career in mechanical and civil engineering to learn scuba diving, earn a master's in oceanographic geology at Southern Cal, land a job to study sediment movements on the ocean floor. Mrs. Sylvia P. Pauley earned \$30,000 a year as an interior decorator in Manhattan for such clients as Charles of the Ritz, decided she wanted to be interested in "something more vital than chair legs." At 46, she enrolled at Columbia, got a B.S. in sociology, then an M.A. in educational administration. Today she makes \$10,000 helping Job Corps graduates find jobs in eight Eastern states.

Often switching careers is a "mag-

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nificent success," says U.C.L.A. Education Placement Director Claude Fossett, and occasionally "men fall flat on their faces." The reasons for change, although obviously sometimes altruistic, sometimes self-seeking and almost always highly personal, are not well understood. Perhaps eventually the Columbia project, financed by a \$100,000 Ford Foundation grant, will illuminate the motivations and prospects of those who are hopelessly dissatisfied with life at mid-career.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

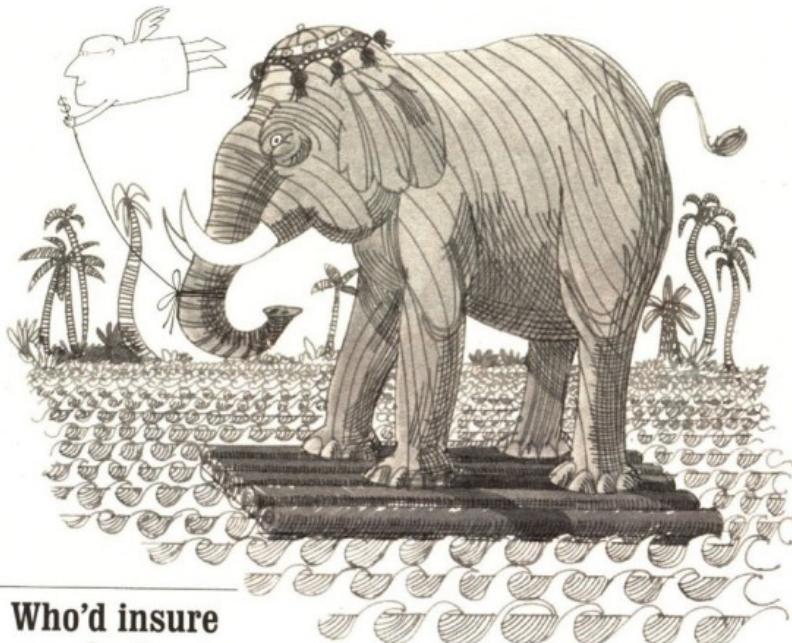
The Unknown Shaper

"That's the new school" is a prideful remark that almost all Americans can make in showing off their communities. In thousands of cases, the shape, size and equipment of the new building owe everything to the little-known profession of school consulting. The best-known of the consultants is Nickolaus L. Engelhardt, 58, a nervous, gruffly warm expert whose firm, the busiest in the nation, has helped 800 school boards mold the down-to-earth terms of education for millions of kids.

Engelhardt tries to keep boards from underbuilding or overbuilding, from going overboard for fads or neglecting useful innovation. He is often the broker between ambitious school administrators and hard-nosed board members, or between visionary boards and a skeptical public. Generally, the test of his adjudication comes when taxpayers vote on a bond issue; he does not get his full .5% commission unless the issue passes and plans are approved. Working nationwide out of a clapboard rural headquarters in tiny Purdy Station, N.Y., his firm of Engelhardt, Leggett and Leggett now proposes some \$380 million in school construction a year, compared with \$147 million ten years ago. It wins about 95% of the elections on which it is consulted.

An \$11,800,000 High School. The firm's success arises from thorough planning and from shunning what Michigan State Education Professor Donald Leu terms "parachute surveys," in which a consultant "drops in, studies the situation, and runs like hell." Engelhardt sticks around to face all the local pressures, averages four nights a week on some school stage patiently explaining his proposals. He pins down his arguments with facts, rarely retreats. When a woman at a Cape Cod meeting demanded to know what the alternatives to Engelhardt's plans were, he replied dryly: "A second-rate school system."

Engelhardt welcomes every question. "It's the people who don't come to the meetings that concern me," he says. Once he plodded door-to-door in rural New Hampshire to explain his plans in living rooms. Recently he helped persuade residents of Greenwich, Conn., that they could afford a new high school costing \$11,800,000. Even Indiana's less affluent Lawrence Township approved



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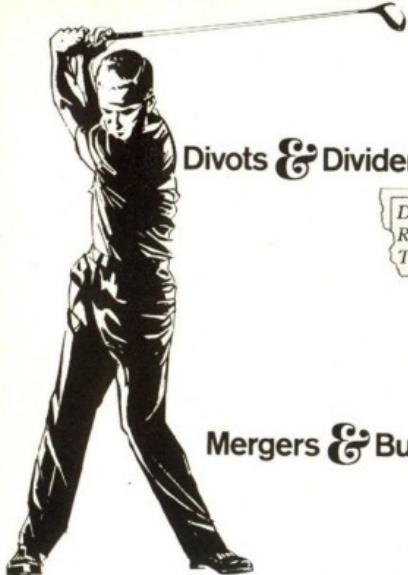
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By Lew PHILIPS
Writer of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
ing pants topped with bacon, artichokes, sauteed mushrooms, onions and peanuts. Russian-born ballet star Nureyev likes it bathed in beef gravy. At the lowly American ham, being dandified almost be-

comes the latest in ex-

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Black Magic

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FROBE AS VON CHOLTITZ
The corporal became a general.

ACTORS

The Man You Hate to Love

Achtung! The Parisian windows flew open—there below “they” had returned. The street teemed with Wehrmacht uniforms, trucks and gunning motorcycles. Over in the Place de la Concorde the scene was even more incredible: U.S. Sherman tanks were grinding over the cobblestones, shooting it out with panzer units. On the Ile de la Cité, sandbags were piled up before cafés and Molotov cocktails exploded all around the Palais de Justice.

Off and on for the past four months, Parisians have found themselves jolted right back into a bad dream as a Hollywood production unit has ground out the on-the-spot scenes for *Is Paris Burning?* The end is in sight, if Parisian nerves can stand up till then. This week, in perhaps the most chilling re-enactment of all, the Führer himself confronts his Paris commandant, General Dietrich von Choltitz, and orders him—once he can no longer defend the City of Light—to leave it “nothing but a blackened field of ruins.” The actor who plays Hitler, Billy Frick, is so exact a look-alike that he is afraid to leave the set except mustacheless and in mufti. The porcine, Prussian-looking fellow cast as General von Choltitz worries less, for during the past year he has got as many off-screen husses as autograph requests. His name is Gert Frobe, but no one remembers him as anything but that malevolent archvillain in his most famed film, *Goldfinger*.

Empathic Powers. *Is Paris Burning?* boasts a luminous roster: Jean-Paul Belmondo, Charles Boyer, Orson Welles, Kirk Douglas (as George Patton) and Glenn Ford (Omar Bradley). But it is significant that the actor that Paramount and Seven Arts signed up first for their

\$6,000,000 epic is bluberry (230 lbs.) Gert Frobe. And it was not just on the strength of his *Goldfinger* portrayal. Though his international following dates only from that role, the 52-year-old Frobe has some 80 film credits, five acting awards, and an infinite range—from the frightening psychopath in *It Happened in Broad Daylight* to the goatish dupe in *Banana Peel* to, most recently, the slapstick Kraut in *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*.

Raised in what is now the East German city of Zwickau this mother still lives there, but they are allowed to exchange visits), Frobe was a violin prodigy and opera-set designer before he turned actor. During World War II, the man now cast as a German general never rose past the rank of corporal. He is convinced, however, that his empathetic powers are limitless, for no role has eluded him yet. “I cannot stand on my hands,” he says, “but I feel certain that if I were acting a part which required me to stand on my hands, I could do it.” His *Paris Burning* producers, he recalls, wanted him “to speak French or English for the Von Choltitz part, but I could not; it would change things.” Frobe’s intuition has proved bang-on: his spitting out of the traditional Junker officer’s accent is breathtakingly authentic.

More Dirty Work. The role is likely to leave Frobe less “The Man You Love to Hate” (as Erich von Stroheim used to be billed) than “The Man You Hate to Love.” But Frobe reports himself “tired of being the menace.” His present (and fourth) wife maintains that he is really “a very nice man, very tender, a dream.” While already signed on for a sequel to the menacing *Riffifi* and haggling over price for some dirty work in the next Bond movie (“They’ll have to pay me much, much more than the \$50,000 they paid me before”), Goldfinger Frobe is also hoping “to do some sweet characters.” “Everybody,” he says, “wants to be loved.”

THE STAGE

Old Play, New Women

“A naughty play . . .” “Bitter tirade against women, bitter tirade against men . . .” “Great theater, great truth . . .” “Best play on Broadway.” So critics first hailed Clare Boothe Luce’s *The Women*, a play that made the reputation of every actress who played in it, from Ilka Chase to Marjorie Main, who had only a walk-on part, and, in the movie version, Rosalind Russell (“It changed my life completely”). Now 30 years and \$50 million in box-office receipts later, *The Women* is one of the few Broadway hits to become a staple in repertory around the world.

What has made it endure? A blacktie benefit audience in Phoenix’s new Theater Center last week got an answer from the playwright herself. “It seems,”

SHOW BUSINESS

she said in a curtain speech, “that women haven’t changed. The wise women in the audience will know that is so. If they don’t tell you why on the way home, I’ll tell you now: it’s because—alas—men haven’t changed.”

But for the Phoenix benefit, *The Women* had changed, if ever so subtly. To bring the text up to date for the performance of the 44-girl cast—all played by Phoenician socialite amateurs—Playwright Luce had used her author’s prerogative to pencil in changes. “Look, Schiaparelli!” became “Look, Balenciaga!” “No one has mistaken you for Mrs. Harrison Williams yet” was changed to “for Princess Radziwill”; “I wish I could make up my mind whether or not I like Shirley Temple” was updated to “whether I like the Beatles.” Originally, when the cigarette girl asked, “Wh’d ya say if I was to tell you I’m a commywoman?”, Sadie replied, “I’d say ya was bats. I was a Townsendite. Where’d it get me?” Today Sadie says, “I was a Bircher.”

The timely rewriting made the punch lines only more telling. Not that the audience was unaware that up there on stage *Miriam* was being played by Barry Goldwater’s sister Carolyn (Mrs. Bernard Erskine), and the bitchy *Sylvia* by Barry’s sister-in-law Sally (Mrs. Robert Goldwater). All of which did not dim the drama of the Act II hair-pulling scene between the two. And when Miriam looked at her arm, into which Sylvia had just sunk her teeth, and cried out, “My God! I need a rabies shot,” it brought down the house. As for Sally Goldwater, the Phoenix Gazette thought she was the best in the cast: “A polished actress who scores heavily with a bold and brassy interpretation. She’s a knockout!”

HARRISON BROWN—THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC



ACTRESSES ERSKINE & GOLDWATER
One sister-in-law bit the other.

TELEVISION

They're Doing Something Right

On the television screen a flamingo takes flight across a verdant rain forest. A dove peers at the sky. A jet swoops upward, catching the wind, in a visual poem to flight. Educational TV? A documentary on aeronautics? No, just a two-minute spot plugging Eastern Airlines' flight to Miami. In any year it would have been a tasteful, artful job of the soft sell, but in this, television's slackest season, the Eastern Airlines commercial looked like a masterwork.

It is only one of many such works that are currently outclassing the programs they interrupt. Alka-Seltzer, for example, has retired its ubiquitous, jolly salesman Speedy, substituted a diverting view of waistlines—a hula dancer's, a frugger's, a weight lifter's, a pants presser's—and simply says, "no matter what shape your stomach's in, when it gets out of shape, take Alka-Seltzer." The public is getting the message—Alka-Seltzer sales have risen 16% this year—and so are sponsors.

Pitchman & Lion. Along the Eastern seaboard, Rheingold beer, once notorious for a stupefying parade of look-alike Miss Rheingolds, has switched to a vigorous ethnic pitch. Its commercials now show Negroes, Jews, Greeks, Irish and other minority groups enjoying themselves at parties, quaffing beer when they get too tired to dance. Rheingold then shrugs at its new-found success with its now famous tag line: "We must be doing something right."

In the nuts-and-bolts field of truck selling, Ford has chosen gentle Silent Film Veteran Buster Keaton as its pitchman. In one new commercial, Keaton fills up a truck with furniture only to find that he has left out a live lion. When Keaton loads him on another truck, the lion drives off. Buster is last seen in hot pursuit, his legs whirring away at silent-movie speed.

Flamencos & Astronauts. Even deters-
gents, capital offenders of eyes and ear-
drums, have begun to inject a light
touch. Lever Brothers' Breeze includes
a towel as a premium in its package,
and spends much of its precious 60
seconds showing a man flamencoing in
the bathroom, snapping the towel about
his shoulders and abruptly turning into
José Greco when the spirit moves him.
Presumably his wife is Breezing the
dishes, but she never appears.

Are the tasteful new commercials a trend? Yes, but with a big hedge. Esthetically, the fresh approach is appealing to nearly all clients; financially, it remains out of reach for most. The Alka-Seltzer commercial cost nearly \$25,000, and a new Ford spot featuring an astronaut walking in space outside her car cost even more. Still the fact that commercials are now being watched with something like pleasure does raise, at least faintly, the startling possibility that TV might be upgraded by, of all things, the long-abused commercial.

J&B is a remarkable scotch. With a special quality that sets it apart.

Try it tonight.



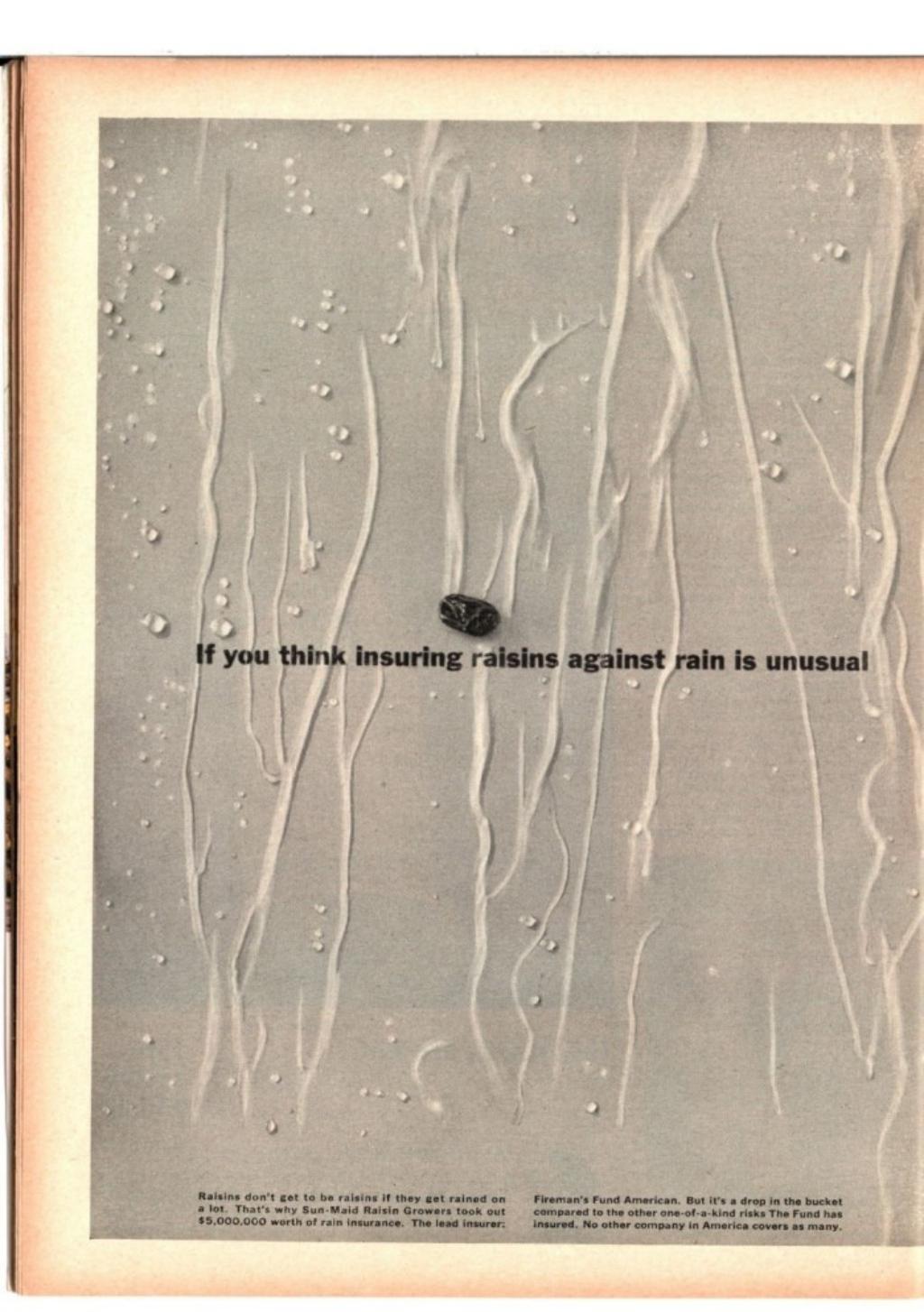
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SCIENCE

ARCHAEOLOGY

The Eighth Wonder

Boston University Astronomy Professor Gerald Hawkins has a bone to pick with historians who list the seven wonders of the ancient world. It is not that they have picked the wrong wonders, only that their list is too short. Britain's Stonehenge, says the British-born scientist, is the eighth wonder—a remarkable achievement of primitive man. In a new book, *Stonehenge Decoded* (Doubleday; \$5.95), he explains how he turned to a modern computer to unravel the 3,500-year-old mystery of Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge's long-kept secret, says Hawkins, is that its vast stone slabs and archways make up a sophisticated astronomical observatory.

Sacrifices & Pageants. Constructed in several stages by late Stone Age and early Bronze Age men between 1900 B.C. and 1600 B.C., Stonehenge's most prominent features are a 97-ft. ring of

25-ton uprights and horizontal slabs (known as the Sarsen Circle) surrounding five huge trilithons or archways. To build them, primitive Britons had to haul stones weighing as much as 50 tons overland from a quarry 20 miles away. For hundreds of years, archaeologists have probed around and under the structure in a vain attempt to understand what motivated its builders. Charred bones and artifacts convinced some that it had been a mortuary, a crematorium or even a sacrificial altar. The awesome architecture and isolated setting also suggested to others that it had been the scene of religious rites and pageants.

To Astronomer Hawkins, one long-established fact seemed most significant: Stonehenge is oriented so that its axis passes through a 35-ton marker stone and points directly to the spot on the northeast horizon where the sun rises at the summer solstice, the longest day of the year. Stonehenge probably was built, he reasoned, to mark midsummer day.

Solstice & Equinox. Standing among the giant slabs, Hawkins was struck by the way the early architects had limited his exterior view. Looking through one of the narrow trilithons and an aligned archway in the outer ring, he writes, "I felt that my field of observation was being tightly controlled, as by sighting

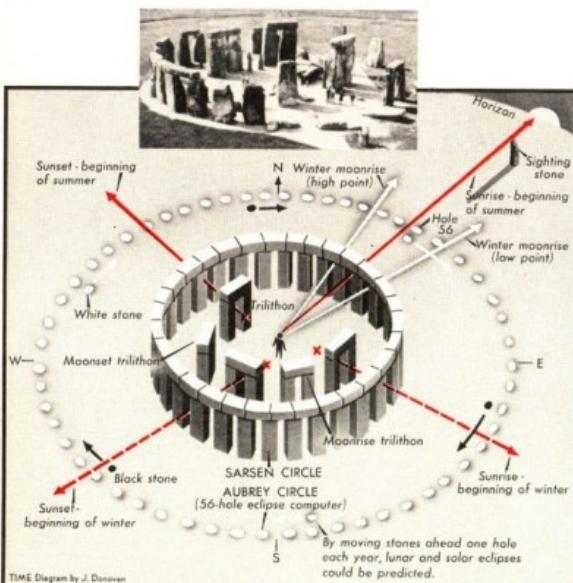
* The others: the pyramids of Egypt, the gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the statue of the Olympian Zeus by Phidias, the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pharos (lighthouse) at Alexandria. In some listings, the Walls of Babylon are substituted for the Pharos.

instruments, so that I couldn't avoid seeing something." What the ancients were directing his attention to, Hawkins became convinced, was the rising and setting of celestial bodies, perhaps the sun or certain stars or planets. Returning to the U.S. with accurate charts of Stonehenge, he plotted the positions of its center point and of each significant stone, archway, hole and mound, then fed the data into a computer programmed to calculate the compass directions established by 120 pairs of such positions and the points where a line drawn through them would meet the horizon.

The computer yielded some tantalizing results. Many of the Stonehenge alignments accurately pointed to the summer and winter solstice positions of the rising and setting sun and moon—the extreme north and south latitudes reached only on midsummer day and on midwinter day, the shortest day in the year. Thus, the early Britons were able to determine, for instance, that winter had started on the one day a year that the rising sun was entirely visible just on the horizon through two specific, carefully aligned arches. Additional plotting revealed that alignment of other stones had pinpointed equinoctial positions of the rising and setting sun and moon, enabling Stonehenge observers to determine accurately the first day of both spring and fall. Concludes Hawkins: "Stonehenge was locked to the sun and moon as tightly as the tides. It was an astronomical observatory. And a good one, too."

Mysterious Circle. Hawkins believes that Stonehenge astronomy was so advanced that its experts had apparently noted a phenomenon undetected even by modern astronomers: eclipses of the moon occur in cycles of 56 years. Hawkins, who inadvertently rediscovered the cycle after running Stonehenge eclipse data through a computer, immediately associated it with a mysterious circle of 56 "Aubrey" holes that ring the massive arches. He concluded that the holes formed a primitive eclipse computer. By placing a stone in each of six appropriate holes and moving them at appropriate times one hole around the circle, he decided, the Stonehenge astronomers had probably been able to tell accurately the dates when solar and lunar eclipses were apt to take place.

From all this, Hawkins assumes that Stonehenge was the focal point of an early British civilization. It was the calendar by which the Britons planted and harvested their crops, a shrine where they worshipped their gods and buried their dead. It was also a device that priest-rulers could have used to enhance their power. On the day or night that their stone computer predicted an eclipse, they might well have summoned their subjects to Salisbury Plain to observe a spectacle that terrorized most ancient peoples. When the eclipse started, the priests probably intoned the prayers that enabled the sun or moon to escape the blackness.



ANCIENT OBSERVATORY AT STONEHENGE
The computer is 3,500 years old.



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PALEONTOLOGY

Older than Ever

While the unfolding mystery of Stonehenge traces some surprising knowledge of astronomy back to Stone Age Britons, the steadily growing evidence of paleontology is tracing life itself farther and farther into the past. Last week Dartmouth Professor Andrew McNair reported to the Geological Society of America that he had discovered the remains of advanced forms of life 120 million years older than any recognized before. As for simpler, one-celled organisms, Harvard's Elso S. Barghoorn told the society that he has found them to be a billion years older than anyone had previously suspected.

Primal Presumption. During an electron microscopic examination of samples of ancient, black sedimentary rock from South Africa, Paleontologist Barghoorn uncovered the remains of 3-billion-year-old, rod-shaped organisms so small that 50,000 of them, placed end to end, would measure only an inch. Until his find, the oldest known forms of life were more complex tiny organisms—also identified and photographed by Barghoorn (*TIME*, March 12)—that existed about 2 billion years ago. With the older specimens, he now believes "we are getting close to an area in time—say within a half-billion years—of possible transition between non-biologically produced material and the first presumptive primal organism." Discovery of the bacteria-like organisms, says Barghoorn, indicates that there was water and erosion 3 billion years ago and that biological processes then were comparable to those today.

Mother Lode. Geologist McNair made his discovery last summer after sighting a distinctive rock ledge on remote Victoria Island in the Canadian arctic. Clearly visible on the surface of the Pre-Cambrian rock, which had somehow escaped the disturbances of mountain building and the pressures of overlying rock, were the fossilized tracks of burrowing, wormlike animals—an encouraging indication that more fossils might be near by, says McNair: "I knew how gold prospectors felt when they stumbled across the mother lode." Splitting open the rock, he found the remains of 47 primitive, clamlike brachiopods that radioisotope dating proved to be at least 720 million years old.

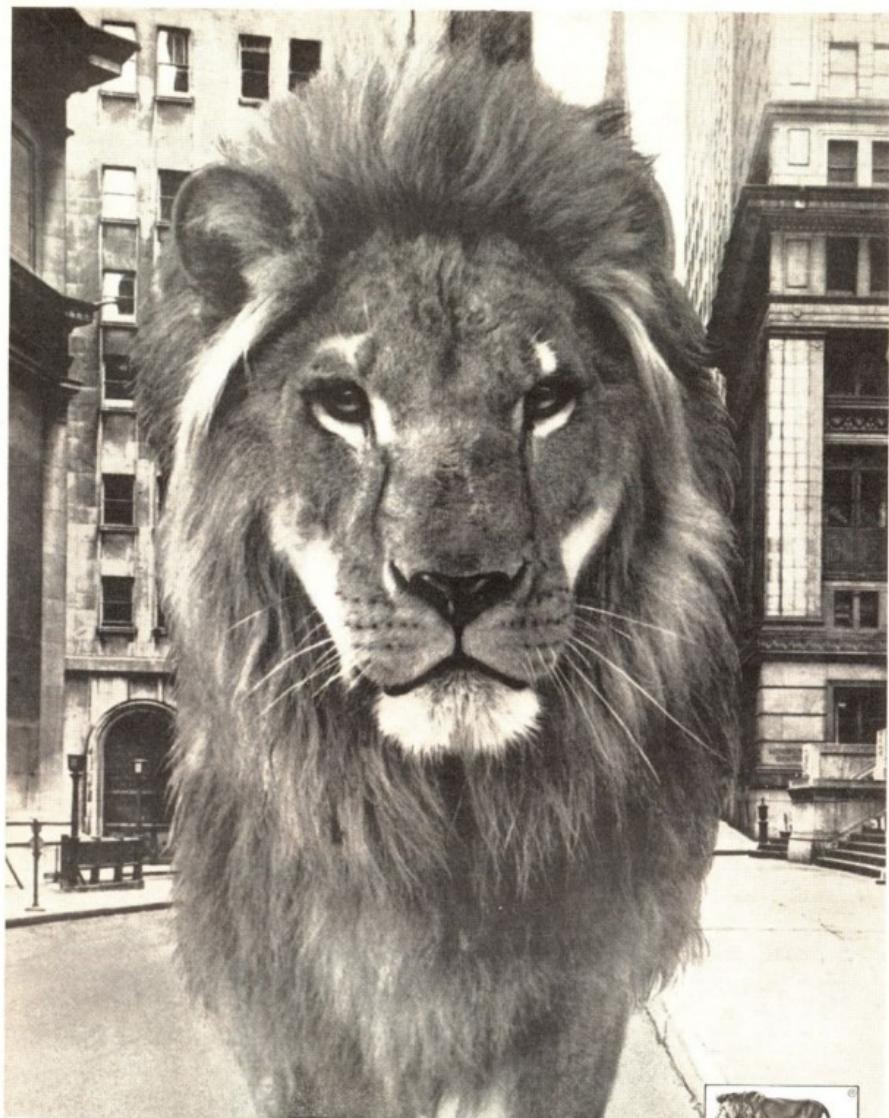
Before McNair's discovery, there had been no evidence that advanced forms of life existed until the Cambrian period began, 600 million years ago. Many scientists believed that there was not enough oxygen in the Pre-Cambrian atmosphere to support the development of animals with specialized organs. Now the highly evolved and efficient digestive, locomotive, respiratory and nervous systems of McNair's brachiopods and worms suggest that the earth's atmosphere had an ample supply of oxygen 720 million years ago, and probably for much longer than that.

The Yellow Pages aren't really necessary.

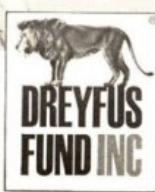
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house numbers
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U.S. BUSINESS



EMPLOYMENT

Almost Full

Unemployment is an emotional word, and consequently is less understood and more exaggerated than just about any other aspect of the U.S. economy. It conjures up visions of depression, poverty and helplessness for vast numbers of people—and, indeed, it means that for some. The facts, though, do not really fit the fears. Unemployment is not only dwindling steadily but is considerably less acute than some statistics make it out to be.

Many economists predicted only a few months ago that unemployment would stay high simply because the U.S. work force had been expanding as rapidly as the economy. Now they find themselves surprised by how quickly the situation has changed. From a rate of 4.9% in April, unemployment dipped to 4.5% in July, 4.4% in September. Last week the Commerce Department reported that it fell further to an eight-year low of 4.3% in October—while employment rose to 72.5 million jobs, a record for the month.

Productivity Slips. Unemployment is melting primarily because the economy's growth rate has begun to outpace the increase in the labor force. A growth of 3% to 4% is needed to create jobs for all the youngsters entering the labor force; this year the gross national product will rise 6.4% (\$570 billion), enabling employers to hire 2,100,000 new workers. In addition, the Government has begun to chip away at unemployment. Federal job-training and anti-poverty

working programs now engage at least 200,000 people, two-thirds of whom would otherwise be jobless. The stepped-up draft calls will soon make a further dent in unemployment.

Available jobs are also on the rise because U.S. industrial productivity is not growing as fast as it did earlier in the 1960s. Productivity has been rising 3.2% annually for the past several years; the 1965 gain will be just below 3%. Why the slowdown? Increased demand has pushed factories into producing at 89% of their capacity, forcing them to use older, less efficient machinery and less skilled workers. Shortages of skilled labor are continuing to crop up in many industries.

As skills become scarcer, the Government's economic policymakers are beginning to criticize a trend that they once favored. Says Otto Eckstein, a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers: "It is not in the economy's interest to encourage widespread early retirement." The Administration is thus splitting away from the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which says that it will continue to press the fight for retirement-before-65 and higher pensions.

Between Jobs. While Government economists agree with labor that unemployment remains a problem, they believe that it has been overplayed. Half of the unemployed are simply "between jobs"—out of work for less than five weeks—and a quarter of the total are seeking part-time jobs. Less than 3% of the nation's adult men are unemployed. What raises the overall statistics is "class unemployment"—joblessness among non-whites, women, teenagers and the unskilled (*see chart*).

A certain amount of unemployment is inevitable. "In an economy in which 10,000 or more newcomers enter the work force every day," says Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, "and perhaps as

many more leave one job to go to another, there is bound to be 'frictional unemployment' amounting to about 2% to 2.5%." There will always be, in addition to this, about one-half of 1% who simply lack what it takes. Adding up those figures, federal policymakers conclude that a jobless rate of 2.1% to 3% would constitute "full employment." The nation has advanced halfway toward that goal in the past two years, is now only 1,000,000 jobs short of achieving it.

PRICES

The Great Aluminum Rattle

Washington has watched with increasing apprehension lately as a series of little price increases has crept across the U.S. economy. Businessmen have wondered just how long Lyndon Johnson would let this inflationary trend proceed unchallenged, even if attacking it would mean some cost to the good will that he has built up among them. Last week they got their answer—but in a manner so indirect and ambiguous that it took the nation a week to fathom what the President's real feelings and intentions were. Convinced that one of John Kennedy's greatest mistakes as President was his bitter, demagogic confrontation with the steel industry, Johnson managed to show his strong disapproval of price rises without uttering a single word in public.

Toles of Temper. It all began when Olin Mathieson, Reynolds Metals and Kaiser Aluminum announced plans to raise prices of primary aluminum about 2%, from 24½¢ to 25¢ per lb. Two days later, the Texas White House quietly posted a notice that White House Special Assistant Joe Califano would meet with three Cabinet secretaries (Defense's Robert McNamara, Treasury's Henry Fowler, Commerce's John Connor) to consider ways of selling

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"REMEMBER, ALUMINUM IS TOUGH, STRONG, RELIABLE, WEATHER-PROOF, DURABLE, NON-TARNISHING, WARP-RESISTANT . . .!"

part of the Government's huge aluminum stockpile. Though the notice said nothing about prices, the New York Times, acting on information from the Administration, headlined story linking the two events. It quoted "Administration source" as saying that Lyndon Johnson was "sputtering mad," intimating that the surplus sale—which presumably would weaken aluminum prices—was a reprisal against the industry for its price hike.

Taking up the scent, other newspapers elaborated on the theme; soon, Administration sources were quoted describing Johnson as "foaming at the mouth." Disturbed by this overdrawn image, the Texas White House began issuing denials. The President's temper, said his aides, was quite cool. The stock-

wanted to unload, dropping the political mask of silence only when the firms rejected each of five alternate Government proposals. Determined as the Government may be, the extent to which it can affect aluminum prices remains in doubt. Now running close to 100% of its 2.7 million-ton-a-year capacity, the industry nevertheless cannot meet domestic demand. Furthermore, by law the Government must sell its surplus metal at market prices. It can, however, choose instead to provide it as Government equipment for defense contractors, thus cutting its own expenses. The 200,000 tons that the U.S. intends to dispose of next year—a good deal less than the nation will import—just about equals the expected rise in defense consumption of the metal.

ARTHUR SIEBEL



MacDONALD



PROCESSING LOANS IN HOUSEHOLD FINANCE OFFICE IN CHICAGO
Both a borrower and a lender be.

pile meeting, announced Press Secretary Bill Moyers, was one of a series that had begun in January with industry representatives to seek a long-range plan to dispose of surplus aluminum.

At week's end the Aluminum Company of America, the industry's leading producer, announced that it would go along with the price rises (which left the metal selling for 1¢ per lb. below its 1960 peak). That move, flagrantly ignoring Johnson's veiled warning, brought the Administration into the open. At a press conference in Washington, called at Johnson's specific command, Economic Adviser Gardner Ackley, Defense's McNamara and Treasury's Fowler declared that the aluminum price rises "have no justification under the wage-price guideposts and therefore are inflationary." Though he denied that the decision had anything to do with aluminum price rises, McNamara announced that the Government will sell 200,000 tons of surplus aluminum at market prices in 1966, allowed that the sale is "bound to relieve some of the pressure on prices."

Backroom Battle. All week behind the scenes, the Administration tried to persuade the balky aluminum companies to buy the surplus tonnage it

CREDIT

Polonius Reversed

He hesitates before the glass door of the downtown building, then pushes through and climbs a narrow staircase to the second floor. There he pauses again before the well-advertised insignia on another door, squares his shoulders and steps into a brightly lit room filled with the murmur of Muzak melodies. The man is 37, married, and a father. He is a steady wage earner with a \$6,092-a-year income. He is also in debt (to the tune of \$513) and pressed by his creditors. He is a typical customer who has come to solve his problems—at least for the moment—by borrowing from the Household Finance Corp., the oldest and largest of the nation's thriving small-loan companies.

Except for the trudge upstairs (where quarters are cheaper), Chicago-based Household Finance makes the process of borrowing so simple that 2,000,000 Americans a year go into debt to it. Relying chiefly on its quick judgment of an applicant's ability and his willingness to repay, the company makes nearly a half of its loans unsecured, most of the rest through a legally loose chattel mortgage on borrower's

household goods. Its sharp-eyed loan managers turn down 64% of would-be borrowers—but that leaves plenty. Household Finance has doubled its loan business in ten years.

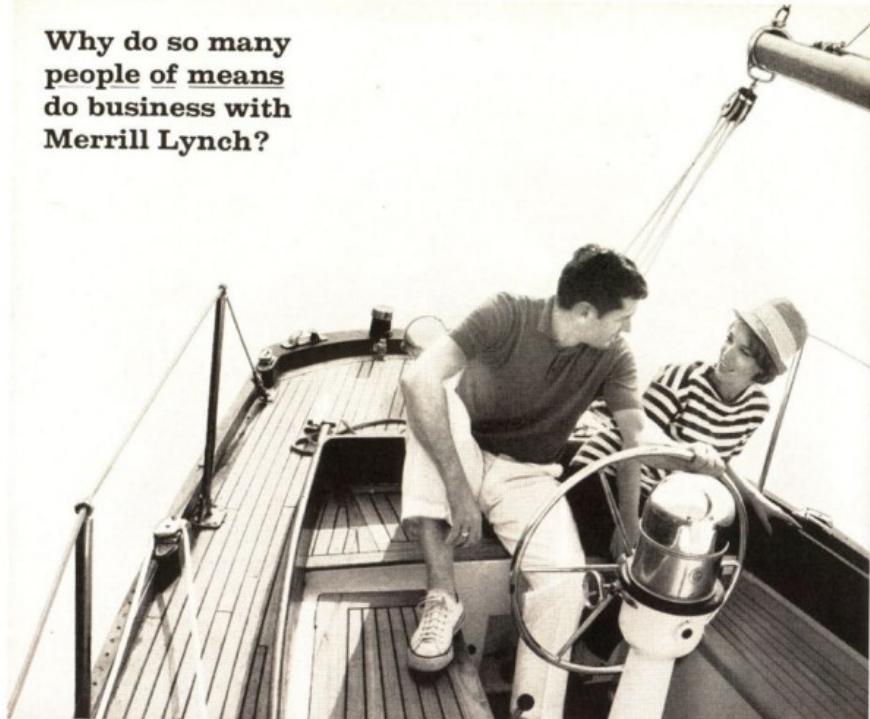
Winning Footholds. To keep up with its growing business, Household is adding another 70 offices to its present 1,417 offices in 48 states and all ten Canadian provinces. Parrying the invasion of consumer finance by appliance makers and hard-goods retailers, the company is also winning footholds in their fields. In the past four years it has bought up two retail subsidiaries that sell hardware, paint and kitchen equipment through 978 franchised and 72 company-owned stores. Last week Household moved into merchandising on a major scale. It arranged a stock-swap deal to acquire City Products Corp., an Illinois conglomerate that controls 3,020 retail outlets through its Ben Franklin and T.G. & Y. variety stores, its Barker Bros. furniture chain and a food-chain supply house.

Though City Products' \$393 million in sales last year dwarfed Household Finance's \$201 million in revenues, its profits were a mere \$8,639,000 v. H.F.C.'s record \$35,485,000. Why, then, did the loan firm want City Products? Household's bluff, \$168,704-a-year president, Harold E. MacDonald, 65, who spent 22 years in retailing, figures that the same talents that enable H.F.C. to merchandise small loans so successfully will work to produce profits in retail chain merchandising. Since he took over the 87-year-old finance company in 1951, MacDonald has tightened up operations, spruced up offices and standardized procedures so much that 37% of H.F.C.'s revenues so far this year has become pretax profit.

Travel & Funerals. Reversing Polonius' classic advice, Household Finance is both borrower and lender. It borrows three-fourths of its \$1 billion in assets (mostly from Wall Street through long-term debentures), pays just under 4% annual interest. Funneling that money out in chunks of \$100 to \$5,000 (the absolute maximum), H.F.C. lends for everything from autos and travel to medical bills and funeral expenses. The average: a \$681 loan for 28 months. The interest charges are high—almost always right up to the maximum permitted by state laws. They run from 26% to 36% a year on loans up to \$300 (v. about 10% for a personal loan obtained from a bank), 18% a year on loans of more than \$1,000.

High though that is, even congressional critics of loan practices consider it well within bounds, considering that H.F.C.'s own interest costs, salaries, rent, taxes and bad debts (about 1.5% of the total) eat up 17.5% of the average 21% interest it receives from its loans. At any rate, H.F.C.'s customers seem to keep coming back. More than half of the company's loans are made to people who are already in its debt.

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For example: We believe that your business is your business and to maintain the confidential relation-

ship, we handle all our accounts by number, not by name.

For example: We have a Special Handling Unit that arranges the sale of thousands of blocks of listed stock every year so as not to disturb the market. Blocks of 2,000, 4,000, 10,000 shares or more that don't lend themselves to normal handling.

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For example: We have separate divisions to handle Government Securi-

ties and Municipal Bonds—yield the palm to nobody when it comes to experience, knowledge, guidance in fixed-income securities.

For example: We have a staff of twelve Senior Portfolio Analysts who welcome the opportunity to sit down and consult with anybody about the more complex problems of sizable portfolios.

For example: We have a net worth of over \$120,000,000—about two and a half times the capital needed to meet the requirements of the New York Stock Exchange.

If a broker's real concern about you and your money should ever play a part in your selection of a firm to handle your investments—we ask only the chance to demonstrate ours.



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COOPERATIVES

Spreading Sassafras

When the Pilgrims first landed, they found the Nauset Indians using a bright red waxberry that seemed good to eat as well as valuable for making poultices and preserving game. The Indians called the berry sassafras; the Pilgrims rechristened it the cranberry. At first confined to New England, and mainly to Cape Cod, as a diet staple and profitable source of income, the cranberry gradually conquered the holiday tables of the nation. This month, when Americans buy more cranberries than at any other time of the year, no

berry growing, this fall paid growers \$13.99 a barrel for the 1.2 million barrels that their bogs produced; at one time, the price was as low as \$3 a barrel.

Bogged Down. Ocean Spray grew bigger than any other cranberry cooperative because Founder Marcus Urann, figuring that housewives were tired of stewing fresh cranberries, decided to can some cranberry sauce. Housewives ate it up. Even so, cranberries sold mostly around holidays, and sales grew no faster than the population. The industry suffered its greatest setback in 1959, when the Government seized a few cranberries sprayed with aminotriazole weed killer and announced that cranberries so contaminated might cause cancer. That Thanksgiving and Christmas, and in the months that followed, the public reluctance to buy cranberries almost ruined the industry.

After that debacle, cranberry growers decided that they needed a broader base for their industry, began to push the berries as a year-round dish. Two years ago they hired as Ocean Spray's general manager Edward Gelsthorpe, a sharp product executive with Colgate-Palmolive and a summertime sailor who was attracted by the idea of living year-round on Cape Cod. Gelsthorpe was also attracted by Ocean Spray's possibilities. "It took only superficial analysis," he says, "to realize how little had been done with cranberries."

Going Abroad. Gelsthorpe recruited a few more consumer-product executives, reorganized Ocean Spray's processing plants to save money, put the savings into a \$4,000,000 advertising campaign that pushed cranberries as good any-time eating. He had the 4,000 recipes in company files tried out to see which had commercial possibilities. Ocean Spray soon came out with cranapple juice, frozen orange-cranberry juice, a whole range of cranberry-cum-fruit jellies, and cranberry-orange relish. Tie-ins have added cranberry sauce to Swanson frozen dinners and cranberry muffins to Betty Crocker's ready-mix line. Sophisticated drinkers are trying the Cape Codder (vodka, cranberry juice, a twist of lemon), and Arthur Godfrey, himself a Cape Cod cranberry grower, last week urged his listeners to try cranberry juice in hot tea.

Under Gelsthorpe, 44, Ocean Spray is making grants to agricultural schools to find new strains of cranberries, also supporting medical research to study the berries' beneficial effects. Its cranberry growers, who in the fall must frequently flood their bogs to protect the delicate plants from frost, now use picking machines that take the place of 20 men working with the oldtime hand scoops. Ocean Spray has also turned to exports, now ships its products to 27 nations. Gelsthorpe is concentrating initially on Britain, hoping to show Britons what their ancestors missed by not emigrating with the Pilgrims to the land where sassafras grows.

TECHNOLOGY

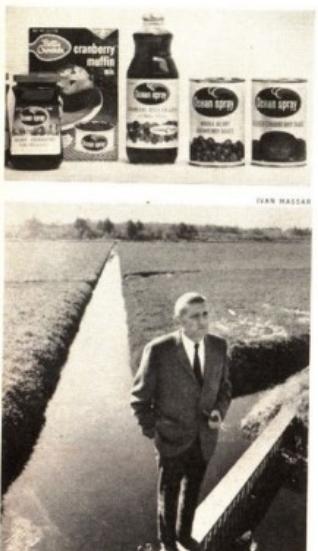
Sharing the Computer's Time

The computer has become a mainstay of big business in the U.S., but most small and medium-sized companies still find it too expensive for normal use. Last week two of the biggest computer makers, General Electric and Control Data Corp., introduced new systems that will offer the small businessman the same computer advantages as the biggest corporation. Their move to what is called "time sharing" is part of a growing trend to market the computer's abilities much as a utility sells light or gas.

Dial for the Answer. Business some time ago began using computer centers to process data cards, count receipts or keep track of airline reservations from distant offices. Time sharing goes much beyond that. It links up as many as 500 widely separated customers with one large computer, lets each feed its own problems to the machine by telephone through a simple typewriter console. The time-sharing computer can answer questions in microseconds, is able to shift back and forth swiftly among the diverse programming needs of many companies, small and large.

Although still in its infancy, time sharing is already being used by business, government and universities. Boston's Raytheon Co. prepares contract proposals, and Arthur D. Little solves problems in applied mechanics through a time-sharing system run by Cambridge's Bolt Beranek & Newman. Another time-sharing firm, Keydata, will soon take up the problems of Boston distributors of liquor, books, automobile parts and building materials. Control Data, which introduced two time-shared computers last week, will open the U.S.'s biggest sharing center in Los Angeles next year. General Electric already has 88 customers, last week added New York center to its service centers in Phoenix and Valley Forge, Pa. From New York, IBM gives shared-time services to 50 customers, including Union Carbide and the Bank of California. Under G.E.'s system, a company can rent the big G.E. 265 for 25 shared hours a month for only \$350, compared with a normal monthly rent of \$13,000 for individual computers.

Plugging Them In. Some companies have discovered that time sharing has reduced to one-fiftieth the time needed to answer a problem, have found access to a large computer more profitable than ownership of a small or medium-sized machine. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the pioneers in time sharing, now has 400 users for its IBM 7094 computer, has served scientists as far away as Norway and Argentina. Experts predict that by 1970 time sharing will account for at least half of an estimated \$5 billion computer business, will be used as widely and easily as the telephone switchboard.

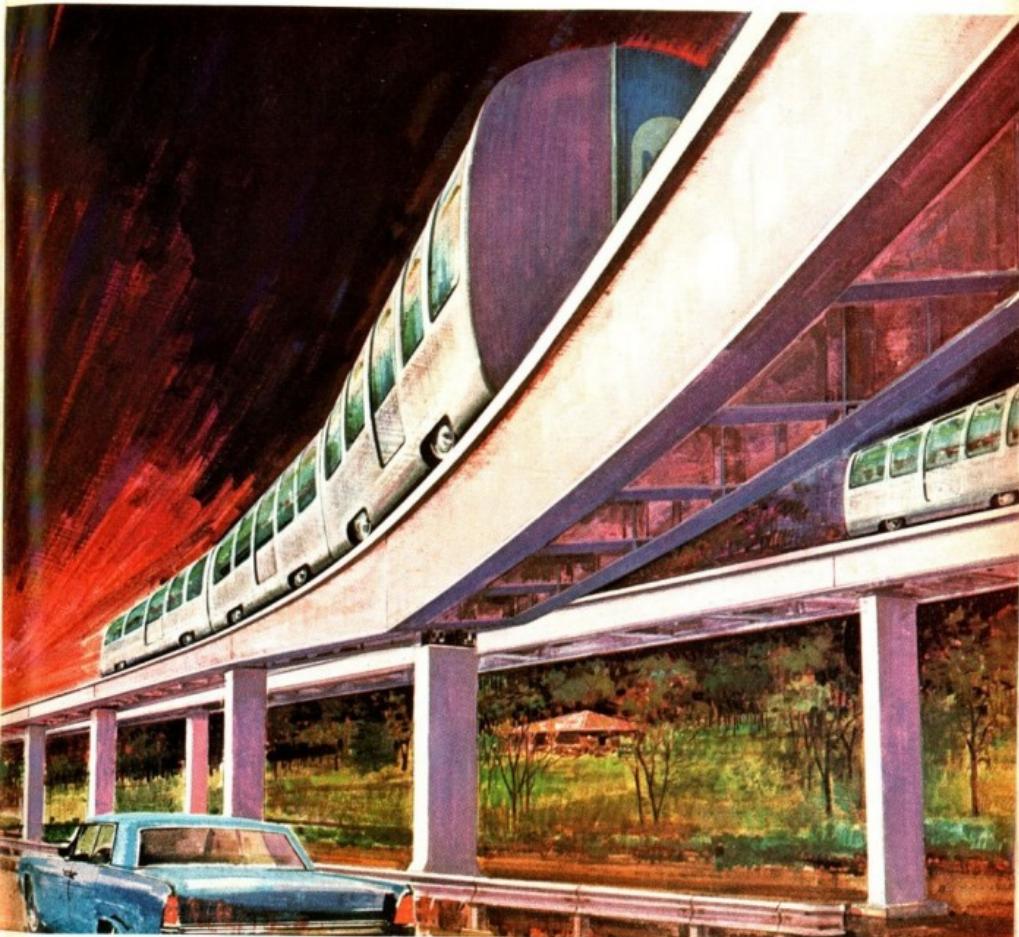


OCEAN SPRAY'S GELSTHORPE AT BOG & WARES
Like it with turkey? Try it with vodka!

Thanksgiving dinner will be considered complete without them. The most important fact about the \$54 million cranberry industry, however, is that its health no longer depends on just the traditional holiday trade; cranberry products have grown into year-round sellers that compete with other foods for everyday use.

Behind this transformation is Ocean Spray of Hanson, Mass., which produces 85% of all the cranberries grown in the world, has annual sales of \$46 million. Ocean Spray is a cooperative that distributes its earnings to a pool of 1,000 growers in Massachusetts (where the sandy-bottomed bogs of Cape Cod prove most hospitable to the berry), New Jersey, Wisconsin, Oregon and Washington State. Formed by a series of mergers in 1930, it has taken much of the risk and uncertainty out of cran-

Here's something new in rapid transit



It's an entirely new concept, developed by Westinghouse Electric Corporation. The first installation, a two-mile loop, is operating in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The vehicles can operate in trains or as single units, as frequently as every two minutes. Electric-powered and rubber-tired, they speed smoothly and silently—safely

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Much lower in cost than other mass transit systems, the "Transit Expressway" may be an answer to traffic problems of many cities.

* * *

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proved steel products for *every* form of transportation—for autos, trucks, and buses and the highways that serve them; for railroads, ships, aircraft, and space vehicles.

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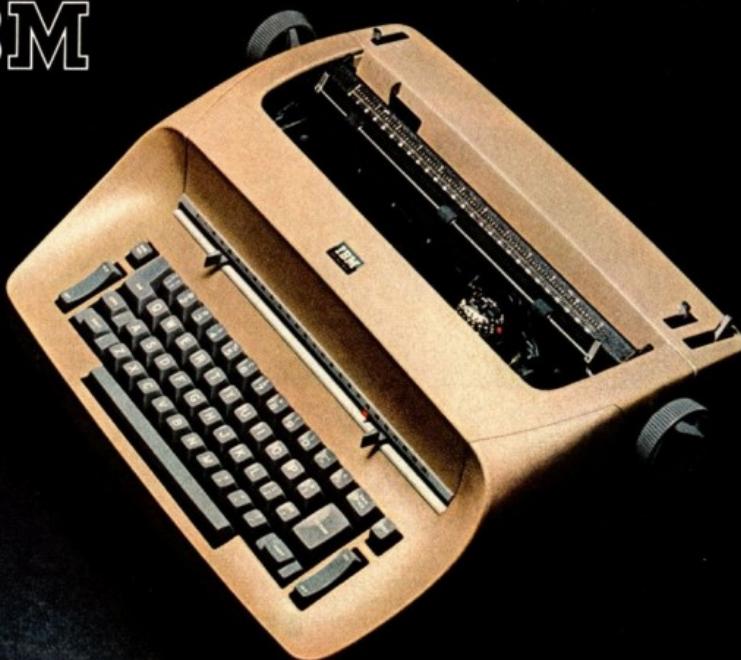
into place. Easy. And you can choose from over a dozen type styles.

This tiny element does all the work in the IBM® Selectric. It spins and tilts to print each letter with incred-

ible speed. So fast that the eye can't keep up with it.

There's nothing ordinary about the IBM Selectric Typewriter. (Except maybe the electric plug.)

IBM



WORLD BUSINESS

FRANCE

Behind the Nickel Curtain

Quietly but firmly, the U.S. has taken the unusual step of declaring economic warfare against a company that is supported by a friendly government. The company is France's Le Nickel, whose sales of \$53 million make it the world's third largest producer (after Canada's International Nickel and Falconbridge Nickel) of a scarce, strategically important metal. While the two governments are squabbling over the company's activities, the protagonists range far beyond the Quai d'Orsay and Foggy Bottom. They include Fidel Castro, Mao Tse-tung, former French Premier René Mayer and those storied bankers, the Rothschilds.

Buying from Cuba. At issue is a U.S. order, invoked in August by the Treasury's Office of Foreign Assets Control, that effectively bans U.S. imports of any products containing Le Nickel's metal. In the past month customs inspectors in New York City and elsewhere have impounded six shipments of French stainless steel containing nickel that had presumably been supplied by Le Nickel.

Washington says that it has banned Le Nickel products from the U.S. because the company made a deal in July to buy 33 million lbs. of nickel oxide from Castro's Cuba. The ban is based on the U.S. law prohibiting imports of products made from Cuban materials. Compounding the affront to the U.S. is the fact that Le Nickel agreed to purchase its nickel oxide from Cuba's Nicarao plant, a rich source that had been owned by the U.S. Government and operated by National Lead Co. until Castro expropriated it in 1960.

Le Nickel is backed by some powerful forces. While the Cuban deal was being negotiated, the company's boss was Chairman René Mayer, who retired to the post of honorary chairman in January. The company is subsidized by the French government and controlled by the French Rothschilds, who are particularly close to Prime Minister Georges Pompidou, formerly the chief aide to Guy de Rothschild. Last month Guy de Rothschild and his brothers, owners of 10.6% of Le Nickel through several companies, carried out a complex exchange of stock to give them firmer control.

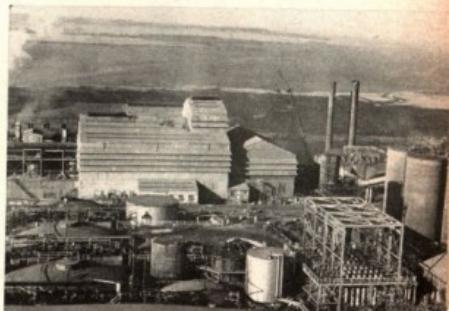
Proof & Protests. The French contend that they were forced into the Cuban deal almost by an act of God. Le Nickel's main mines are in far-off New Caledonia, but a drought there cut the necessary supply of hydroelectric power and forced the company to look elsewhere for nickel oxide. Before turning to Castro, they tried to buy supplies from the 166,761-ton U.S. Government nickel stockpile, but Washington turned them down. Authorities of both Le Nickel and the French government buzz that



GUY de ROTHSCHILD



RENÉ MAYER



FORMER U.S. NICKEL PLANT AT NICARAO, CUBA
Responding to acts of God and Foggy Bottom.

the U.S. has another, more devious reason for boycotting Le Nickel: early this year the company closed a \$20 million deal to sell 19 million lbs. of finished nickel to Red China. Despite French denials, U.S. Commerce and State Department officers speculate that Charles de Gaulle's government may have urged Le Nickel to make the sale in order to reduce its subsidy.

U.S. Treasury authorities say innocently that Le Nickel can indeed sell products to the U.S.—if it can prove that they contain no Cuban nickel. Actually, there is no scientific way of either proving or disproving where the nickel content of a finished product comes from—a fact that enables the French to claim everything without being able to prove anything conclusively. At week's end, U.S. customs officials released one of the impounded shipments because it was destined for a defense plant, but the customs inspectors have orders to be hard-nosed about stopping French imports containing nickel. France has protested strongly to the U.S., and negotiations are going on between the two governments. The U.S. does not seem to be in any hurry to compromise, however, so long as General de Gaulle continues to make trouble for NATO, the Common Market and the Kennedy Round tariff talks.

Battle Line—1965

For three-quarters of a century, through three wars and the twilight years of peace, tiny Alsace was a depressed no-man's land between the guns of France and Germany. The province changed flags four times between 1871 and 1945. As more than 400,000 Alsatians left, the grey turrets of the Maginot Line became the chief landmark. Forgotten was the fact that for most of the 19th century Alsace had been one of the world's most industrialized areas.

An Alsatian firm, in fact, built the locomotives for France's first railway.

Now Alsace is booming once again, its strategic location near major German population centers at last an advantage rather than a threat. Sleek high-rise apartments tower over half-timbered villages. Factory smokestacks loom above the countryside, famed for its dry Sylvaner and Riesling wines. Oil refineries have risen near the Gothic spire of Strasbourg's famed cathedral, and the Rhine port now serves as the Central European distribution center for the big South European pipeline from the Mediterranean. Since Alsatian resurgence began, 220 new plants have been set up, doubling sales of the province's industries to \$1.6 billion in ten years. Last week the Alsatian Regional Development Organization announced that industrial production has reached an alltime high, fully 45% above the base year of 1959.

Center Point for 170 Million. The key to Alsatian prosperity is, of course, the 1957 Treaty of Rome, which set up the Common Market and removed a Maginot Line of trade barriers that sat between France and its neighbors. French firms, actually encouraged by the government to stay away from the danger zone between the wars, began to discover the province and its opportunities: ample land and labor force, the broad highway of the Rhine, convenient location.

Rhône Poulenç has built a new chemical plant near Ottmarsheim, Peugeot a transmission works at Ile Napoleon, Hispano-Suiza a factory for aircraft components at Molsheim. Franco-Canadian Polymer is making synthetic rubber near the Strasbourg refineries; three other chemical companies have bought sites near by. All this activity has made Strasbourg, 250 miles from salt water, France's biggest port for exports. "Al-



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Gift Set (Soap &
Lotion) \$5.

sace," says Albert Auberger, president of the Strasbourg Port Authority, "is the center of a vast market of 170 million consumers—the keystone of the great arch connecting the North Sea and the Mediterranean."

The True Europeans. Alsace's strongest push has come not from the French but from foreign companies that want to locate in the heart of the world's second-biggest market. More than a third of Alsace's new plants are either wholly or partially owned by Germans; the Swiss have 15 plants, the Americans 8. German-owned Triumph employs 800 people at a corset and girdle factory in Strasbourg; other German companies are busy making shoes, office equipment, and engineering and precision instruments. America's Timken Roller-Bearing has built the largest foreign-owned plant (1,000 employees) at Colmar; Remington Rand employs 311 persons to produce electric shavers at Huttenthal; Minoc, a subsidiary of Rohm & Haas, makes ion exchangers at Lauterbourg. Wrigley will enter Alsace next year, turn out three brands of chewing gum at a new \$4 million plant near Colmar. Near the Swiss border, Swiss-owned companies have put up plants to make drugs, soups, elevators and caffeine-less coffee.

More than any other businessmen in Europe, Alsatian business know that their prosperity is hinged to European unity, give Charles de Gaulle's attempt to disrupt the Common Market no support. Says Jean Wenger-Valentin, president of the Industrial Credit Bank of Alsace and Lorraine: "We are all true Europeans here." Amid all the bustle and renewal, one ancient Alsatian industry has survived almost unchanged: sturdy farm hands still hand stuff the gullets of Strasbourg's shiny geese, which produce Europe's best *pâté de foie gras*.

WEST GERMANY

The Sparkle Costs More

Though they have traditionally been noted for their frugality and discipline, West Germans today are grandly living, as they like to put it, *wie Gott in Frankreich*—like God in France. Wages are rising almost twice as fast as productivity, imports are climbing twice as fast as exports, and the government has been spending much more than it has collected in taxes. The cost of such extravagance is West Germany's gaudiest inflation in 15 years. With consumer prices up almost 4% from a year ago, the German *Hausfrau* has to pay \$1.08 for a dozen eggs, \$2 a lb. for not-so-tender beefsteak. Last week Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, his re-election safely behind him, finally announced a cutback in government spending.

Mothers Must Wait. To wipe out a projected \$1.75 billion deficit in the 1966 budget, the government slashed its defense outlay, aid to Berlin, civil service pensions and civil-defense spend-



ing. While it refrained from boosting corporate or consumer taxes for fear of inviting a recession, it symbolically hiked the tax on two national luxuries: sparkling wine, of which the Germans now consume more than the French, and schnapps. Most important, Erhard announced plans to renege on some of his party's pre-election promises by passing or postponing bills that were to give bigger handouts to his country's already well-subsidized refugees, mothers, students, farmers and coal miners.

Whether noted for its craft or its courage, the decision pleased German businessmen. They have been grumbling that the government's grandiose spending has nourished inflation and—worse yet—used up so much bank capital that private companies are hard put to find investment funds. Complains Ernst Schneider, president of the West German Chamber of Commerce: "The public sector is making demands on capital to such an extent that interest rates have reached a level worthy of an underdeveloped country." The Bundesbank has hiked Germany's discount rate twice this year, to 4% at present, and business loans commonly cost 7% to 8%. Still, German industrialists seem willing to pay the price to expand, have increased their investments 14% so far this year.

Chewing into Gold. A mixed blessing that flows from the country's inflation is the rapid climb in wages, which have risen 10% in this year's first six months to an average of \$39.30 for a 41-hour week, the highest industrial scale in the Common Market. The rise has stimulated a surge in consumer demand not only for German products but for foreign goods as well. While helpful to the domestic economy, this spur has pushed up imports 22% (while exports have

The Mach 3 XB-70



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The combination of range, speed, and payload being achieved

with the XB-70 represents a major advance in the science of aircraft and systems design.

The XB-70 is the heaviest and largest aircraft designed to cruise at Mach 3 and above over long distances.

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the structure and equipment installations when the outside skin temperatures reach as high as 630°F. For example, the cabin temperature is maintained at a comfortable 80°F. throughout the operating range of the aircraft.

The XB-70 represents a number of outstanding engineering, manufacturing, and technological achievements. It was built for the U.S. Air Force by North American Aviation and a nationwide team of suppliers.

The Federal Aviation Agency, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and U.S. Air Force are participating, contributing, and benefiting from the flight test program.

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If you want to STOP SMOKING here's how!



by Whitey Ford

The famous Major League pitcher who holds the most World Series records tells what happened when he decided smoking was not good for his physical fitness.

I talked to my doctor about smoking and he advised me to quit. I did. But it was hard. Then I turned to a little pill called Bantron. I was surprised to find that it helped a lot to keep me from smoking. Now, when I feel like relapsing, I just take Bantron instead.

Bantron was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American University. Tests on hundreds of people showed that it helped more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking to do so in five to seven days. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

And the Bantron way is safe and pleasant! Bantron doesn't affect your taste, is not habit forming. It acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system, and curbs your desire for tobacco.

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climbed only 10%), thus creating a \$1.3 billion balance-of-payments deficit for the January-September period and chewing into Germany's \$7 billion hoard of gold and foreign exchange.

German economists profess to be unperturbed, contending that the deficit is only temporary and that the country's high level of exports shows that Germany's fabled industry has lost none of

its competitiveness in world markets. Furthermore, if West Germany's economy is not quite so miraculous as it once was, it continues this year to be better than that of any other major European country. The highly regarded German Institute for Economic Research predicts that the German economy's real growth rate, up 5% this year, will rise another 4% in 1966.

MILESTONES

Born. To King Simeon II, 28, deposed ruler of Bulgaria; and Margarita Gómez-Acebo y Cejuela, 29, Madrid socialite; their third child, third son; in Madrid. Title: Prince Kubrat of Panayurishte.

Married. Mary Oppenheimer, 21, only daughter of South African Diamond King and *Apartheid* Critic Harry Oppenheimer, herself a devoted social worker among Africans; and Gordon Waddell, 28, Scots stockbroker; in a glittering ceremony in Johannesburg's St. Mary's Cathedral, outside of which jostling crowds of wildly cheering blacks and whites were kept at bay by police using walkie-talkies and Alsatian dogs, followed by a lavish reception attended by 1,000 members of the white elite.

Died. Private First Class John David Rogers, 18, adopted son of Singing Cowboy Stars Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, and third of their nine children to die; of asphyxiation due to choking after celebrating his promotion to pfc; in Gelnhausen, Germany.

Died. Roy August Fruehauf, 57, president and then chairman of Fruehauf Corp., world's largest maker of truck trailers (1964 sales: \$313 million) founded by his father in 1918, who in 1953 squeezed his brother out as chairman and stayed off a much-publicized proxy raid with the aid of a \$1,500,000 stock-purchase loan from then Teamster Boss Dave Beck, five years later found himself indicted along with Beck for repaying the favor with a \$200,000 loan of his own (illegal under the Taft-Hartley Act), was eventually acquitted, but not before a group of dissident directors had forced him out of office; of a stroke; in Royal Oak, Mich.

Died. Myron Melvin Cowen, 67, U.S. Ambassador to Australia (1948-49), the Philippines (1949-51) and Belgium (1952-53), whose greatest contribution came while adviser to Philippine President Elpidio Quirino, when he was instrumental in planning the suppression of the Communist-led Huk rebellion and starting the near-bankrupt islands on the road to solvency, offering up to \$250 million in U.S. aid, conditional upon basic reforms; of a hemorrhage following brain surgery; in Washington.

Died. Andrew Joseph Gillis, 69, hell-raising off-time mayor of Newburyport, Mass. (pop. 14,100), a brawling Irishman known as "Bossy," who bullied his way through six sporadic two-year terms between 1927 and 1959, engaging in such shenanigans (chopping down city-owned trees, libeling a judge) that he was arrested countless times, sentenced to two jail terms, and finally proved too much even for the whimsical citizens of his old seafaring town; of a heart attack two days after losing his 20th bid for mayor; in Newburyport.

Died. Herbert Vere Evatt, 71, Australian Foreign Minister (1941-49) and Labor Party leader (1951-60), who took his Commonwealth nation out of Britain's shadow and gave it a more nationalistic foreign policy, becoming a spokesman for other less-powerful nations at the drafting of the U.N. Charter, but proved unsuccessful at home as head of the Opposition Labor Party, primarily because of his ultraliberal defense of many Communist causes (the 1954 Petrol spy scandal), which split the once-powerful Laborites and cost them every election since 1951; of pneumonia; in Canberra, Australia.

Died. Austin Cottrell Taylor, 76, Canadian financier, father-in-law of Conservative Editor-Politician William F. Buckley Jr., who made his first \$1,000,000 in the stock market before he was 21, went on to convert failing oil, lumber and munitions companies into booming moneymakers and turn British Columbia's near-bankrupt Bralorne Mines into one of the continent's top gold producers; of arteriosclerosis; in Vancouver, B.C.

Died. Paul Atlee Walker, 84, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, an Oklahoma attorney appointed to the newly created regulatory body in 1934 as one of seven commissioners, who made headlines with an exhausting 1935-38 probe of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. that resulted in eventual rate reductions, during his brief chairmanship (1952-53) allocated 242 channels for educational TV; of a stroke; in Norman, Okla.

* Also the hometown of the late J. P. Marquand and the setting for some of his novels.



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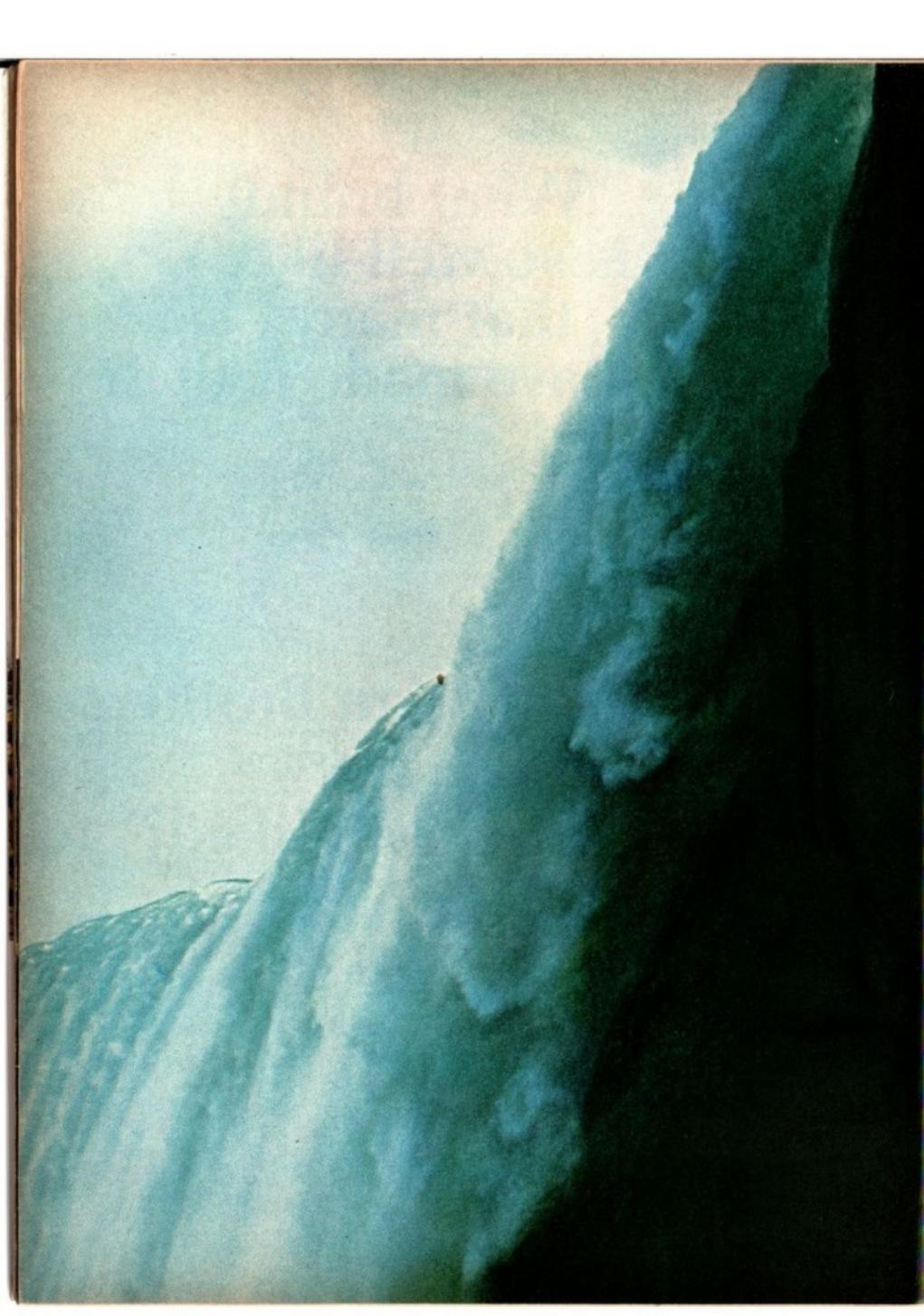


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CINEMA

A Wife Betrayed

Juliet of the Spirits. Italy's Federico Fellini is the Barnum of the avant-garde. In his apocalyptic *La Dolce Vita*, as in the wildly self-centered *8½*, his flair for baroque theatrical effects seemed to be a secondary characteristic of genius, the manner but not the meat of it. In *Juliet*, his first full-length movie



SEX FANTASY IN "JULIET"
Effect is everything.

in color, effect is everything. Fellini puts on a psychic three-ring circus that promises profundity and delivers only a stunningly decadent freak show.

The Juliet of the film's title is Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina, exercising all of her rueful, clownish charm as a bourgeoisie matron with marriage problems. Neither beautiful nor clever, and inhibited by an unshakable Catholic conscience, Giulietta is wounded by the discovery that her husband (Mario Pisu) has a mistress. She consults a seer, seeks refuge in spiritualism, tries to distract herself by befriending an elegant trollop (Sandra Milo) next door. Meanwhile, she begins to live more and more in fantasy—images of abstract evil, dreams of sexual abandon, phantoms of childhood fears. Not until she at last loses her husband does Giulietta find herself and make peace, albeit rather arbitrarily, with her "spirits."

Through this frail plot, described as "a fairy tale for adults," Fellini parades a gallery of grotesques both sacred and profane: whores, prophets, shrouded nuns, epicene cultists, damned maidens ablaze, sundry vile bodies and Freudian symbols on horseback. All are flamboyantly colorful creations. And a few of the film's conceits are breathtaking to behold, from the gauzy blue-grey magic of a sequence in which Giulietta's grandfather succumbs to a lady bareback rider to her neighbor's improbable Eden—an art-nouveau fleshpot in rainbow hues where sinners can slide a chute from bed to swimming pool or repair to a tree house devised for impromptu seductions.

Confusingly, Giulietta's perceptions grow so extravagantly heightened that



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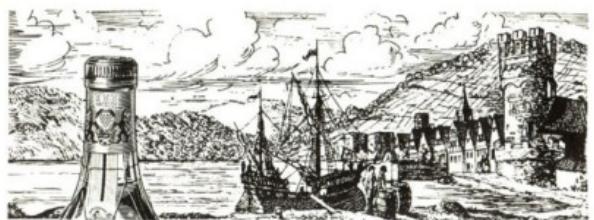
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they blur the line between reality and fantasy, and depolarization occurs. The rich, constantly bedazzling frieze of effects finally becomes an end in itself, resulting in a curiously empty drama. Instead of deepening the character of his heroine as he intends, Fellini overwhelms her, for the thousand-and-one-nights imagery he has flung pell-mell upon the screen seems organic only to his own turbulent imagination. Though *Juliet of the Spirits* offers bizarre and enticing spectacle, it is transparently a gaudy intellectual shell game that expends awesome amounts of energy to discover a pea.

Lady in Waiting

Never Too Late cannot accurately be called a screen version of the Broadway comedy hit by Sumner Arthur Long. It is the play itself, canned and sweetened and shrewdly spiced to suit mature housewives with an appetite for nice clean escape. *Late* is brazenly unsophisticated, as harmless as rose breeding and just a tiny bit more titillating.

The movie's boldest innovation is that the Broadway principals are allowed to repeat their roles: Maureen O'Sullivan as a small-town matron of grandmotherly age who helplessly becomes pregnant; and Paul Ford as her sixtysomething mate, who reacts to his achievement with the dismay of a man who has accidentally set his garage on fire. All flab and fury, Ford ignites laughter on any occasion, whether he is donning dark glasses outside a layette shop or explaining at length that he likes "serious fun," such as tending to business down at the lumberyard: "Fun is when I go through that gate and the men say 'Morning, sir,' and I say 'Morning, men.'"

Given a one-joke script, Director George Abbott whipped it into a happy frenzy that survived for three seasons on Broadway. Movie Director Bud Yorkin borrows bits of Abbott's inventiveness, but his own method is to linger over a gag until all the life has run out of it. He belabors a drunk scene, overestimates the humor in the plight of Ford's married but childless daughter (Connie Stevens) who browbeats her callow husband (Jim Hutton) into orgies of planned parenthood. There is something unwholesomely prudish about a hip young modern who greets the revelation of her mother's impending event by crying tearfully: "All men are horrible!" The ribaldry of *Never Too Late* will seem rather unnecessarily self-conscious to many a potent sexagenarian, but Paul Ford's drollery compensates for a lot of dearie-me foolishness.

A Woman Remembered

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story. "What we have to recall for ourselves," said Adlai Stevenson at her graveside, "is what she was herself. And who can name it?" This intimate, uncritical documentary is an effort to do so in film and in the feelingly written words of Archibald MacLeish, as narrated by



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MacLeish, Eric Sevareid, and Eleanor Roosevelt's first cousin and childhood friend, Mrs. Francis Cole.

Story begins with a poignant collection of stills and family photographs. Staring disconsolately from nearly all of them is the vulnerable "ugly duckling" whose beautiful, indifferent mother died young and whose doting father provided meager solace to her. "He began drinking when she was quite small," Mrs. Cole recalls chattily. "Eventually he was sent off to a little town in Virginia." A painfully unpromising New York debutante, Eleanor became the bride of her cousin F.D.R. and seemed destined for a life of no particular distinction as a self-effacing wife, a frequent mother, a perfectly conventional matron of her day. The rush of great and terrible events in World War I jolted her into a realization that she herself might wield some power for good in public affairs. To keep pace with her deeds, Director Richard Kaplan had to resort to some familiar film, but he stresses the warmer glimpses of Eleanor, speechmaking in her uncertain falsetto or literally "running, flying, dancing" through election campaigns, the Depression, the White House years and World War II until her mileage became an American legend. Upon F.D.R.'s death in 1945, she told reporters, "the story is over," then went on to achieve mature distinction as a U.S. representative at the United Nations. "The figure that emerges in those last full years is without likeness in our history," MacLeish concludes. "The lonely little girl in the dark parlor had become a woman known by sight to millions of human beings and by repute to nearly all the world, a woman who stood for compassion and hope in every continent of the earth."

ALFRED STADLER



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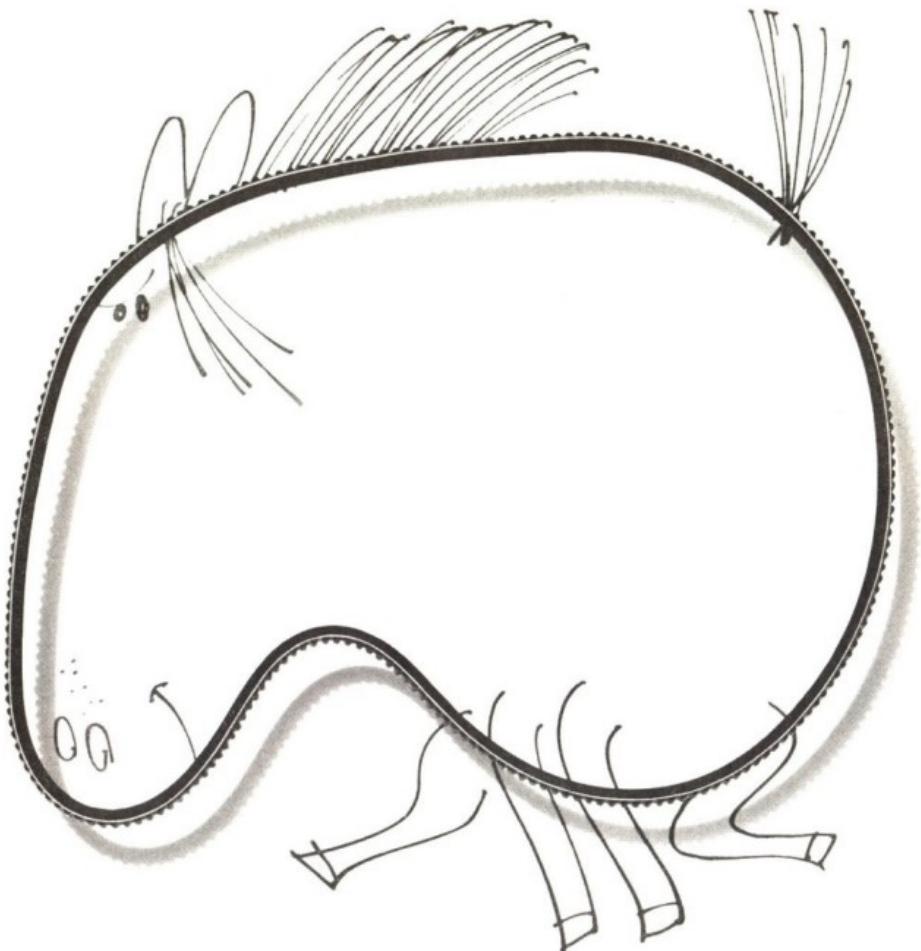


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BOOKS

Narrowing Compass

OF THE FARM by John Updike. 173 pages. Knopf. \$3.95.

Joey Robinson, a spoiled poet who has become a high-level Manhattan publicist, returns to Pennsylvania for a weekend on his mother's farm. With him are his second wife Peggy and Richard, her 11-year-old son. While Joey mows the unkempt fields, the two women guarded, and then unguardedly, spar over him, a prize that neither of them seems to want as much as they want simply to contest for its possession. The tug of war is academic, anyway.

FRED KAPLAN



UPDIKE & SON
Only the contest mattered.

It is clear that Joey will never bestow himself on anyone.

That is about all John Updike has to say in his fourth novel, which will disappoint those admirers who have been waiting hopefully for a major talent to produce a major work. Instead of expanding, the Updike compass appears to be narrowing, as if its wielder were desirous of proving that he can, if need be, engrave his graceful arabesques on the head of a pin. *Of the Farm* barely qualifies as a novel; it is too brief, inactive and unambitious. But as a delicate cameo that freezes three people in postures that none of them finds comfortable, it is almost faultless. Its achievement is that with incredibly economical means, it suggests that each of these people will change, develop, shift in their relations to each other and makes the reader wonder what their future will be. Its failure is that Updike never explores that future.

As always, Updike's lean, acrobatic prose makes his performance look effortless: sunlight is "like raw ore still

© Michael, aged six

heaped on the upper half of the barn wall," birds on a wire "darkly punctuated an invisible sentence." One sweep of his pen can illuminate whole facets of life: after Joey's mother suffers a severe and terrifying attack of angina, 11-year-old Richard hurries to the homestead to see "a parade he was afraid of missing and afraid of catching."

There are flaws. Richard, for instance, is meant to be a bright and appealing 11-year-old boy, but sometimes sounds like a greybeard. "That's an ancient philosophical problem," he says to Joey in response to the latter's observation that "the ideal and the real" are hard to reconcile. Joey's mother deserves a larger setting than the author has given her. She is a marvelous, angular, slightly awesome old woman who is held together by the negative and negating force of her character.

So far, Updike's performance has been mostly footwork displaying the virtuosity of a writer who can say very little extremely well. It may be that fancy footwork is all that Updike needs now to draw a crowd. But unless the performer tries for a little more, it may always be the same crowd.

Keeping Up with the Bones

THE CENTURY OF THE DETECTIVE by Jürgen Thorwald. 500 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$8.95.

On June 19, 1892, in a sleepy little fishing village in Argentina, two small children were found in bed with their heads bashed in. The news traveled slowly, and three weeks passed before the provincial police inspector, a man named Alvarez, arrived at the scene of the crime. Clueless after a search of several hours, he turned to leave the hut—and saw on the door, dramatized by a splash of sunlight, the blood-brown print of a human thumb. Alvarez promptly recalled some reports he had heard of a new method of identification based on fingerprints, and within an hour, assisted only by an ink pad and a magnifying glass, he had triumphantly identified the killer of the children: their mother.

Unconsciously, Alvarez had done something far more significant. The double murder in the fishing village was the first capital crime ever solved by the comparison of fingerprints, and that solution constituted a major breakthrough for the infant science of criminology. In less than a century, that science has developed from rule of thumb into an enormously intricate medico-legal discipline, and the story of its development, as described by Jürgen Thorwald (*The Century of the Surgeon*) with impressive literary and scientific competence, is a tale of blood and bloodhounds, wills and pills, pathologists and psychopaths. For sheer suspense and wallowing aceldama, it is worth a hundred whodunits.

Author Thorwald considers his subject in four tidy divisions.

- CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION, the fundamental problem of detection, began to be a science in 1879, when Alphonse Bertillon introduced a system of anthropometry involving some eleven bodily measurements of each criminal. Fingerprinting, long a form of signature in the Orient, was introduced to Europe by Britain's William Herschel, and it had to compete with anthropometry until 1904, when two prisoners at Fort Leavenworth were found to have identical features, practically identical anthropometric measurements and identical names: Will West. Only their fingerprints were different, and within seven years only fingerprints were accepted in civilized communities as the ineradicable



EARLY POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER & SUBJECT
Only the fingerprints differed.

ble mark of criminal identification. They still are—with reservations. Fingerprints, says Thorwald, can readily be altered by skin grafting, and the age of microbiology may well produce new possibilities of papillary imposture.

- FORENSIC BALLISTICS was largely developed by an idealistic American named Charles Waite, who, until late middle age, could hardly tell a Colt from a filly. In 1917, while holding a minor post in the office of the New York State prosecutor, Waite got interested in the case of a man condemned to death on the evidence of a phony ballistics expert. With the help of a New York City detective, Waite demonstrated that the prisoner was innocent and ballistics (as then practiced) was baloney. With admirable zeal, he set out to create a science from scratch. Between 1919 and 1923 he acquired data on almost every rifle, shotgun and side arm of recent manufacture, and simultaneously developed microscopic devices for examining gun barrels and comparing projectiles. Waite's methods were vindicated at the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, where the new instruments dem-



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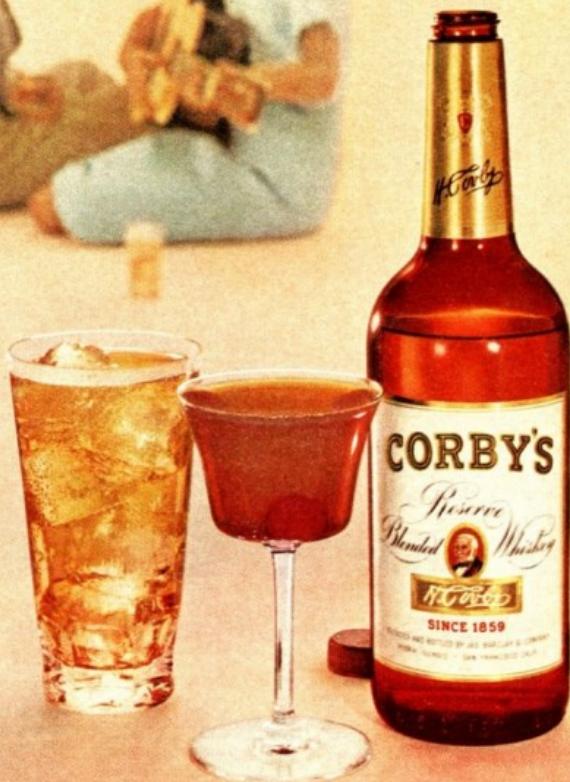
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onstrated irrefutably that a bullet from the gun Nicola Sacco was carrying had killed the payroll guard.

• FORENSIC MEDICINE, a science that had languished since the Renaissance, came on with a rush in the 19th century when Germany's Rudolf Virchow and his followers began to study human tissue under the microscope. For most of the century, the profession was widely regarded as legalized ghouling, but in 1889 a French pathologist named Alexandre Lacassagne cracked the celebrated case of the Millery Corpse—a grisly mess of rotting flesh and jumbled bones that, after an autopsy lasting eleven days, was identified largely by study of the hair and bones as the mortal remains of a smalltime Paris playboy. The public was profoundly impressed, and the golden age of forensic medicine began.

At about the same time, a pathologist named Langreuter scooped the brains out of corpses and, throwing a strong light down the throat from above, made definitive studies of strangulation. In 1900, Germany's Paul Uhlenhuth solved a problem that had vexed the authorities since the days of Joseph's coat: he discovered a chemical means of discriminating human from animal blood. The mysteries of blood coagulation were then elucidated—the blood of a person who dies suddenly, it was discovered, coagulates rapidly, but then, for no known reason reliquies. The pathology of rape was explored—semen, somebody noted, emits a pale blue glow under ultraviolet light. And some brilliant solutions were provided for a major medico-legal problem: How to detect murder disguised as suicide.

Dead men tell surprising tales. If the victim is hanged after death, the blood vessels in the neck show a special pattern of rupture. If the victim is set on fire after death, the tendons, which are destroyed quite readily when a man is burned alive, for unknown reasons resist incineration. If the victim is thrown into water after death, the water will not reach the heart and there deposit algae, as it does whenever a man is actually drowned.

• FORENSIC TOXICOLOGY, says Thorwald, is the most troubled of the detective disciplines. The principal problem: chemists have developed new poisons more rapidly than toxicologists have developed methods of detecting them. At the beginning of the 19th century, the big bugaboo was arsenous oxide (also known as "inheritance powder"), a poison that caused symptoms indistinguishable from those of cholera. In 1832, a simple method was developed to detect the arsenic in a cadaver. But by then the chemists had discovered the vegetable alkaloids—morphine, strychnine, cocaine, nicotine, quinine and so on. These poisons seemed to dissolve without a trace in the body of the victim, and for several decades all attempts to demonstrate their presence destroyed both the tissue and the



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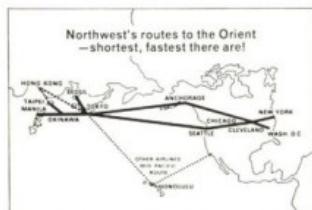


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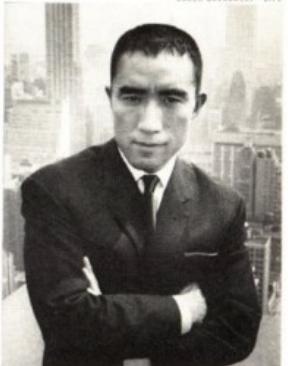
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poison. When toxicologists at last learned to detect them, a new problem had appeared with the synthetic alkaloids—Demerol, Dolantin, Pethidine and other modern sedatives. All of them are deadly poisons, and many of them cannot be detected by the tests that work for natural alkaloids.

Since World War II, says Thorwald, the problem of poisons has gotten dangerously out of hand. Hundreds of toxic agents are now available to millions as pesticides, cleansers, barbiturates and tranquilizers, and many cannot at present be detected in a cadaver. The modern world, in Thorwald's opinion, has become a poisoner's paradise in which do-it-yourself-death is on sale at the nearest supermarket—in the handy-dandy family size.

CARLO GAVAGNOLI—LIFE



MISHIMA

Knives, saws and a thermos of tea.

Terrible Tykes

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA by Yukio Mishima. 181 pages. Knopf. \$3.95.

Six naked boys, all of them 13 years old, stand in a darkened shed. "Go ahead, number three," says the Chief. Number three swings a kitten high above his head and slams it at a log. The Chief, wearing a pair of rubber gloves, scissors a long smooth cut in the skin, "exposes the large, red-black liver and unwinds the immaculate bowels. Steam rises. He gropes in the abdominal cavity and plucks from it the tiny ruby heart."

Number three and his friends are leisured little gentlemen of Japan who, finding reality annulled by affluence, seek the meaning of life in the experience of crime. After practicing on the kitten, these terrible tykes go looking for a human victim, and number three knows just the man: the handsome young ship's officer his mother is going to marry. One day he invites the officer on a picnic with his pals. "I'll take care of the sleeping pills," says the





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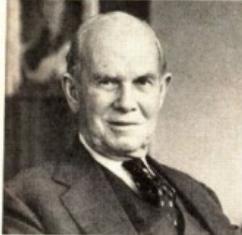


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Chief. "Number two, you prepare a thermos of hot tea. And you can each bring a cutting tool—knives, saws, whatever you prefer. Looks like tomorrow will be a nice day."

Brilliantly prosed and composed by Yukio Mishima, a 40-year-old novelist and playwright (*The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*) who has been called "the Japanese Camus," *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* is obviously intended as a major work of art—as an Oriental transfiguration of the novel of the absurd, and as a cryptosociological study of the homicidal hysteria that, in Author Mishima's opinion, lies latent in the Japanese character. Unhappily, the book turns out to be simply a diabolically skillful thriller.

ALAN CLIFTON



WAUGH

For two teeth, three divisions.

Current & Various

THE MULE ON THE MINARET by Alec Waugh. 506 pages. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. \$6.95.

The young half-Egyptian British captain was vain and foppish, and he was crazy about women. What rocked them back on their heels, he figured, was his dazzling smile—well, not his smile exactly, but his teeth. Superbly white and straight, they suggested strength and virility. So after careful consideration, British Intelligence chose the young officer for a secret mission to inform the Bulgarian underground that Turkey was entering the war on the Allied side and British troops were preparing to launch a massive attack through the Balkans. Then, through a double agent, news was leaked to the Germans that the young officer was carrying vital information and a dossier was supplied on his weakness. The Germans kidnaped the officer, and after they had yanked only two teeth, he broke down and blubbered the purpose of his mission. Thus, at a price of only two teeth, the British kept at least three German divisions pinned down in the Balkans—waiting for an attack that had never even been considered.

This intriguing little tale of wartime skulduggery, somewhat reminiscent of *The Man Who Never Was*, is a minor episode in Alec Waugh's rambling but always engrossing story about a British counterespionage unit in Beirut during

World War II. The officers are overage, the women bed-ridden, but with part of their time and part of their minds, they feel themselves part of the war effort. Although they never hear a shot fired in anger, Waugh shows how war changes or destroys them all. In the end, Waugh's hero, a mild-mannered professor of history and philosophy in peacetime, still cannot decide whether it has all been worthwhile, but he consoles himself with an aphorism, which might also be the message of the book: "It's easy to be happy when you know that you never will be happy."

A CONSPIRACY OF WOMEN by Aubrey Menen. 244 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

One day Alexander the Great put a question to his friend Hephaestion. "Hephaestion," he inquired, "have you ever thought about the fact that women make up half the human race?"

"Once," replied Hephaestion.

"And what did you think about it?" Alexander insisted.

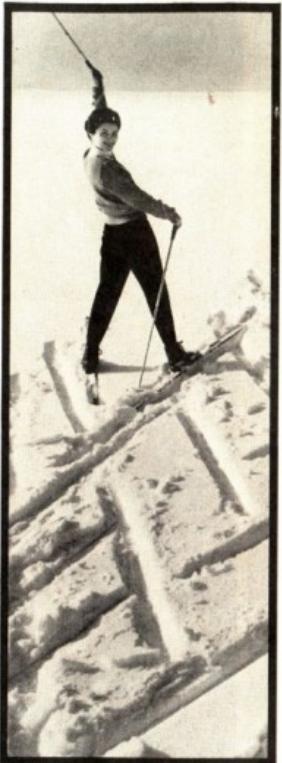
"I thought it was a pity," said Hephaestion.

This catty little chat between two celebrated sissies of antiquity occupies the first seven lines of a new novel by Aubrey Menen, and suggests that the well-known Indo-Irish satirist (*The Prevalence of Witches*) has once again produced a witty, gritty demonstration of what grubby rogues and/or endearing fools most mortals be. What follows, unfortunately, is a limply whimsical succession of skits that describe how Alexander conquered the world but lost the war between men and women.

MORNING AND NOON by Dean Acheson. 288 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.

In this guarded memoir, dapper, frosty old Lawyer Dean Acheson recalls the great ones he has known and paints in muted, modest tones his career until the time he joined the State Department in 1941. He recalls a comfortably idyllic New England boyhood (his English-born father was Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut), his years as law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis, his practice with a Washington law firm. It is all consistently respectable and, alas, consistently unrevealing—except for one rewarding chapter on Under Secretary of the Treasury Acheson's squabble with F.D.R. The President's freewheeling economic policy offended Acheson's New England conservatism only slightly less than his flippancy condescension to subordinates. "It is not gratifying," reports Acheson, "to receive the easy greeting which milord might give a promising stable boy and pull one's forelock in return." Pleading a desire for objectivity, he ends the memoir before his controversial years as President Truman's Secretary of State. From his earlier recollections he omits everything he considers "too unpleasant" or "too personal" to set down. In other words, all the interesting parts.

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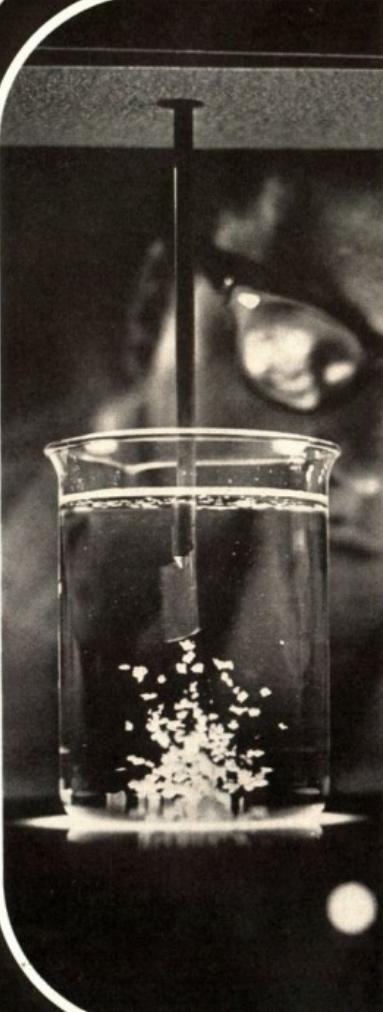
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